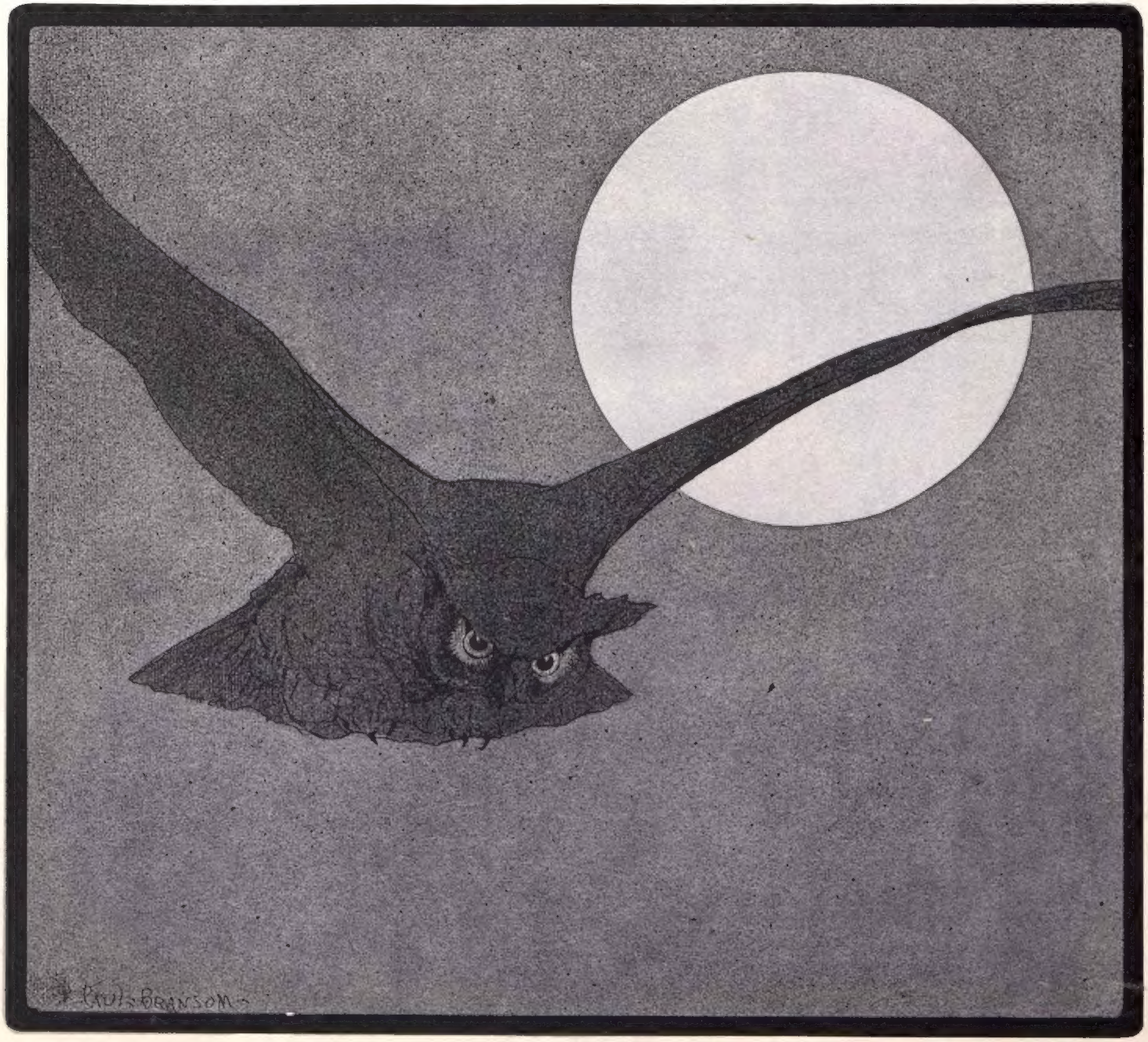
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 2, 1907 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



Hello! Hello!

"Give me the best Flour, please!" That's your order to the Grocer. But you may not get it – you are disappointed. Next time you order, specify **GOLD MEDAL FLOUR – WASHBURN-CROSBY'S**; because you want the finest bread, and bread can't be better than the flour it's made from. Use –

WASHBURN – CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

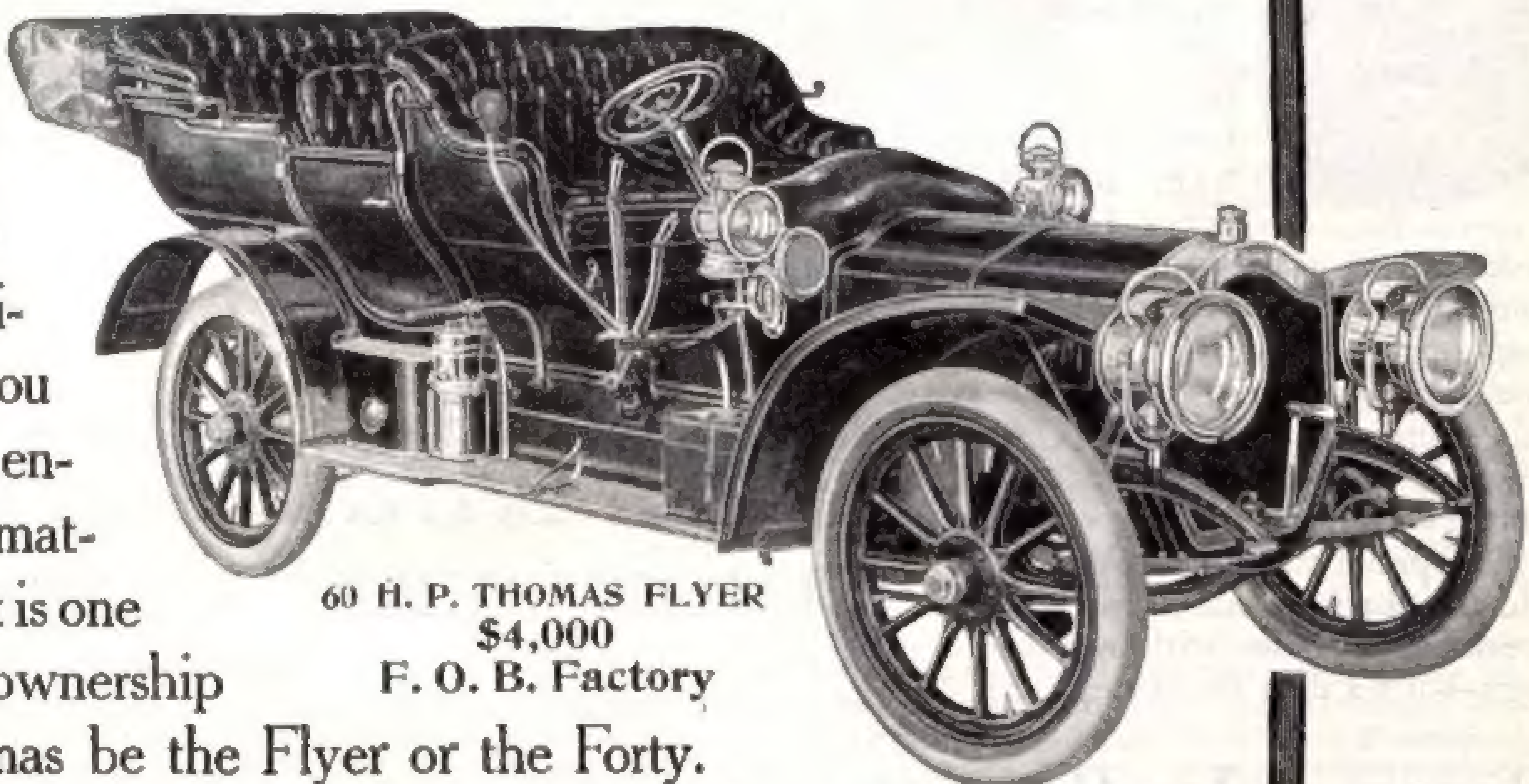
COPYRIGHT – 1907. WASHBURN – CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

The Thomas Flyer

The Satisfaction of Always Being First

To feel in the company of other cars that yours is the first, the foremost, the most reliable car — to feel that you cannot and will not encounter a superior, no matter where you go — that is one of the joys of Thomas ownership — whether your Thomas be the Flyer or the Forty.

To give you this sense of security on country road or crowded city street, we have constructed the costliest chassis made; supplemented our own superb engineering staff with the services of the most expert engineers in Europe; and, by data gathered from the every-day experiences of more than a thousand owners, eliminated every possible defect.

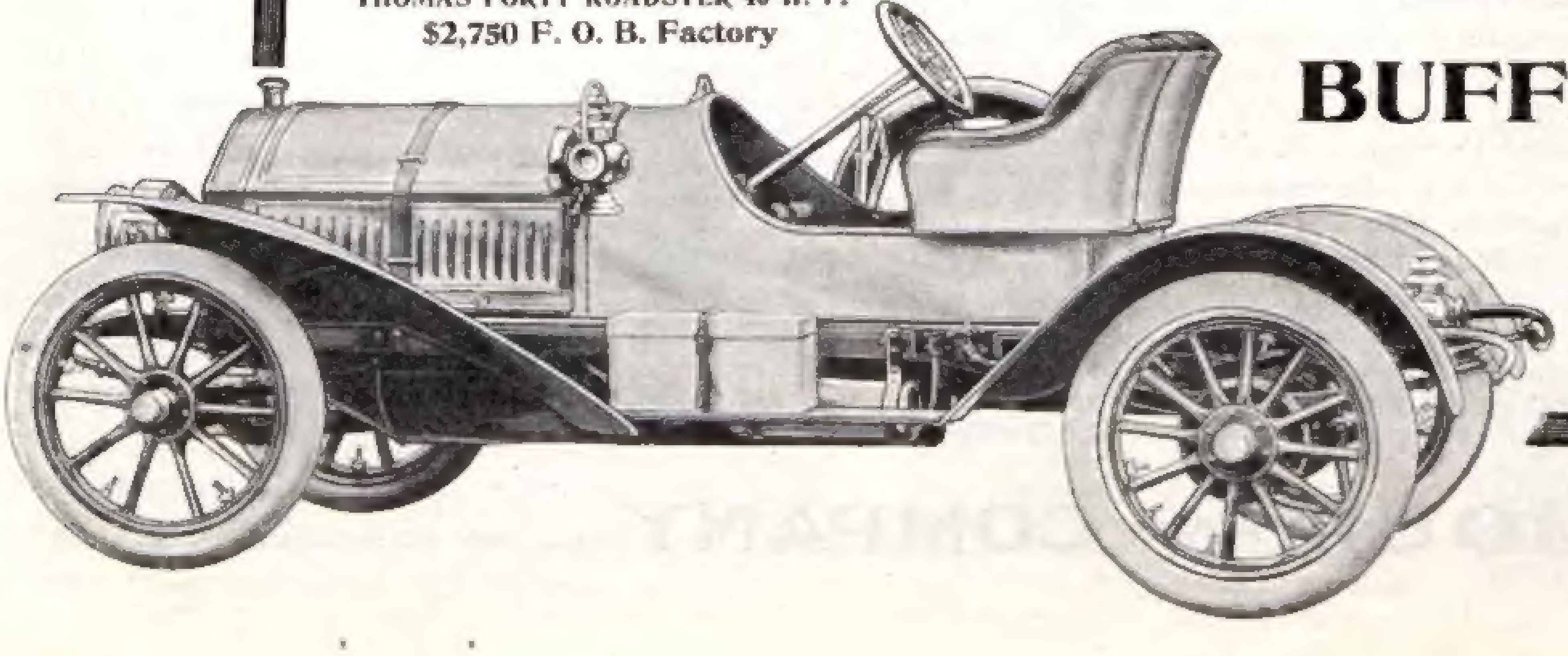


60 H. P. THOMAS FLYER
$4,000
F. O. B. Factory

E. R. Thomas Motor Co.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Members A. L. A. M.



THOMAS FORTY ROADSTER 40 H. P.
$2,750 F. O. B. Factory

Top Notch Quality

The "U. S. Inspected and Passed" stamp on a meat food guarantees purity and genuineness, but not appetizing, likable quality. It tells what is fit to eat, not what is best to eat. Quality-producing, "The Armour way" starts where the government inspection stops. It converts the choicest of food materials into the best of food products. Thus, Armour products are all stamped "U. S. Inspected and Passed," of course. But it's the Armour name on the label that stands for quality—the top notch quality that has kept Armour products in the lead for nearly half a century. Take lard for example. There's lard, there's leaf lard and then there's top notch quality leaf lard—Armour's. A competitor has said that "Practically the only pure leaf lard on the market" is this:

The Epicure Ham

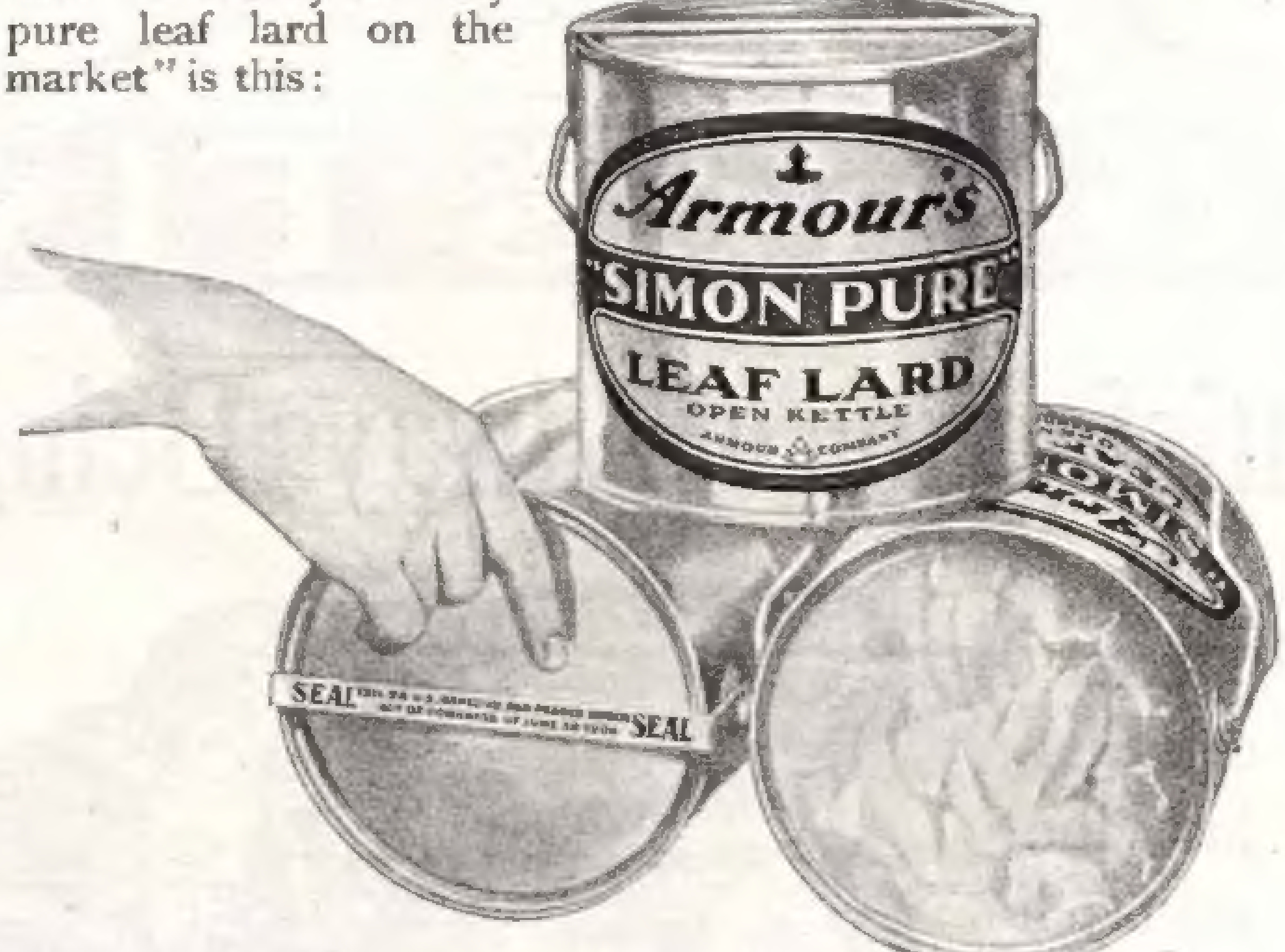
That means Armour's "Star" Ham, the most delicately flavored and delicious ham ever produced. The reasons for its supreme excellence: To receive the "Star" brand, a ham must come from a young but fully developed and moderately fat corn fed "barrow" hog, and it must weigh not less than eight nor more than twenty pounds. Only about one ham out of every fifteen produced in the Armour plants comes up to the requirements, but that one is "just right"—meat fine and firm, juicy and tender, thin skinned and with fat and lean perfectly proportioned—in other words, an Armour's "Star" Ham. Then special curing and smoking add the characteristic flavor. For breakfast—a slice with new-laid eggs—it's a dish for the epicure.

ARMOUR'S
U.S.
STAR

Bacon at Its Best

It brings to its sweetness no satiety. It strengthens the arm while it satisfies the palate. Crisp, juicy, savory, delicately salt as the breeze that blows from the Sea, faintly pungent as the blue smoke of incense, wafted from a clean wood fire, aromatic, appetizing, nourishing, a stimulant to the hunger which it appeases. Such is Armour's Star Bacon. Choice, evenly cured and thinly sliced, tender and juicy with fat and lean evenly balanced—the kind that does not cook dry and stringy, every slice tastes like more—Doctors recommend Bacon for children because it is a valuable food and easily digested. Try Armour's Star Bacon put up in glass jars or tins, the "Star" Brand guarantees quality—marks the best Bacon on the market and Uniformity.

Armour's
STAR
SLICED BACON



Armour's

"SIMON PURE" LEAF LARD

This lard is sold only in air tight tin pails (threes, fives and tens). Every pail is filled at the refinery *and sealed* with a government seal. This seal, stamped "U. S. Inspected and Passed," guarantees the contents to be genuine "simon pure" leaf lard. And pure leaf lard, as housewives all know, is the best of all shortening. "The Armour way" of making this lard yields the very cream of *selected* leaf—a perfect, "dry," crinkly-topped lard that's as sweet and clean as butter and more digestible. You get it in the original package, protected and *guaranteed* by the U. S. Government seal. Try a pail.

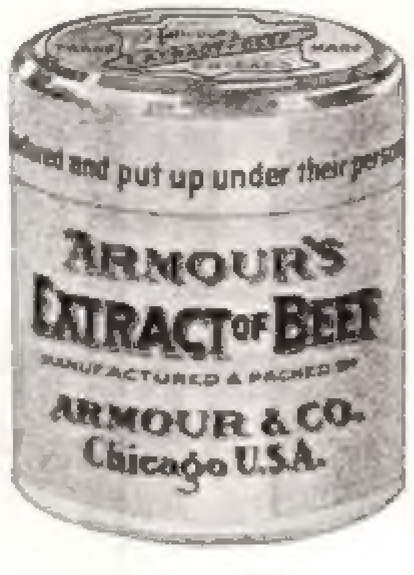
Tea Biscuits.—Sift one quart of flour with one teaspoonful of salt, and three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, into this rub one large tablespoonful of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard until it is of the consistency of corn meal, then add just enough sweet milk to make a dough easily handled; roll out one-half inch thick, place in greased pan and bake for about fifteen minutes in very hot oven; brush with yolk of egg and milk, return to oven to glaze.

New England Fried Cakes.—Scant cup granulated sugar, rounding tablespoonful butter, cupful sweet milk, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg, four cupfuls flour, four rounding teaspoonfuls baking powder. Sift the baking powder with the flour and add the nutmeg, cream butter and sugar, add eggs, and beat thoroughly; then add the milk and flour. More flour should be added on the kneading board, until the dough can be rolled out one-fourth of an inch thick and retain its shape when cut. Cut and fry in Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

The Cunning of Cookery

When appetite waits on hunger, the pleasure of eating is confined to the flavor—then try not to satisfy hunger but rather to titillate the palate and start the gastric juices flowing that hunger may beckon appetite. Try this with your husband, fresh from the office with the cares of business paramount; you tempt him, you abstract him, he talks, he eats and he lives to enjoy and not to exist. The palate-tempting Soup, the kind that makes your mouth water, is best made with Armour's Extract of Beef, the best extract of the best beef. "Culinary Wrinkles" sent free will help you in many ways, tells how to make rich and wholesome gravies, how to make the left overs of today into dainty bits for tomorrow.



Buy a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef; it will prove its worth, whether for elaborate spreads on special occasions or for your every-day plain and simple family fare.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1907, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain.
Founded A°D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by The Curtis Publishing Company
London: Hastings House, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 2, 1907 Number 35

Cobalt, the Goblin of the North

BY W. A. FRASER

COBALT is from the German Kobold, a goblin of the mines, an evil spirit, who in reality spread his malign influence by the insidious agency of the arsenical dust which crept into the lungs of the mine-workers, who broke the ores which were impregnated with arsenic.

The physical plan of Cobalt town is a cross between a switchback railway and a loop-the-loop, only that in winter the whole thing is iced, which makes it work more smoothly. You start, say, for the Prospect Hotel with easy nonchalance and a suit-case, and in fifteen minutes you find yourself back again at the station, with, perhaps, a French half-breed and two train-dogs in your lap; or, maybe, you have joined a party of tourists who have been gathered in by a sleigh that, starting sidewise at the top of the hill, swept the street bare until it bunted into a freight car that was purposely left to keep these recurrent things off the track.

Vein from Which the 3000-Pound Nugget was Taken

Cobalt is the slipperiest thing I ever saw. One night I was dining in the Mint Restaurant. Now the road slopes away from the very door-sill of the Mint right down to the station at an angle of about forty-five. Presently the door opened and a debonair youth in liquor and a college sweater called over his shoulder to some one behind: "Come in—the water's fine!" Then the slippery angle got its work in. He started down the declivity. It was the hour for population on the street, and soon the single atom of humanity gathered other atoms and became an avalanche. Through the door we watched with heartless hilarity the thing grow into a great human ball with writhing legs and arms. When the freight car checked the wayward ones a riot followed; but there was no fun in that, so we closed the door and went back to our steaks. I saw the young man the next day at the hotel with a calcite vein cutting diagonally across his cheek and some high-grade Cobalt bloom under his eye.

But where had he got the alcohol?—that was the great question. In all Cobalt is not one liquor license—and I hope it will keep that way. Dynamite and whisky do not mix well. The hotelkeeper assured me that he was to get a license; but, when I asked Premier Whitney about this, he answered, "I guess he's got to get our views first." So I fancy Cobalt will continue ethically clean, if not so from a sanitary or hygienic point of view.

If typhoid does not hit the place in the solar plexus next summer it won't be Cobalt's fault. It's just training hard for the typhus and diphtheria stakes—it should be a winner. Even now one buys drinking-water at twenty-five cents a bottle in the hotel. Here's a sign I read in the town which gives the keynote of the place where men are too busy over silver to bother about sanitation. It read:

JOHN DOE
Livery Stable.
Horses to Hire.
Milk and Beef
For Sale.

And on a manure heap, between the stable and the house, were the cows eating the soiled bedding which had been thrown out from the horses' stalls.

Two Prospectors in Cobalt, Ready to Pull Out for Larder Lake Gold Belts. Cobalt Lake in the Middle Distance

There are no open gambling-houses. There is, I fancy, a policeman, though I never saw him. His office is a sinecure. If the whisky takes a legal stand in the town, then he'll have to get busy, for there are Finns, and Poles, and Italians, and all the other harebrained men of the handy knife in the mines at Cobalt.

But on to the sides of all the many anticlinals that constitute the topography of Cobalt are pasted town lots that are worth thirty-six hundred dollars each in addition to surface value; for they are all merged in a mining company, twenty-four hundred shares issued per lot, worth a dollar and a half each in the market.

In the summer of 1903 a new Government railway, shouldered along by the men of construction, pushed its way in a northeast direction diagonally across the fifth and sixth concessions of Coleman Township, on the shores of Lake Temiscamingue, in New Ontario.

At that time Coleman was this kind of a township: A friend of the writer's held veteran's scrip for 160 acres of land, and out of some half-forgotten voice there remained an echo calling him to locate in that township, along the new railway; so he went and looked at the rock-scarred hills that held senseless pools called lakes, and cursed himself softly for a misguided goat and went thitherward into another land.

But the railway, plodding along, cut across one forty-acre plot of land that is now the La Rose Mine, with standing walls of silver. Crossing that forty acres, the railway actually cut from its path the end of a rock-cliff, laying bare a vein from which, during the past few months, the Right-of-Way Mining Company has taken nearly $200,000 in ore.

But the men of construction took no notice of the curiously heavy pieces of rock they threw from their path. Silver as a watch-case or a souvenir spoon they would have recognized, but the gnarled, blackened, oxidized nuggets were only good for ballast.

Just at the lower end of Cobalt Lake two lumbermen were at work that same time—ties for the railroad, I think. They found a vein of metal, and in the recorder's office had forty acres registered in their joint names, MacKinley and Darragh. That was the origin of the MacKinley-Darragh Mine, and was actually the first discovery.

About this time a French blacksmith named La Rose, working for the MacMartin brothers, contractors on the railway, out of Gallic restlessness wandered about in the woods at the other end of Cobalt Lake. He found some of this oxidized stuff that seemed so heavy, and so unlike anything reasonable, and, naturally enough, consulted his hand-tools about it. He put it on the anvil and spanked it with his hammer till it practically confessed its name and nature.

He was a curious little old Frenchman, and did not know about affairs of registration as well as MacKinley and Darragh; but still he was not by any means a fool, for one day when a teamster asked him blandly where he had found the metal, that was most certainly a piece of worthless lead, the blacksmith pointed to the North; and the teamster, selecting two claims of forty acres each to the north, registered them. Then presently La Rose made entry for forty acres where he had actually found the silver.

Then the versatile teamster, feeling that Frenchy had wronged him in not being

One of Those Stones of Large Avoirdupois truthfully communicative, said that his first entry was wrong, and that he had meant to select eighty acres running, not east and west, but north and south, and taking in the claim La Rose had made entry for.

But two Scots of the fighting Glengarry blood named MacMartin had bought a half-interest from La Rose, and the teamster was somewhat up against an argument. The court frowned upon the teamster's changeableness of mind, gave La Rose his claim, and, somewhat inexplicably, gave the other man pretty much anything he wanted that was lying around loose—told him to go out and help himself to some of the back lots. Without any exhibition of diffidence he complied, and his takings comprise the O'Brien Mine properties. These two properties, the La Rose and the O'Brien, are perhaps the richest in the whole Cobalt region.

Though the teamster had probably never made any discovery of mineral on these properties, another man had. He was associated with the MacMartin faction, which now turned round and sought to separate the O'Brien outfit from the large holding they had acquired. There was much litigation; and one morning MacMartin opened his eyes wide in astonishment when he read in the paper that the Government had settled the dispute between him and O'Brien by taking twenty-five per cent. of the silver that would come out of the mine and giving O'Brien the rest.

When No One Wanted Nipissing

AT THE time La Rose was turning horseshoes and finding silver mines, another Frenchman, named Thomas Hebert, was working on the railway in Coleman. One day he found to the north of the MacKinley-Darragh property one of those stones of much avoirdupois, and carried it to La Rose's anvil for assay. The hammer demonstrated its quality; and, as La Rose was now an authority on such matters, Hebert asked the blacksmith-miner to help him locate the lode from which the fragment had come.

Now silver mines are all very well in their way, but a blacksmith's time is valuable; so Duncan MacMartin, the employer, compromised on a half-day off for the smith, on the understanding that the find was to be divided between the three.

La Rose and Hebert found a silver vein in a thirty-foot cliff, and that find was the first discovery of the Nipissing Company.

They had no axe to cut a stake, and, like French children, put this matter off for a day, and Hebert went off up to Haileybury while La Rose waited his return. There was some delay about his coming back to do the staking act; so next day MacMartin and La Rose trailed down to the discovered vein and drove a stake. Then Hebert and a companion slipped over the horizon line from another direction and also drove a stake.

However, Hebert, short on English as he was, was well coached in the art of making fast, and he made a home run for the recorder's office. He won in a walk. His affidavit of discovery to the Nipissing property will probably be sold as a rare autographed missive. It is signed thus:

His
THOMAS + HEBERT
mark
on behalf of W. C. Chambers
Oct. 23rd, 1903.

They offered a surveyor a fifth interest to run the lines on these properties. But he wasn't working for anybody for nothing—not much, he wanted the coin; so they were forced to give up two hundred dollars of good money instead of a fifth of the Nipissing property. Even a lawyer refused to make the legal wheels go round for a big slice of Nipissing land. They couldn't "gold brick" him either.

An Open Cut on Mine

Cobalt Lake

Then one day the gods blew their way a swan for the plucking. A man in New York had condescended to consider their offer of the property for two hundred thousand dollars.

The five men lay awake nights wondering if it was really good enough to be true. They sat in corners and discussed the probabilities of somebody pinching their victim till he woke up.

One day the check came for the near two hundred thousand dollars, and they sent a man on horseback on the keen gallop to the bank for fear it would be stopped by wire. The world knows pretty well the retail price of the Nipissing commodity since the day the wholesale dealer bought it in bulk.

Professor Miller, the provincial geologist, finding so many amateurs taking interest in the physical structure of Coleman Township, went out there himself with his microscope and little hammer. He saw La Rose digging a hole in the ground and throwing out of his way solid slabs of silver, argentite, smaltite, niccolite, pyrargyrite—in fact, nearly all the "ites" that occur in mineralogy were lying around loose up there like the broken bolts and horseshoes and nuts of a blacksmith's scrap-heap.

The Professor loaded up with silver nuggets in various forms of disguise, and brought these down to Toronto. Then he wrote about what he had seen, and added what he thought of it all; and, when the papers published these things, the children who had had their fingers scorched in the British Columbia mining flame pursed up their lips and whistled.

One day a man named Trethewey walked into Professor Miller's office in Toronto, and tried to lift a huge nugget of smaltite that Hebert, the French strong man, had carried down a steep hill for Professor Miller at Cobalt. A few weeks later Trethewey had found a mine. That was the evolution of both the Trethewey and the Coniagas mines, the discoverer dropping out with a couple of million when he had put things in order.

What Three College Men Found

THREE students from Toronto University percolated through the School of Mines, and then went out on survey work in Coleman. By grace of chance, this pilgrimage of the babes into the world occurred at the time of the silver harvest; so, while bearing the chain at one dollar and a half per, they relieved the monotony of servitude by locating a calcite vein on the edge of Lake Giroux, which they named the University Mine.

That was one year after La Rose had staked his claim. If they had been possessed of less of the little knowledge which is a dangerous thing they would have been really better off.

They surveyed fifty-six acres, so that much of it was aquatic—extending out into Lake Giroux to make sure of the vein. Had they allowed this claim to rest peacefully and dry-shod higher up on the little hill, they would have taken in what is now the Foster Silver Mine. But they didn't do badly for boys, for one day John MacMartin gave them a million dollars to turn the mine over to his firm of silversmiths.

It was a droll throw of the dice that caused the Temiscamingue Railway to cut through the very pearl of this silver oyster, but it did. The "steel" pencils its way across foundations of silver.

A group of men secured the privilege of mining the railway right-of-way, but there was a discussion over this, as there was some Government official in connection with the holders.

The property was withdrawn and advertised for sale.

Some Ottawa people paid fifty thousand dollars bonus and a royalty on the output, and secured it. They named this enterprise the Right-of-Way Mining Company.

Had the promoters been possessed of a grain of humor they would have called it the Giraffe's Neck, for the property consists of a ribbon of land ninety-nine feet wide and some miles long. However, the company started practically to quarry out silver that ran fully sixty thousand dollars to the carload.

The La Rose property crosses the railway, so does the big silver vein on this claim. The vein comes right to the surface and is as fat as Wiltshire bacon; so the Right-of-Way manager, starting in on this vein, pared it close to the La Rose line.

There is a law, written or unwritten, that a lode shall not be worked closer on the surface to another claim than six feet, leaving the intervening wall for mutual destruction. So, when the Right-of-Way man was supposed to be starting a shaft tight up against the line, the La Rose manager got busy on his side of the wire fence. A smooth, little hole was coaxed down into the rock, a slim finger of dynamite put away in this nest for a little snooze, and when the dynamite woke up and stretched its arms, great fragments of rock rolled over and nestled in the cute, little open cut from which the Right-of-Way man had taken a fortune in silver.

He rushed away for an injunction, and the hand-drill on the La Rose side of the fence again chinked merrily at the rock. It was a hot finish between the advent of the second eruption and the arrival of the injunction; each claimed he had won, and the courts were asked to decide the dispute.

It seemed such a trifling thing to quarrel about—a few tons of silver, when there was so much of it lying all about.

The Lawson Vein a Show-Place

BETWEEN the rich Jacobs Mine and the University is a forty-acre claim that ranks second only to the Nipissing in point of melodramatic interest. It has become a show-place; for Cobalt has stretched his serpent body across the land so close to the surface that one may step from the road, scrape away the snow, and see a gleaming vein of silver twelve inches wide, polished as smooth as a stone step of the British Museum. But a surface vein is not a mine by any means—it is but a prospect, and this somewhat showy vein may yield a couple of hundred thousand and then pinch out. The Lawson claim is now deep in litigation because of this, its discovery, which was as follows:

An Englishman named Lawson, prospecting, came upon this big silver vein. Filled with delight—perhaps short of wind—he reached the recorder's office only to receive a jar. This forty acres had been located by one Thomas Crawford. Now Crawford's discovery had been made on the other end of the claim, and was of nebulous value. Lawson must have lain awake all night planning the fool thing he executed in the way of a bargain. Of course, the fundamental idea was to buy the claim from Crawford without putting his head up in the air. So Lawson paid Crawford two hundred dollars, and a quarter interest in whatever he might find, for the right to prospect this claim.

They say that Crawford chuckled over having landed a sucker Englishman.

Then Lawson, naturally enough, rediscovered the big vein. About that time three other men, who had been partners of Thomas Crawford in the claim, rose up and asked where they were at. They had actually discovered the claim, though registered in Crawford's name. As optimists were ready to proclaim the vein worth millions, there was, most essentially, herein the proper plot for a litigation play. It is still on.

Concomitantly the luckless ones stand arrayed mineless, the antithesis of this haphazarded finding of riches. The professional mining men, the real prospectors, are nearly all working under salaries on the mines that fell into the hands of amateurs. The manager of the MacKinley-Darragh Mine, an experienced miner, told me that he had prospected the district for months and found nothing. One of the most persistent and earliest sounders of the clarion note of the presence of big silver was a newspaper man named MacLean. He cackled as vociferously as a hen with a newly-deposited egg. He wrote columns to prove that the silver was really there. He begged people to come in and get it, while it was still to be had. I met him the other day, and he confessed that he hadn't got a thing worth a nickel.

Of course, Professor Miller's position as Government geologist precluded his laying hands upon silver areas. At least he looked upon it in that way. Perhaps a less conscientious man might have proxied himself into wealth.

Perhaps the point of greatest interest to many readers of these notes is the one of values.

There is not a mine in the whole region that is not fully capitalized, and the public should stand on their rights and refuse to buy above par. That would go a long way toward curing the wildcatting of mines that are really not wildcats. Nearly all of this wildcatting, this booming of respectable, honest mines, has been done in New York, by men who knew nothing of, and cared less about, the minerals in the mines.

The public should remember this most important fact, that *a mine pays its dividend out of its capital.* When a man buys a share, he buys so much of the mineral, and when the mineral is gone the capital is gone. It belongs to another man—the man who bought the ore. Therefore, an investor should be absolutely certain that he is going to get his investment back in the shape of dividends, because when the dividends cease the thing is done.

I made a close personal inspection of most of the leading mines in the Cobalt region, traversed the drifts and crosscuts, and all impartially, owning not one single share of mining stock, having no feeling in the matter, one way or the other. However, stringing along the line of values for the present these are some of the thoughts and convictions I came by through climbing up and down iced ladders into darkened caverns, silver-walled, or being dropped into the black maw of Kobold's cave, standing on the rounding edge of an iron bucket. Perhaps it is the only way to come by a little knowledge.

One of the highest officials in the Government here said to me one day: "It's all right, if these mines don't play out in a couple of years."

And doubtless many investors have been perturbed by the same thought, remembering the tail-end of the Comstock lode.

Now, curiously enough, the hundred-million value and the two-years' lease of life make each other impossible, or rather, because one is not a fact the other isn't. If all the veins on the richest property were in one huge lode, and could be dug out in two years, then that property could pay dividends on fifty or a hundred millions. But in a little room on the top floor of an office at the most famous mine is a huge chart, showing fifty-six veins, ramifying over the eight hundred and forty-six acres. Some of them are small, some of them are high in cobalt—not too rich in silver—some of them show evidences of pinching out at the fifty or seventy foot level. Just now one that had dwindled considerably at the fifty-foot level has come in rich again. Some of the veins are simply open-cut workings; some have been discovered by trenching—not worked at all. And again, there are, in all probability, scores of veins as yet undiscovered, for we must remember that this eight hundred and forty-six acres is the very heart and stomach of this richly mineralized belt, that, so far, extends but three or four miles by two.

I went down into a huge open cut that was like the burrow of some monstrous animal; indeed, the compressor drills biting at the rock sounded like the gnashing of his teeth. All the mineralized veins in Cobalt differ from each other in structure and wealth; and one might say, with an excuse in parenthesis, that this vein differed from all the others put together. Just as we turned along the drift my conductor pointed out where the great three-thousand-pound nugget—that some one had proposed using for a silver doorstep to his New York office—had come from.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on Cobalt by Mr. Fraser. The next will be published in an early number.

A Judge Who Found the Remedy

Putting Him on His Honor and How it Works Out

BY CHARLES J. LAVAL

PORTRAIT BY STRAUSS

Judge William Jefferson Pollard

A WOMAN stood before a police-court judge one morning some three years ago. A shawl over her head half-covered an infant on her breast. Another child she held with her left hand, and a third clung to her skirts.

Earlier in the morning her husband had been fined for drunkenness and for beating her. She had testified against him reluctantly. She had said that he supported her, but that at times he drank, and that when he did her life and the lives of her children were in danger. It was all an old story to the court.

When the case had been disposed of the judge told the woman to remain in court. He was now speaking to her.

"These are your children?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Your husband is your sole support?"

She nodded again.

"And now that he must go to the workhouse, you and the children must go hungry; because he drinks, you must suffer. First you are beaten, and now you must starve and see your children starve!" He paused and added: "And, because of these things, I must lose my peace of mind and lie awake nights—unless I can find a remedy."

The judge forgot the woman. He thought of the long procession of husbands and wives and children that had passed before him since he had become a police-court judge. The husbands he had sent to the workhouse; the women and children had gone—somewhere. He wondered where they had gone, and where the others that were to come would go. Heavy punishments, light punishments, kindly advice, denunciation—all were alike so far as concerned that procession. He had found that out. Now he would try a new experiment. He called a marshal and ordered the prisoner brought back into the courtroom.

The Chance for the Under Dog

"YOU'VE been acting badly," he said—"so badly that I don't know whether you really are a man, or just a cowardly, dangerous brute. Your wife says you mistreat her, but it is only when you drink. It may be that drink alone has caused you to do the things that you have done. If it is, there may be some manhood or decency in you, and if there is maybe I can find it. Now, I'm going to find out. I will give you a chance and a choice. Listen—it is this: Promise me you will quit drinking—I'll take your word, for I don't know whether you're a man or not, and I'll give you the benefit of the doubt—or go to the workhouse."

The judge was William Jefferson Pollard, of St. Louis, Missouri, and the scene was the inauguration of the "Pollard Pledge Plan," which has since made its author internationally known. Administering the pledge is an almost daily incident to-day in the Dayton Street Police Court, over which Judge Pollard still presides.

The Pollard pledge appertains to misdemeanors caused from drink. It is simply judicial clemency systematized and it is governed by exact rules.

Men who are brought into police court on charges arising from drunkenness are of three types, and police-court judges know the types. First, there are victims who have progressed in the vice just to that point where, for the first time, they find themselves behind iron bars; then those who have gone further and who are about to merge into the last stage, the type that is half-indifferent to punishment and incapable of reform. The Pollard plan has to do only with the first two types—those in whom there is some reason to believe that reform can be effected.

The pledge is offered to a prisoner only after he has been fined, and the fine is usually heavy. When he signs the pledge he is not sworn. He merely promises to quit drinking for a stated period, and Judge Pollard has printed forms for the purpose. This is the form that Judge Pollard uses:

Second District Police Court,
St. Louis, Missouri.

As evidence of my appreciation of the opportunity given me by the judge of the above-named court to become a sober and better citizen, in staying the fine imposed upon me this day, I hereby freely and voluntarily sign the following pledge. I will abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors of every kind and character for the period of —— from date, —— day of ——, 190—.

The period of the pledge is usually one year. Within the first month the signer must report to Judge Pollard twice weekly. He must bring his wife, or, if he is single, he must bring some responsible person who can vouch for him. The second month reports are made once a week, and after that monthly until the end of the period.

Should a pledge-signer fail to report, or if from any source Judge Pollard learns that the pledge has been violated, the punishment goes into effect, and the man is sent to the workhouse without the formality of further hearing. In that particular the police department coöperates. If the man's record is satisfactory at the end of the period, the case against him, which has remained on the docket of the court up to that time, is dismissed.

Judge Pollard hears reports, either in court or at his home, on certain days. The times are fixed so that the making of a report does not conflict with a man's working hours. Some cases come to the judge at ten o'clock at night. Some three hundred men have signed pledges before Judge Pollard.

The success of the plan is found in the judge's assertion that of those who have signed the pledge but two per cent. have broken it. The record has shown that a man who abstains for a year will not revert to the habit.

When the pledge was first introduced it afforded good police-court "copy" for the newspapers, and the "story" lived long enough to travel widely. It is still revived periodically in St. Louis, usually in special editions. Soon it attracted notice, first from temperance periodicals and societies; then, later, newspapers throughout the country began to tell of Judge Pollard and his pledge, and finally it was taken up by the European press.

Strangely, while St. Louis papers treated the subject half jocularly, some of the leading papers of London, England, printed grave column editorials analyzing and indorsing the pledge. The result of this was that when, recently, Judge Pollard toured the British Isles, what he had planned as a quiet pleasure trip for his health became, from the day of his arrival in London, a strenuous period of receptions, banquets and assemblies, with speeches at every stopping-point. At the conclusion of that tour he was received by a committee of the House of Commons and presented with a testimonial indorsing his pledge plan.

The Plan Across the Seas

ONE result of the tour is that at least two London magistrates have established the pledge plan in their courts, and it has been adopted in the courts of a dozen other municipalities in England and Scotland, while the National Independent Temperance Party of England is urging its adoption in all the police courts throughout the empire. Besides, in Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, parts of Australia and the Transvaal, newspapers have told of the pledge. In the United States, so far as has been reported, the pledge plan is not in use outside of St. Louis.

Introducing a police-court temperance reform is only one of many unusual things that Judge Pollard has done. His methods are often unique, sometimes startling, and always original. In his court nice rules of practice frequently give way to an almost primitive directness which calculates results only. A courtroom and a crowded docket waited recently while the judge walked several blocks to a livery stable to examine personally an injured mule, the subject of doubtful testimony offered in a case by a veterinary "expert."

Judge Pollard is forty-five years old and a bachelor. At the age of thirteen he was a Western Union messenger boy in St. Louis. His grandfather was one of Missouri's early legislators, and his father was a wealthy planter and slaveholder, a veteran of the Mexican War, and a Confederate soldier whose fortunes went with the lost cause. To the boy was left the duty of supporting a mother and a younger brother. After the messenger-boy period, which lasted a year, he became a stockyards drover; then in turn a clerk, a bookkeeper, a grocer, a politician, a judge, and now in some quarters he is called a practical idealist.

THE NUMISMATIST

"Possession is Nine Points of the Law, Self-Possession the Tenth"

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes and Henry Wallace Phillips

ELECTION day, '96, was big medicine in Terrapin. Miners all down from the upper camps, shoutin' Free Silver, and morose about John Sherman. All the cowboys from the immediate vicinity was in. The immediate vicinity of any point in the Northwest is a good big scope of country—say as far as two men can ride fast in as many days as it takes to get there.

In Brown's Bank there was a sound of deviltry by night. Them back from the bar couldn't get up and them up couldn't get back. A damsel with a dulcimer was dispensin' sweet strains, and a minority of the convention thought they was singing to keep her from feeling conspicuous, each delegate voting for a different tune. The toot ongsom was calculated to make an escaped lunatic homesick.

In the middle of this dispensation I comes in, late. I endeavored to attract the attention of the bar creature by shouting and sign talk, for I wanted to do my duty. I know I yelled, for I could feel my jaw waggle, and my breath give out—but I couldn't hear nothin'. No one would take my money. Some one or two drinks were handed to me, however, a handful of cigars and six dollars change. Them Free Silver fellows shore believed what they said.

So I looked around in search of distraction. Five deep they stood around the faro and roulette layouts. Dealers looked like a Turkish bath from raking in money and shovin' over chips. One fellow at the faro table had more'n six bushel of checks and was betting with a shovel.

I made for the poker-rooms. Both locked. I hammers. "Shove your money under the door," yells some one inside, "and go away."

Here was a fine how-de-do. Six months' wages in my pocket and no action in sight. I went out in front to hear myself think. On the porch sat a man, unostentatious, hugging his knee, observing of the moon.

I shoved a cigar at him. He nods, sticks it in his face, and hands me up matches over his shoulder. I likes his looks.

And his sayin' nothing sounded good, too, for my eardrums were jarred clear to my ankles. I found out later that he wasn't always silent. He was a sort of human layer-cake that way—big slabs of talk and thin streaks of keeping still.

He didn't look quite like a cowboy. Cowboys' eyes is all puckered up by sun and wind. Nor quite like a miner. His hands was white, but they wasn't tinhorn's hands, not by no means. He wasn't drunk, and I couldn't understand him at all, so I felt around.

"Stranger?" says I. He nods.

"Miner?"

"Once."

"Cowboy?"

"Once. Everything else—once. Just now I am a numismatist."

I set down by him to show that didn't make no difference to me.

"Is it—very bad?" I says, kinder solemn and hushed-like.

"A collector of rare coins," he explains, laughing. His laugh was good, too.

"Oh—I see. Got any of them with you?"

"Just one. Be careful of it," he says, and hands it to me. I holds it up to the light. 'Twas a common old iron dollar.

"Broke?"

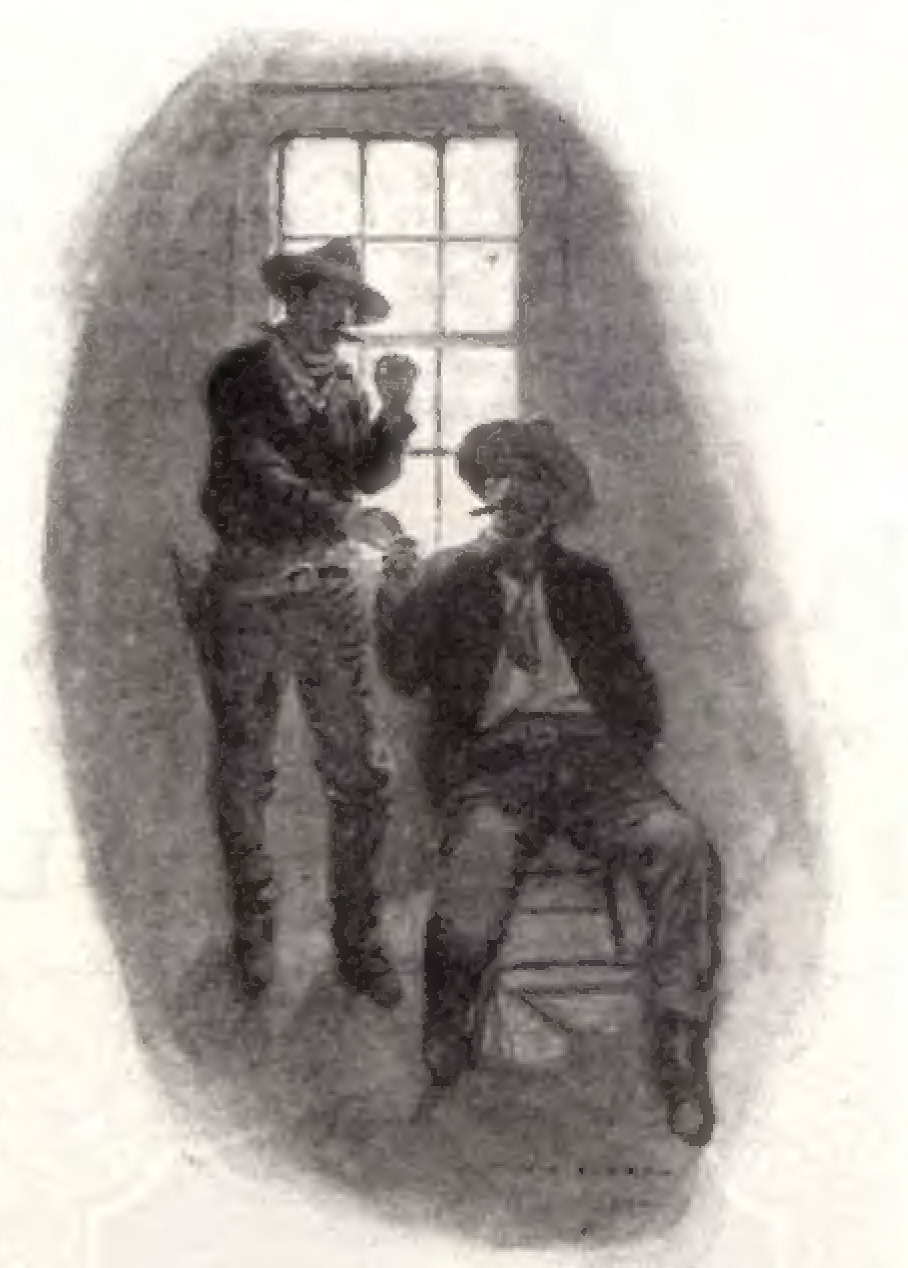
He straightened up indignantly. "Not on your life—that's no counterfeit!" he says.

I liked him. I felt friendly. My experience is that the difference between the friend that can help you but won't and the enemy that would hurt you but can't isn't worth notice. So I dug. When I gave his dollar back I slid five yellow twenties with it.

He looks 'em over carefully, feeling of them, edges and both sides, with his finger-tips. "Very interesting," he says. "Very beautiful. How clear the lettering is." And he hands 'em back.

"They're yours, Stranger," says I. "For your collection."

He swells up. "Not much. I'll beg before I'd accept charity."



"A Collector of Rare Coins," He Explains

"You don't understand me," I says, sparring for time. "I meant as a sporting venture. I'm superstitious. Men with a wad always lose it. So why shouldn't a broke man win? Take it and win us a home."

"Oh, that's different," says the stranger. "I accept with pleasure—the more so as I have an infallible system of winning at roulette, founded on long observation."

"Yes?" says I, beginning to feel sorry for my hundred.

"Yes. I have observed that, if you play long enough, you always lose. You just mathematically must. The percentage is a scientific certain-t-y-ty. My system is to bet high, win, and quit before you begin to lose."

"How did you ever study it out?" says I, beginning to be glad about my investment again. "I never tried that way, but it sounds promising."

"Such being the case, I got a hunch," says Stranger. "Here goes for a gold chain or a wooden leg. Take my hand and watch me peer into the future."

We wiggled through to the table after a while. The dealer was a voluptuous swell, accentuated with solid gold log chains and ruby rings where convenient. I knew him. He wore a copyrighted smile losing, and a nasty sneer when he won. An overbearing man and opportune, Frenchy, addicted to killing his fellow-man in sheer self-defense, during the absence of his assailant's friends. Such was his unrefuted statement, the dead gentlemen having never given their testimony. He had been so fortunate in his protections that lots of folks rarely ever went out of their way to annoy him.

Stranger began hostilities by depositing a twenty on the black. Red ensued. Another twenty on black. Black comes. Frenchy shoved over a ten, and Stranger looked pained.

"I bet twenty dollars," he said, lifting of his brows.

"Ten dollars is the limit for any one bet," snaps Frenchy, rolling the ball again. "Don't delay the game. Bet or give up your place."

"But you took my twenty." He stopped the wheel. "No bets this whirl," says Stranger.

The crowd stopped talking and side-stepped for an alibi in case the gentleman should engage in self-defense.

Frenchy bares his teeth and snarls. "You lost. I got the mon. Why didn't you inquire? You orter understand a game before you buck it. This is my game and my rules goes. See?"

"I see," says Stranger quiet. "Give me tens for these twenties, please."

Snickers from the crowd. Frenchy had them buffaloed to a standstill. All the same, they had no use for a fellow that let his rights be trampled on this way. And yet Stranger didn't look noways like a man of patient proclivities, given to turning the other cheek. Some wise ones cashed their chips when they remarked his easy smile.

When Frenchy began to roll again we had the table mostly to ourselves. I moves over by the wheel to watch the lookout, him having a game eye and a propensity to be sole witness for Frenchy when his life was attempted.

"I will now declare myself as for W. J. Bryan," says Stranger, dropping ten each on the squares marked 16, 2, 1.

"Twenty-seven, red, odd and McKinley," drones Frenchy, and scoops our thirty.

Stranger strings thirty more on 16, 2, 1.

"Nine, black, odd! Great Republican gains!"

Frenchy's singsong was plumb exasperating.

Stranger adorns his three numbers again with his last thirty, and, as an afterthought, put his rare old iron dollar on single 0.

"Single green," chants Frenchy. "Populist, by jingo!" I says, as Frenchy rakes the three tens and pays 'em, with five more, to the green.

Ten each on 16, 2, 1. Then he planks the six on double green. "I hate a piker!" he states. And 00 came.

"Alfalfa," I yells. "Grangers forever."

Things was looking up now, but Stranger was noways concerned. "Six thirty-fives is two hundred and ten—six I had makes two sixteen. Hold on till I make a purty." He bets ten straight on 16, ten on each corner, ten on each side. Same play for 2, and a lone ten on the unit. I never seen a board look so plumb ridiculous.

"Hope springs infernal in the human breast. Let 'er go, Hanna!" he says. "A short life and a merry one!"

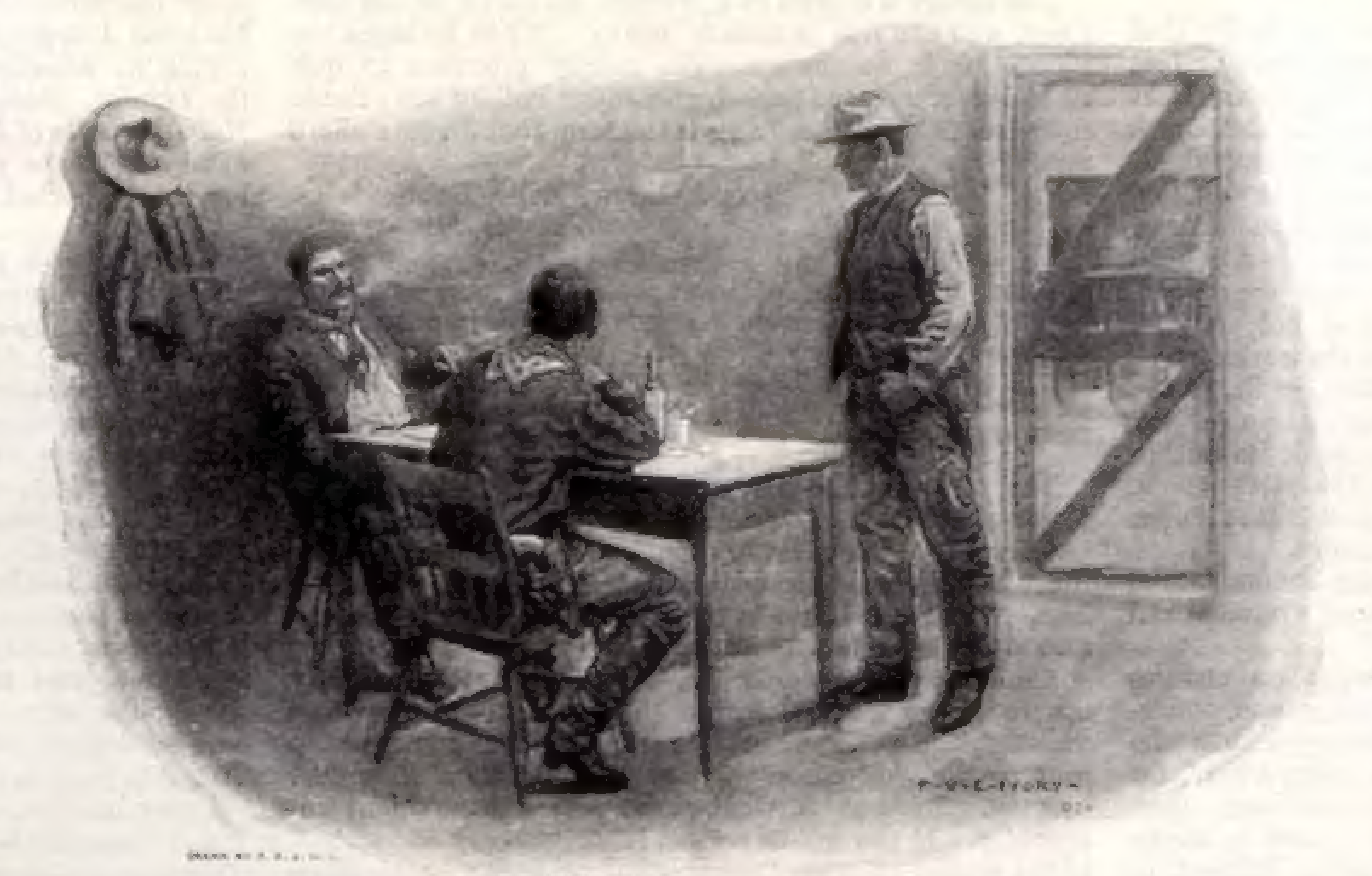
The ball spun nearly two weeks. "Sixteen, black and even," remarks Frenchy.

I takes a swift glance at the wheel then, to corroborate my ears. "And Bryan," suggests Stranger.

"Bryan! Bryan!" yells the crowd. Miners and cowboys is Democrats *ex officio*, and Frenchy's surreptitious habit of defending himself was endearin' Stranger to 'em. Besides, he was winning. That helps with crowds.

Paying them bets was complex. We was over eleven hundred to the good on the turn. Other business was suspended, and the crowd lined up, leaving the gladiators the centre of the stage, and a twenty-foot lane so they could have plenty of air.

"I will now avenge the crime of '73," remarks Stranger. "I'm getting it trained." He made the same layout. Strike me dead, if the ball didn't jump in a pocket—out—and back—and out



"He's Swearing Out a Warrant for You, Alleging Assault with Intent to Kill," Says Billy Politely again and deliberated between 2 and 35 while the wheel went round fourteen times. You could have heard the split-second hand on a stop watch in the next county while it balanced—and at last rope-walked down in two.

"Two, red, even," says Frenchy in a shocked voice, like he was seein' things at night.

No one could yell—they was a-catching of their breath. And we lays by twelve hundred and fifty more.

"Before proceeding further with my witchcraft," says Stranger, "I would ask you to set your valuation of layout, lookout, license and good-will. Because," he says, "any fool can see that the ball stops on the one this time. Science, poetry, logic, romance, sentiment and justice point to it like spokes to a hub. And if you're going to bank with that chicken feed"—jerking his chin toward the shattered fragments of the bank roll—"you'll have to lower your limit . . . before I play. Oh, I'm learning fast."

Frenchy looks unhappy, but there wasn't nothing to say. His pile wasn't big enough to pay if Stranger's predictions was accurate. "Bring me my sack, Brown," he calls out. Brown opens his safe and lugs over the sack. Frenchy pours it out on the table—ten thousand dollars, bills of all sizes from five to a thousand, and a coffee-pot full of gold. "Shoot," he says. "You're faded."

Stranger eclipses the one spot with ten dollar bills: ten each on corners, the four sides and the middle. "It's a sure thing—we'd just as well have some side money," he says, betting ten each on black, odd, first column, first dozen and 1 to 18. "Mr. Brown," he says, "the gentleman who runs the game will hand you seventy dollars when the ball stops. Drinks for the crowd while it lasts," and drops ten each on 16 and 2, for luck.

Buz-z-z. The ball hums a cheerful ditty, like hot coffee on a cold day. Buz-z-z—Click.

Frenchy goes into a trance, chewing his mouth. He moistens his lips and makes an effort. "One, black, and odd!" His voice was cracked and horrified.

"What a pleasant dream!" I thinks. "It's a shame to wake up and wrangle horses, but it must be near day." I tries to open my eyes, but couldn't. 'Twas no dream of avarice. Stranger was just visible above a pyramid of deferred dividends.

"Great Democratic gains," he announces. "Gentlemen—in fact, all of you—what'll you have?"

"I guess that includes me, all right," states a big miner. "Strictly speaking, I don't want no drink now, but, if you'd just as soon tell me what color my old pack-mare's next colt'll be, I sh'd be obliged."

No one wanted a drink—nobody moved. More miracles was what they wanted. "What? No drinks?" says Stranger. "Prohibition landslide in Terrapin? Can I believe my ears—or my nose? Well, then, I will pursue my hellish purpose. I appeal to the calm judgment of this crowd, if they ever heard of an election without repeaters?" But he doesn't let his gaze wander to the crowd none whatever. He never taken both eyes off Frenchy to oncet, since the limit had been pulled on him.

He decorated the board just as it was the last time, and looks on with pleased expectancy while the ball spins. I hope I may be saved if it didn't come a repeater!

Stranger yawns as he pulls in thirteen hundred and twenty dollars. "Thanking you for your kind attention," he states, "the entertainment is now concluded. Will some one trust me for a sack?"

"Feet cold?" sneers Frenchy.

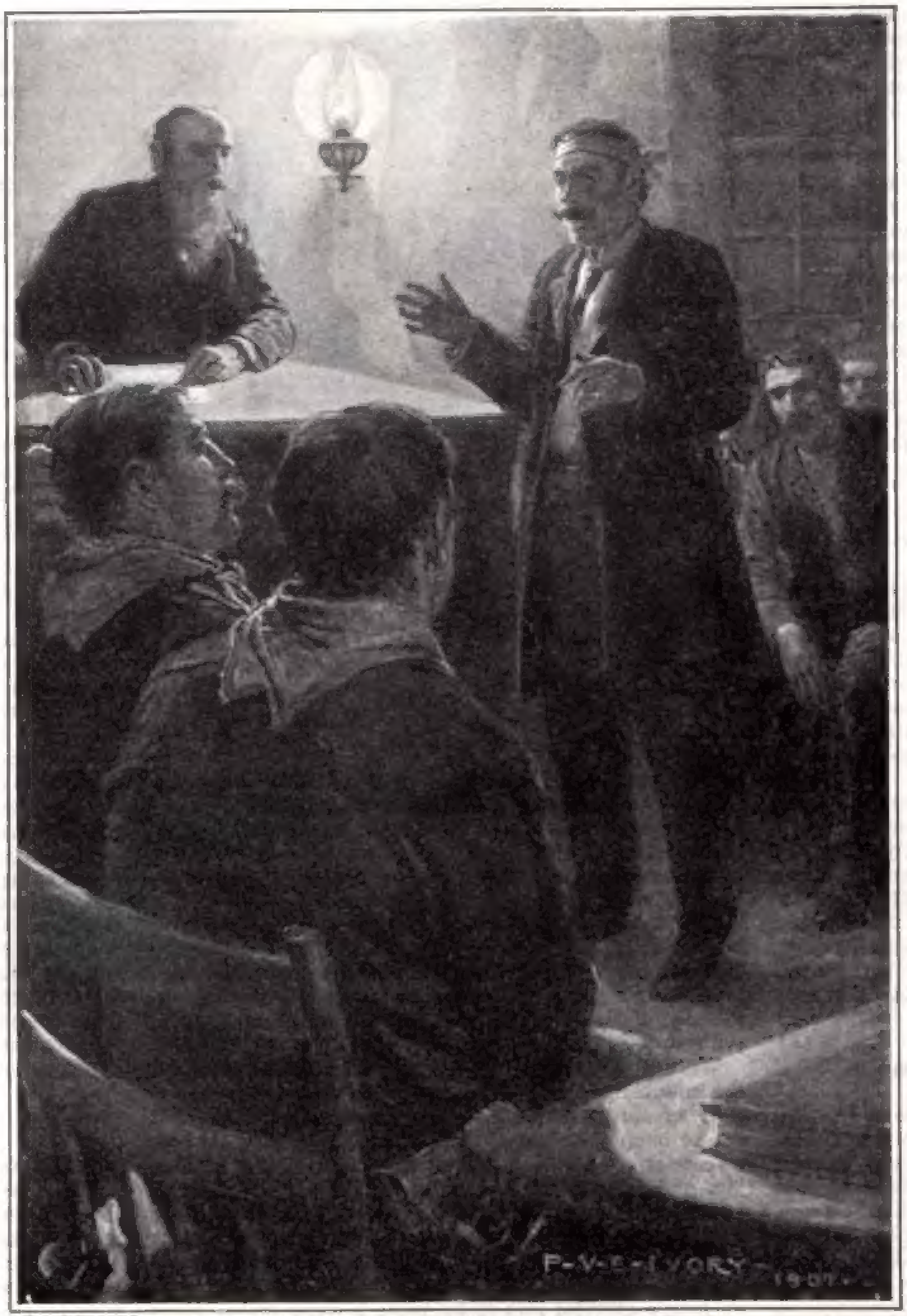
"Oh no, I'm quite comfortable. But I *might* lose if I kept on," Stranger explains. "Those numbers may not come again for ever so long. This is a piking game, anyhow. I like to bet my money in large chunks."

"You seem to be a sort of a Democrat," suggests Frenchy. "Why not back up your views? Here's seven thousand says McKinley's elected."

"Why, *that's* my game," says Stranger, beaming. "That's just what I wanted. Bryan's going to sweep the country from Dan to Milwaukee."

I gives him the nudge, for I sees our pile a-glimmering. I don't mind betting on cards or horses and such, but politics is tricky. But he prattles on, plumb carried away by the courage of his convictions.

Frenchy's nose dented. Why, I learned later, but I'll tell you now. Terrapin was sixty miles from a telegraph office and all right-minded citizens was here present. But this sure-thing sport, knowing we was all for Bryan, had posted a relay on the North trail to bring him news. It was now way past midnight. He had known McKinley was in since about the time I was staking Stranger, and poor, innocent, confiding Stranger walks right into his trap.



Frenchy Took the Stand and Told a Terrible Tale of Wanton Robbery and Brutal, Unprovoked Violence

"Even money?" asks Frenchy.

"I would shorely scorn to take such an advantage of you," says Stranger. "I'll give you a chance for your white alley. I will now proceed to divide my capital into five parts. The first part contains fifteen hundred dollars, which I bet you against five hundred dollars that Bryan is our next President. I will then bet you fifteen hundred even that Bryan carries thirty-six States, a list of which I will make out and seal. Third pile, two thousand dollars, gives you a chance to break even if you're lucky. Give me odds of five to one and I bet this two thousand that Bryan carries four other States, names of which will also be deposited under seal with stakeholder. Pile number four, five hundred dollars, goes even that I made a good bet. Number five, one hundred and sixty-six dollars, goes in my pocket for tobacco and postage stamps."

"You're delirious. Your money's a gift," says Frenchy. "Make out your agreements. It'll take more'n I got to cover that five to one bet, but I can borrow the Northern Pacific on that proposition." He takes Brown off for a confidential and comes back with the money by the time Stranger had the bet in writing and signed.

Frenchy reads it aloud. "You are all witnesses," he says, and slaps his fist to it. "Name your stakeholder."

"Put it in Mr. Brown's safe—money, agreement and my two lists of States. Decide to-morrow at five P. M. when the stage comes in."

They makes a bundle of it and locks it up. "And now," says Stranger to me, "my presentiments points for bed."

"Why couldn't you quit when I wanted you to, you ijit?" I says. "You made the worst break I ever see."

"You certainly surprise me. Haven't I raised you to a position of opulence by my acumen and foresight? Your ingratitude grieves me to my heart's core—and just when we stand to more than double our money, too."

"Acumen! Foresight!" I jeers. "'Twas blind, bull-hog, dam-fool luck. I furnished all the judgment used when I tried to stop you. I put up the money, and you had a right to harken to me."

"You're my pardner," says he calmly. "Half this money is yours, and all, if you need it. But I lost *your* money. This here is the proceeds of my iron dollar. By to-morrow night we'll have eleven thousand, anyway, and here you're complaining. I do hate a quitter."

"And I hate a fool. You have a chance to win one bet, and that's all."

"You'll regret this hasty speech to-morrow night. Follow me, and you'll wear diamonds!"

"Yes—on the seat of my pants," I rejoins bitterly. And all them somewhat diverse prophecies came to pass.

When we woke, after noon, 'twas pretty well known how the election went, and we was guyed unmerciful.

But Stranger wasn't noways dejected. "Rumor—mere rumor. 'Out of the nettle danger we may pluck the flower safety,'" he spouts, waving his hands like a windmill. "I've been in worse emergencies, and always emerged."

I was sore and was for not showing up to turn over the money, but he persuaded me.

"At the worst Frenchy owes me ten that I won fair on the second bet last night," he says. "If I have to collect that, I aim to charge him something for collectin'. I had that in mind last night if the green hadn't come when my dollar was on it."

I sees reason in this, and oils my guns.

Frenchy was waitin' with his lookout, gay and cheerful. "Did you bring your sack?" was his greeting.

"Why, no, I forgot. Hi! Bud!" Stranger gives a boy five dollars. "Bring an ore sack to the barkeep for me, and keep the change."

We gets Brown with the package of stake money and prognostications on our way through the crowd to a back room. Brown busts the package and begins the hollow mockery.

"Bet number one." He reads the specifications. "Bryan loses. Any objections?"

Stranger shakes his head sorrowful, and pushes over the two-thousand-dollar packet.

"Bet number two." Brown breaks the list of thirty-six States. "For Bryan," he reads: "Connecticut, New York, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota ——" His feelings overcome him and he laughs till the tears roll down his face. Frenchy leers, and the lookout rocks himself back and forward. And to cap it off comes a knock, and barkeep comes in with the sack Stranger ordered.

They howled. "I'll give you ten for your sack," gasps Frenchy.

"You needn't rub it in," says Stranger, injured. "I certain was mistook in them estimates. Pass on to the next."

"Third bet," wheezes Brown. He wipes his cheeks and tears open the list of four States. "Bryan will carry——" he begins. He turns pale, his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, and his eyes bugged out so you could hang your hat on 'em.

"TEXAS!" he screeches. "*Arkansas*, *Georgia*, SOUTH CAROLINA!"

"*Then* I made a good bet!" observes Stranger, popping the rest of the money into the sack.

"What!" yells Frenchy. "You were to name four additional States—forty in all!"

"Oh, no. Four *others*. These four were not in my list of thirty-six. You lost. And I've got the mon. Why didn't you inquire? You orter understand a game before you play it. This is my game, and my rules go. See?"

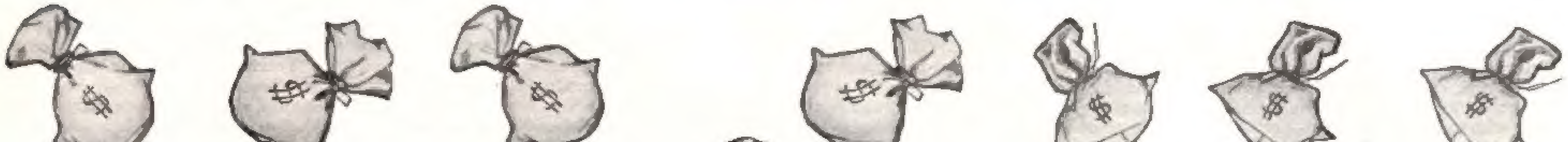
Stranger's gun was dangling on his right hip, but, as Frenchy drew, Stranger's right hand caught his'n, gun and all, and Stranger's left produced a .45 from nowhere at all and proceeds to bend it over Frenchy's head. The tin-horn couldn't get his right hand loose, so he reaches around with his left, jerks Stranger's gun from his hip. But he only wastes time snapping it, for that one wasn't loaded.

I thought maybe Brown and the lookout would double up on my pardner, but they didn't. They just shoved the two pits of their two stomachs up against the muzzles of my two guns, and looked foolish.

(*Concluded on Page 29*)

A Middle-Aged Business Man's Health

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.



There is No Need to Take Too Much Anxious Thought About These Problems

A MAN at fifty should be just entering upon his harvest. The years from forty to sixty are the dominant decades of life, the ages of the rulers of the world.

The "*Wanderjahren*," the years of struggle and stress, of painful preparation and laborious training, are over, the fields are white before his sickle. How can he best preserve his vigor and conserve his capital? Conditions have changed, and he must adjust himself to them.

First let him recognize the advantages of his position. He has graduated from the school of Life, has earned the right to let his degrees of skill and experience work for him. What his muscles have lost in elasticity they have gained in practiced smoothness of action and massive strength. His heart has lost the bounding leap of the deer, but has gained the tireless swing of the swift Narragansett pacer "that eats up the long miles like fire." His thought-engine throbs with less violent pulsations, but has gained immensely in cool, orderly, harmonious vibrations. What we once could do only by laborious effort and constant attention we now do unconsciously and with the easy deftness of instinct, or "second nature."

Let the young men blaze the trails and clear the forests. The man of the dominant decades, in our expressive Western idiom, "don't have to." He has qualified for something better. Let him clearly see this and "bank on it," and he has solved two-thirds of the problem of preserving his vigor till old age. Sound maturity is more efficient and quite as enjoyable as youth. Don't sigh for the days that were, or count yourself inferior to the callow stripling. You are a better motor than he is, of higher horse-power, greater endurance and less friction-waste. Besides, he may be laid on the scrap-heap before he reaches your age.

The glory and triumphs of manhood are yours. Enjoy them without regrets for the past or fears for the future. Live at concert pitch, and plan to die suddenly.

Don't begin to cut down on things until they cut down on you. Keep on full steam ahead until you feel a bump, or at least a distinct grating. You'll go further and happier and far more usefully than by anxious straining on the lookout for rocks and shoals which often don't exist, though they may be down on the charts. There are plenty such.

Don't Drop Your Recreations

FIRST and most vital, keep up your exercise and recreations, *especially* the latter. Don't drop any of your outdoor interests unless you can acquire new ones in their places. Change your sports in quality if you must (but not till then), but never in quantity, except to increase. Drop tennis when you find it exhausts you, or hurries your heart afterward or disturbs your sleep, but take an hour a day more golf in its place. If the rifle with its long, heart-straining tramps over mountain and dead-fall tires you, so that you don't react from the trip, take to the shotgun and the stubble-fields and copses. If the gun becomes too strenuous, fall back on the rod, but don't give up your outdoor life on any account.

There is no need to take too much anxious thought about these problems. Nature has a guiding instinct for middle age and declining vigor, just as she has for youth and growing powers. As long as you like to take active exercise and sport, and feel exhilarated and refreshed (even if a little stiffened) by them, keep them up; they are doing you good. When you feel that they are getting a little too much for you, when you don't feel fresher for them next day, cut down on them a little in intensity. In short, be guided by an intelligent study of your own feelings and preferences. They are your best guide.

Let your motto be the advice of the Quaker apostle, George Fox, to William Penn, in regard to the wearing of the dress-sword: "Wear it as long as thou canst."

Indoor gymnastics are really of secondary importance. First, because they lack the chief benefits of exercise, the open air and sunshine. Second, because they almost invariably become monotonous and uninteresting, and are soon discontinued. For these reasons most physicians of experience regard them as practically little better than a farce. Certainly the claims made for them by highly-advertised systems of physical culture are of this character. A good five-minutes' arm-swinging, back-bending, side-stretching, with accompanying deep breathing, just after the morning bath, and before going to bed at night, form a useful tonic. This should be gone through empty-handed, for dumb-bells and clubs are useless, and practically do more harm than good, especially of the weights selected by both amateurs and professors.

Work in a regular gymnasium is of doubtful value for the middle-aged man, as, unless he be already an expert, or is constantly under the eye of a judicious trainer, he is apt to overdo, or use apparatus like the horizontal bar, trapeze or rings, which subject him to the risk of strains, jars and falls, dangerous to his stiffening muscles and joints. The great danger of a gymnasium is that the average man is firmly convinced that the more violent the exercise, the more good it will do him. Consequently, if he has only half an hour to spend, he will try to compress an hour's exercise into it by using heavier clubs, doing more difficult feats, and putting on more steam. This is bad enough for the boy with his limber muscles and elastic arteries, but for the middle-aged man it is suicidal. Excessive muscular strain is now regarded as a far more potent cause of arterio-sclerosis, or senile hardening of the arteries, than either alcohol, gout or dissipation. And a man is exactly as old as his arteries.

The Diet Fixed by Nature

MUCH the same principles apply in the matter of eating. Follow your appetite, checked by the results of your personal experience. As the old saw runs, a man at forty is "either a fool or a physician" in matters of diet. He has usually found out for himself what kinds and amounts of food agree with him and what do not.

Most men after forty-five, or certainly after fifty, will notice a slight but distinct falling off in appetite. This is a hint that the body cannot utilize as much food as before, and should be acted upon. Although this diminution of appetite is a sign of cessation of growth and the beginning of failing vitality, it is not one of diminishing efficiency. On the contrary, by virtue of its reserve power, momentum and trained expertness, the body-machine may do more work in proportion to its fuel-needs from forty-five to fifty-five, or even sixty, than in any previous decade.

Experienced generals prefer grizzled veterans in a trying campaign to youthful troops, no matter how well drilled or conditioned, because they stand more knocking about on shorter rations and less sleep.

However, when Nature doesn't need so much fuel to run your body-engine, she'll let you know. Till then give her all she calls for. It is a very good sign for a middle-aged man to have a big appetite. It indicates that he has lots of work in his motor yet.

The dangers of overeating have been enormously exaggerated. Gout, rheumatism, kidney disease, cardiac degeneration, liver trouble, even obesity, occur quite as often in those who from necessity undereat as in those who live high.

A moderate and comfortable increase in weight, after the age of forty, is a natural and healthful process, a laying by of capital against the evil days that are coming. Unfortunately, shortly after the age at which this deposit of fat-surplus occurs the body-engine is apt to begin to show signs of wear and tear, and original defects in tubing, boiler, steam gauge and gearing reveal themselves under the strain. With infantile logic we say the first change caused the second. As a matter of experience, fat men of middle age show these strain-defects less frequently, less early and bear them better than thin ones.

Obesity is *not* a disease, but in nine cases out of ten a normal process, beneficial rather than harmful. Fat laid on after forty-five is usually lost before seventy, and is neither a sign nor a cause of disease, "Anti-fat" advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding.

The dreaded fatty degeneration of the heart and liver has nothing whatever to do with general increase in body weight, however generous. It occurs more often in the emaciated than in the obese. Therefore, don't hesitate to laugh and grow fat, or starve yourself for fear the "fat will get round your heart." Nearly all weight-reducing diets and treatments reduce strength also and are dangerous if long persisted in. Fatness of even quite Falstaffian proportions is perfectly compatible with the highest grade of efficiency.

Sleep Late if You Want To

NEXT, take plenty of sleep. Time spent in sound sleep is never wasted. The man of middle age will find that he cannot take quite as much sleep as formerly; he tends to wake earlier and more easily, but this should make him the more insistent to take all that he possibly can. He cannot stand the loss of sleep as he once did. If he has been up till the wee sma' hours he is more apt to feel it next day.

The power of recuperating completely in a few hours of sleep is the prerogative of youth alone. The fewer hours of sound sleep we can get the more rest in bed we should take.

As the sleep at night becomes shorter and lighter a nap in the middle of the day should be made a custom. Half an hour to an hour after lunch will increase the day's efficiency wonderfully. It is much better to sleep in the middle of the day than to go to bed at an uncivilized and unsociable hour at night.

To "rise up at the voice of the bird" is very pretty poetry, but poor physiologic economy, unless you should happen to be a farmer. Sit up as late as you can keep up an interest in any sensible subject and sleep as late as you can in the morning. Early to bed and early to rise is an excellent motto for the unprogressive.

Above all things, the man of middle age should keep up his interests. The more points at which we touch human life and interests, the more alive we are and the longer we will remain so. If you have any taste for music, cultivate it; don't let it decay. You may have given up singing, but go to the best concerts and operas. Develop any liking you may have for pictures, especially landscapes in the original; read plenty of good poetry. All these will tend to keep you elastic, responsive, resourceful, not only mentally but physically. Life is response to environment; when that diminishes we begin to die.

Now is the natural time of life for politics, both as a diversion, the finest game on earth, and as a civic duty. Our own position is fairly established, and we can spare a little time to help others, especially the rising generation.

If the man of the dominant decades is so unfortunate as to have no hobby, by all means let him beg, borrow or hire one. Better still, two—one indoor and one outdoor. Nothing will do more to keep him young.

Roses, chrysanthemums, cherries, Orpingtons, games, collies, bull-terriers, angoras, wild flowers, birds, shells, butterflies, bookplates, first editions, clocks, old blue, andirons, stamps, brass, bric-à-brac—no matter what, so long as they arouse an interest entirely apart from their monetary value. Next to outdoor sports they are the best Elixir of Youth known. Don't plan to retire from business unless you have a hobby to retire on, as well as a competency.

Don't count your gray hairs. First, because it won't make them any less in number or slower in coming. Second, because it will do you harm, which they never will. This is an allegory, the meaning of which goes far.

Gray hairs are Nature's accolade of knighthood for service rendered. It may not be much, but it is surely something. Be proud of it. The man does not exist outside of jail or Wall Street who at fifty has not done something for the race, as well as for himself. Often much more. Whether it be a little pushing of the plowland farther into the flanks of the wilderness, the doing of some bit of work better than it was ever done before, a house built, a well dug, a road opened, a price lowered, a child trained, a song sung, or written or lived, an evil faced or beaten back, another life made happier there is always something of which we can say, "This have I done for the world."

This is the vantage-ground of middle age—physical, mental, moral. Use it as our fulcrum and we may continue to move the world with the lever of experience till threescore and ten. Make our skill and our tiny sprig of laurel count and we can still keep abreast of the young men.

Live in the present and don't dread the future. Old age is not a disease, but a natural, painless process, as vitally and inherently necessary as youth. Like every other natural process, when it actually comes it is welcome. The same forces which raised us up as wavelets upon the great sea of life will plunge us down into its cool, calm depths again. The plunge is no more to be dreaded than the upward curl. We sparkle and glow for a few brief moments, shot through with the sunlight of eternity, then fade away into the fathomless blue again, but the moments were well worth while.

We can "live long and happy (or brief and happy), and in that thought die, glad for what was." It is pure selfishness to wish to live again or longer than is best for the following generation. Our life is not for ourselves, but for the race, and if we have set that the tiniest notch higher upon its upward course, it is enough.

Out-of-Doors for All America

MOST laws looking to the preservation or extension of out-of-doors have been rightfully called class laws, selfish, and not universal. Sportsmen's associations, so called, have very largely been selfish bodies, and they have accomplished little or nothing in actually arresting the destruction of our game and the delimitation of our open lands. Mark off the selfish portion of the sporting clientage pure and simple, and we have not enough numbers left. There should be an out-of-doors for all America and not for sportsmen only. There are homes with no gun upon the rack; but these need an out-of-doors, need an America and a West, just as much as those most profusely beweaponed.

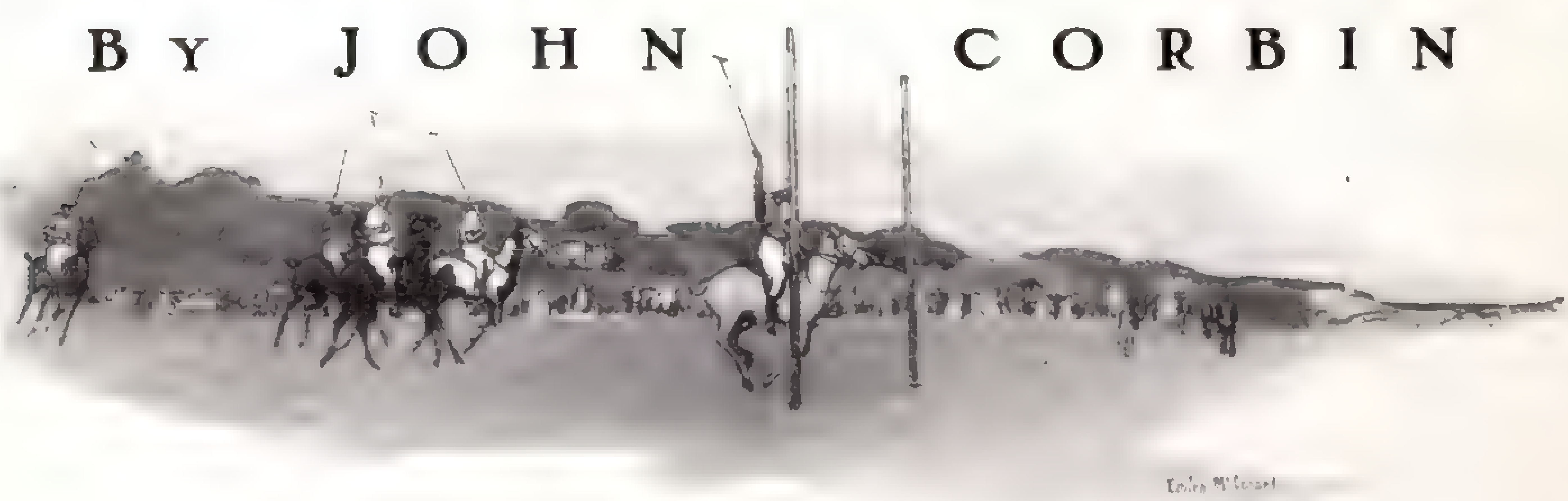
The best out-of-door law is the Lacey Act of Congress regulating the traffic of game, which stops the shipment from all States not allowing the sale of game. The selling of game has been the great cause of its destruction. Jacob has eaten what Esau has taken. The conflicting State laws have done little to regulate the appetite of Jacob, and, indeed, it is hopeless to seek uniformity in regions widely varying in climate, season, and habitat of game.

But now, suppose that Congress took up the work of preserving some outdoor country. Without any doubt, it could set aside wide tracts of mountains and forests, which would be far better than no West at all. There might be a rebuilt West in the Appalachians, in the Rockies, in the Middle West. Sectionalism is but folly. The only distinction between the East and the West has been the distinction between indoors and outdoors. The only folly has been in believing that a nation of men can be reared indoors. All our history, all the history of all the world, is contradiction of this belief. But vast landed estates under private fence do not mean an out-of-doors for America.

This frenzy, this haste, this greed, indicate unsound growth and prophesy decadence. The struggle of modern business life shows not fitness for combat, but terror of that combat. The competition of life to-day is something to be feared, in its future possibilities, by any man. It is not the competition of the strong which is feared by any real man—that is part of the fight and the glory of life for a man; but it is the competition of the weak.

THE CAVE MAN

BY JOHN CORBIN



XXIII

OF THE revelations of that Sunday morning none impressed Wistar more deeply than the fact that he had not known where Penrhyn lived. He knew every turn in the thread of the least important screw in his machines, but he was ignorant of the most obvious fact with regard to his most powerful associate. In the old days he had somewhat proudly said that his business was with men who manufactured motors, not stocks; but he now realized with humility that everything depended on meeting on their own ground the leaders of this once despised industry of finance.

To inquire into the conditions in the rubber country, and even to find out whether the productive forests were in a way to be monopolized, was a work he could and must intrust to subordinates. But he was obliged to proceed in person to get a line on Penrhyn's associates and resources, and especially on his more intimate personal equation—his character, his methods, the kind of fight he would make. For as yet the evidence of the man's duplicity was only circumstantial. Wistar's sense of honor, indeed his sense of expediency, forbade him to make any pretense of friendship. But there was a way in which he could meet the man as an enemy.

The year before, Penrhyn had played on the Willowbrook polo team, which had won the championship from his own club, the Cedartop. Why shouldn't he make his old place on the team? It is a game that tries men's souls. To get into condition he entered the squash-ball tournament of the Racket Club, and was not displeased when, at last, he came face to face with Penrhyn.

They met in the third round. It was a warm day in early summer, and they played in the lightest costume—sleeveless gauze shirts and linen running breeches. As they entered the red walled court each cast a quick, comprehensive glance at the other. Wistar was long and spare, with straight, powerful legs, wide reach of the sinewy arms, huge, bellowslike thorax and thick, muscular torso. Penrhyn was of smaller stature, well knit, and with knotty muscles, full of spring.

The young financier played a brilliant game, full of difficult and unexpected strokes that brought burst after burst of applause from the gallery. He won the first set easily. But toward the end of the second Wistar's steadiness and endurance began to wear him down.

"Hang your legs and lungs!" said Penrhyn with rueful pleasantry. "I'm larding the lean earth. You've got me now where you want me!"

"Not if you ring in any more of those miracles!"

"Miracles!" Penrhyn cried with frank disgust. "The man who plays squash has no need of miracles!" As they took their positions for the final game he tapped the floor with his racket. "Here's where friendship ceases!" he said, laughing.

To Wistar it seemed rather where friendship began, for it was his nature to think well of the world, and Penrhyn had been a model of modesty in success, of good temper in adversity, and of sportsmanlike earnestness and fairness everywhere. Though plainly all in, he played with grit and tenacity; yet even with the match hanging in the balance he twice corrected the decision of the marker, insisting that Wistar take a point where a let had been called. Was it possible that Wistar had been mistaken in his man? The question cost him four points straight; but he pulled himself together and won the match without difficulty.

Penrhyn shook his hand cordially. "I couldn't have won the semi-finals, anyway," he said; "and I think you stand to do so." The compliment was perhaps excessive, for in his next match Wistar had to meet one of the best players in the club, who, as it turned out, disposed of him in two easy games; but it was none the less generous and good-natured.

They bathed in adjoining showers, dressed and dined together, and afterward, at Penrhyn's invitation, went to the theatre. It was years since Wistar had spent as pleasant an evening; and after a long and cooling nightcap at the club he half believed that he had done the man injustice.

Before many weeks Wistar had occasion to alter this judgment. At a meeting of the executive committee Penrhyn proposed to increase the next dividend.

"That would be a drain on our surplus," Wistar objected. His plans for the industry, now dear to his heart, required a large reserve of capital. "My idea is to reduce the dividend. The time is coming when we shall have to stand off those foreign fellows."

"That's right!" Irvingdale Smith put in cheerfully. "It is up to you to give them a black eye. But there are other ways to do it."

"Other ways than by making our cars as good and cheap as theirs?" Wistar pointedly queried. "What ways?"

"We've got a bang-up system of garages," Smith answered with unabated cheerfulness. "From Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, we store and care for a good majority of all our rivals' cars. We waste a lot of time and opportunity in doing it so well."

Wistar was not unjustifiably proud of these garages, and of the fact that the service in them was as liberal and efficient toward the cars of American independents and foreign makers as toward their own. "Wasted!" he said. "A good part of our earnings we make off the cars of our rivals!"

"But suppose we gave our own cars the preference? Wouldn't the public find that the best of reasons for buying them?"

In plain terms this meant that work on the cars of their rivals should be delayed, scamped and overcharged. Nothing so disgusts a motorist with his machine as to have it make long sojourns in the shop, followed by big bills and a speedy return of disaster.

"I am as eager as any man to win out in this fight," Wistar exclaimed. "But the only policy that will succeed in the long run is the policy of fairness and liberality. Who will get the black eye, I should like to know, if the public finds us out?"

"If we can't trust our own managers not to peach on us," said Smith with cool insolence, "there's something rotten in your management."

"You are aware, I suppose," said Wistar, his voice falling and deepening as his anger rose, "that in spirit what you propose is identical with all that is most noxious in trust management—secret rebates, secret price schedules, and all other devices of predatory competition in restraint of trade!"

"I don't know anything about what you call spirit," Smith retorted. "There is no law that compels us to favor the cars of our rivals, and there is every reason why we should not favor them."

"Favor them! Why not put sand in their bearings and soap in their carbureters?"

"Not a bad idea!" Smith laughed. Then he added, in the tone of compliment, "You would make an excellent manager if you put your mind to it."

Wistar smiled grimly. "Excellent or not, I *am* the manager. And in this matter *I* decide!"

Billy growled approval.

"I object!" Smith cried, his cheery good-humor vanishing. "You are our chairman, not our kindergarten lady. You have no power except what we delegate to you!"

The terms upon which he had entered the combination had been different, and it was now that Wistar looked to find the Penrhyn he had known in the squash court.

"In the matter of the garages," Penrhyn said, "I guess we'll have to give Wistar his head." And Smith was obliged to acquiesce. Then Penrhyn added: "But it's different with the dividend. That concerns the financial end. I make it a motion."

As chairman of the committee Wistar was obliged to put the motion, and the votes were three to one.

It is an approved Machiavellian precept to concede what you have to gracefully, so as to make the concession a sugar-coating for the pill of successful coercion. Wistar perceived that there were two Penrhyns—one for polite conversation, and one for things that mattered.

In announcing the dividend to the public Penrhyn resorted to a useful bit of jugglery. He spread the report that the management was intending to reduce it, and then sprung the increase as a surprise. In the resulting fluctuations in the stock, Wistar had every reason to believe, Penrhyn turned a pretty penny. The incident took added significance when Wistar got his first reports from the rubber country. All signs portended that some one was trying to engross the industry, and, moreover, was straining his resources to do so.

The polo championship was now well under way, but Wistar saw that there was little to probe in the character of his associate. He was convinced, in fact, that with the expiration of his term of office he would have to fight for reëlection. There were two ways of fighting. One was to form a faction of stockholders to support him and his policy. This was a slow, difficult and delicate matter, and one in which he could not go far without publicly accusing his associate. The other way was to increase his holdings of stock. Though chief shareholder, he was far from owning a majority. He at once instructed his broker to buy in all he could without running up the price, and furthermore, to negotiate with such of his customers as might be willing, for a consideration, to part with their holdings.

Among these the broker mentioned a picturesque and anomalous person with wild eyes and red trimmings to his face who had invested two thousand dollars on margin when the securities were first listed on the stock exchange. Wistar named him at once—H. Desmond Andrews; and the broker laughed at the memory of the H. Desmond.

One by one he was completing the chain of circumstance which bound Penrhyn to this man, convicting him of gross dishonor. As yet he felt that he was not justified in using his evidence to discredit his rival, even privately, among the directors and stockholders. But he left no stone unturned to complete it, and to this end employed a detective agency to keep close watch on Andrews.

During the early games of the polo championship he often saw Judith in the crowds on the club-house verandas, and as often he thought, not without satisfaction, that to her eyes at least the evidence already at hand would be sufficient. But could he tell her? Not though the happiness of her life hung in the balance—then least of all. Could he even bring his excuse for the mistake of that fatal night with regard to her father—whose duty it would be to tell her? He puzzled his mind for days over this case in casuistry. But in his heart he always knew that he could not be a bearer of tales. And the conviction was growing on him that in spite of all appearances her father had not been guiltless.

XXIV

IF PENRHYN had shared Wistar's desire for better acquaintance he could not have done more to satisfy it. Through the earlier periods of the polo game he had played second forward for Willowbrook, and with unfailing alertness and dash; but at the opening of the final period the game was a tie, and he shifted to first forward. This brought him face to face with Wistar, whose steadiness and brain-work had made him captain and back of the Cedartop four.

The natural inference was that Willowbrook had staked their chances of victory on new tactics; but during the last interval he had seen Penrhyn ride up to the brilliant crowd beyond the edge board, and speak to a young woman in whom for the first time he recognized Judith. Was it possible that the man had paid him the compliment of jealousy? The world of sport has little esteem for what it calls the grandstand player. Wistar could have wished Judith a thousand miles away. He cursed the luck that now, at the crisis of the game, had given him the glimpse of her face, alight with interest and excitement, and prettily framed in a billowy boa of white feathers, thrown about her shoulders in defense against the cool wind that was blowing in from the ocean.

Penrhyn had now mounted a black Algerian barb, Sirocco, trained on Mediterranean polo fields, for which he paid a fabulous price, upward of three thousand dollars. It was a huge pony, that would strain every finger of fourteen hands, and its wide eyes bespoke as much of intelligence as ever gets into an equine skull. It had courage, too, to stand up against the fiercest scrimmage, and its speed in the open was unexcelled.

Wistar's mount was named Jenny, which name she had brought with the brand on her flank from a Texas range. Jenny was, however, a perfect lady, and in Wistar's fond esteem the best polo pony he had ever owned or known. True, he had read of better animals, and notably a heroine of fiction who was not only familiar with the tactics of team play and kept the score in mind, but acted as captain of her quadruped mates, and would probably have advised the famous player and captain who rode her if his understanding had been quite, instead of almost, equine. But Wistar was skeptical. He had himself frequently had occasion in the thick of a rapidly shifting contest to make sure how the game stood by a glance at the dangling score balls; and there were only two points on which he trusted Jenny implicitly. One was to be fond of sugar, and stand by the man who gave it to her; and the other was to mind his hand and follow the ball. He suspected the tasteful little lady, in fact, of laboring under the illusion that the three-inch sphere of white was an extra delectable lump; but, whatever the peculiarities of her horse-sense, she scampered after it with the eager endurance of a terrier and the speed of a greyhound; and that was all he asked of Jenny.

The only chance of snatching the victory was by the hardest riding and the most accurate team play. But Wistar had even more to contend with than he feared. Penrhyn was plunging his spurs with every turn deep into Sirocco's velvet flank, already covered with blood, and was charging the heavy animal hither and yon like a madman. The trick of riding an opponent off, which looks so dangerous from the club-house, is in reality the safest of manœuvres. You have only to slip alongside your man, lock the shoulder of your horse forward of his saddle, and you can swerve him as if by a hand on his bridle. Time and again, in the play that followed, Penrhyn came at Wistar full speed at an angle of forty degrees, dashing Sirocco's powerful and pointed shoulder into Jenny's side. Such tactics are calculated to throw a fright into any but the steadiest—horse and man; and the only condition of success is that the umpire shall be lax, or not looking.

"If you do that again," Wistar cried, "I'll demand the penalty of a foul!"

"Why not take your doll and go home?" Penrhyn answered, sweeping by. "This game is polo!"

There are football players who regard it as the game to slug an opponent, "knee him," or twist his neck, provided the chance of being penalized is less than the chance of putting him out of the game; and there are polo players of a similar conviction. It is all a question of whether one prefers to live by the traditions of sportsmen or the letter of the rules.

In another minute, as Jenny bounded after the ball, Penrhyn repeated the assault. The only defense against such play is the defense offensive. Reining up at an angle, Wistar broke the shock upon the faithful Jenny by opposing his own lean, pointed knee against Penrhyn's thigh.

"Ouch!" said Penrhyn; and Sirocco faltered at the unexpected impact.

Jenny's strong point was quickness and certainty on her feet. She fairly leaped from the collision and dodged across the field after the spherical lump of sugar, overtaking it near the edge board. With a clean, forward draw Wistar played it into position for a try at goal, and Jenny followed it with hoofbeats that sent the turf flying.

Wistar's men did not fail him. One after another they rode off three of the enemy, while he swung at a gallop into position for the stroke. The end of the game was at hand, but it was a matter of seconds to snatch the victory.

Penrhyn, disconcerted by the unexpected shock, had wisely refrained from following Wistar's first dash, and now, burying his spur in Sirocco's bleeding flank with every stride, he galloped straight down the field at the ball, converging upon Wistar at a broad angle. Wistar saw him out of the tail of his eye, and Jenny saw him, too, for she dug her little hoofs into the turf as she had never dug them before. Twenty-three seconds flat was her mark for the quarter, and she was in the full swing of her best pace. She kept even with the stallion, stride for stride.

As long as she did so it was, according to the rules of the game, Wistar's ball. To the goal was a drive of seventy yards, but he had done better a score of times; and his nerve was never as steady as when his blood was boiling. And it was boiling now, for as Sirocco closed the angle between them with greyhound strides, he saw the blood flying from the raw spot left by the incessant spur. Nearer and nearer the two horses swept, until Penrhyn so narrowly threatened a collision that even the other players rose in their stirrups in anxiety. It flashed upon Wistar that his rival's game was to fluster him and frighten Jenny with the fear of a tumble. In a stride or two Penrhyn would have to swerve, or foul him openly and flagrantly. The thought steadied him. Jenny could not have this comfort, and already she had suffered many a rude shock; but with pluck undaunted she held her course firm and true, and never abated her stride until Wistar threw the lines on her neck. Then, at this signal for the stroke, she slackened into an even steady gallop.

As Wistar raised his stick he heard Sirocco's hoofbeats—now at his very side, still regular, firm, and quick as ever. His heart leaped, but his shoulder swung true. Then came a blow from the side that lifted Jenny off her feet. In another instant both horses and riders tumbled together upon the turf. Penrhyn swung free of the saddle; but Wistar, who had held his eye throughout steadily fixed upon the ball, felt the hot, lathered sides of Jenny rolling over him, with the weight of both horses.

He was awakened by the first dash of water on his face, and raising his head he saw the ball lying where it had lain.

"A duhrty trick, a sthinkin' Irish trick," said Wistar's groom, as he splashed the water. "His horse is the better gintleman."

The umpire had pressed through the crowd of dismounted players. "Have you anything to say?" Wistar managed to ask.

"In my official capacity, only that the play was a foul, and that Cedartop has a free try for goal."

Wistar struggled to his feet and called for a new mount. There was a knifelike pain inside him, and his head was swimming. But Penrhyn was by, speaking words of plausible apology. He stepped into the saddle, and no one offered to dissuade him. Then he rode out to the ball, and Penrhyn faced him, at the prescribed ten yards. The two looked at each other quite as if nothing had happened.

Shooting a goal in the heat of play, at the full, easy swing of the gallop and with a clear field in front is one thing, and a sitting shot in the face of four opponents, accurately placed and alert, is quite another. It was for this difference, beyond question, that Penrhyn had ventured.

The fall had unsteadied Wistar's nerves. He paused before the stroke and swept his eye slowly about the field. There were people there—he had not half-realized how many. They seemed strangely hushed. Beyond was a low-lying English house, its half-timber sides showing faintly through a mantling growth of ivy, and its roof bowered in elm trees. It looked very peaceful. On the horizon was a flake of quiet blue, where the Atlantic lay serenely, as if in the lap of two sand-dunes. Wistar almost forgot the pain that was knifing his vitals. Then he closed his eyes half a moment, and remembered. Once he had faced an unbeaten eleven in blue, when all the fellows looked to him and his comrades. . . . He didn't feel the pain at all now.

Opening his eyes, he gauged the lie of the ball and the length of his stick. Then he lifted his arm above his head, and brought it downward, swinging it firm but relaxed upon the pivot of his shoulder. He hit hard and true, and as the sound was heard across the silent field, Penrhyn rose in his stirrup to block the ball. It soared free above his head, flying straight for the goal. Half-way in its course it fell upon the turf, bounded once or twice, and then rolled slowly and more slowly. Once again there was the scurrying of ponies, Cedartop galloping to protect the ball in its course, Willowbrook to check it. The advantage of position lay with the defense, and five yards from the fatal line the Willowbrook back overtook the ball and swung his stick for a back hander. Thus far the instinct of the game had carried him; but now he paused, and with his stick held high in air, and to the amazement of the multitude, rode on, side by side with the ball. At the goal line the white sphere hopped into the air, and then lay still, scarcely a yard beyond. The generosity of the sportsman had risen above the zeal of the partisan. It was as if he had presented to Wistar the victory so fairly won. The crowd read his purpose like a flash, and from four sides burst forth an acclaiming shout. It was not "the game"; but sportsmanship it was.

Wistar's first thought was of Jenny—whether she was suffering, too, poor lady. He found her by an automobile, companionably nosing a young woman in a white feather boa—having evidently led the indulgent groom there for that purpose. Wistar rode up and asked if she was hurt.

"Sure she's fresh as a daisy. How is it with yourself, sir, may I be asking?"

"Oh, I do hope you are not injured!" Judith exclaimed. "It was very rough play, and we're *so* glad you won!"

Penrhyn cantered up to them. "My dear man! My *dear* man!" he said. "I did my best to hold the beast, but he was mad with excitement."

"Howld him! Look at his flank!" said Hickey. But he knew his place, and he said it under his breath.

"You were wrong, Stanley," Judith was saying, "very wrong, ever to think of riding such an animal!"

Jenny was still nosing the white feathers.

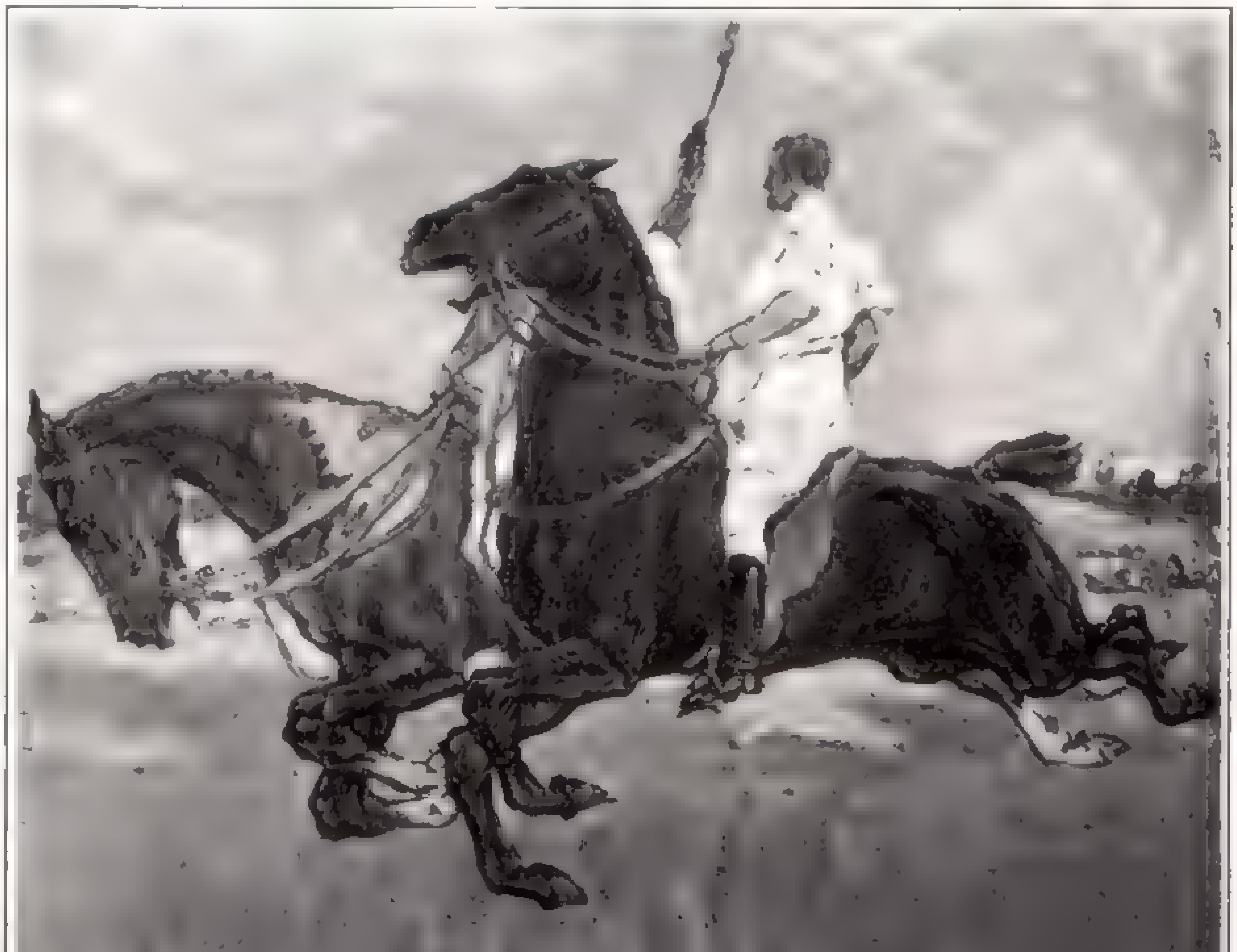
"She thinks they may be sugar," Wistar apologized. "I forgot to give her the lump she expected when I changed mounts." He reached into his pocket and found nothing but powdered granules. Jenny herself had crushed the last domino. "Poor old girl," he said, stroking her mobile nose, "did we make you spoil your own sugar? Never mind! There's more in the locker." And taking the bridle from Hickey he led her away.

It was a fortunate pretext, for the knife inside him kept turning and the white feathers spread before his vision, filling it from the green of the grass to the blue of the zenith with what now seemed to him wavering lumps of sugar.

XXV

HOW many weeks that pain lasted Wistar did not know. Through the long days and longer nights of his fever a single idea haunted him, obsessed him. Sooner or later he would have to lock horns with Penrhyn in a final struggle for control of the combination; and there was more than an even chance, he foreboded, that in that struggle he would be defeated, and Minot and others of his kind ground under foot. In such an event he saw but one recourse, and that the blackest—to quit the trust and join the weaker faction in the fight for decency and law. That he would be able to wreck the combination he had little doubt. He had made its strength, and better than any one else he knew its weakness. It was to avoid such a fight that he had entered it, and the result of all he had done would be to aggravate his plight. To plunge Judith's father from hope to despair would have been bad enough; but his heart grew sick at the thought of what it would mean to dash him from success and power to ruin. She had called him the cave man, and accused him of seeking to fell them all with his club. As his fever mounted and the pain in his side cut deeper the idea grew on him that he might have to do just this.

One evening he awoke with a sense of physical relief. The pain was no longer inside. It was outside, in soft linen bandages. He was suffering from a horrible nausea, and his tongue was so thick that he could utter nothing; but little by little his mind cleared, and he recalled with terror a nightmare under which he had been laboring—recalled it with terror and relief, for he now knew that it was only a nightmare. Judith had lain dying in a dingy hall-bedroom, her struggle against poverty ended; and as she saw him she looked upon him as the author of her fate, and turned her eyes, pitiful and full of hatred as he had never seen them in life, toward the tawdry wall. A beam of watery sunshine, struggling in, brought the glints to her hair, though palely. Then, of a sudden, he had seen a clot of crimson, where she had got the wound of which she was dying—a blow from the cave man's club.


It Flashed upon Wistar that His Rival's Game was to Fluster Him

He opened his eyes to expel the agonizing vision, and saw by his bedside the woman in striped gown, white apron and cap. Then he understood. It was a long time before he could speak, but at last he asked her thickly: "Did you have to go in far? What did you find?"

"We went in so far," the nurse said cheerily, "that we saw the tail-feathers of your soul." Her theology was orthodox, in spite of a rigidly scientific training. "But we sewed you up tight, so there's no chance of its escaping this time."

Wistar smiled. "What did you find was the matter—before you sewed it up?"

One doesn't allow a patient's mind to dwell on the details of his malady. "There was a bow of blue ribbon on it," she said, "and it had come untied."

Wistar was silent a long time and then, "Blue ribbon?" he asked

"Baby blue--it was a pure soul. We tied it up neatly in a love-knot."

"I should have preferred a square bow," he said.

"It's a spell we laid with the love-knot—so now your sweetheart can't lose you."

He thought of Judith. "I'm afraid," he said sadly, "that the operation will not prove successful."

The nurse did not understand. "In two months," she said, "you will be on your feet again."

Two months! His old fears swarmed back on him. Glancing about, he recognized Billy and Minot on the other side of the bed. "Hello!" he said. "I must see you fellows on business." At the word they faded into darkness.

Then the nurse said, "Hush! Go to sleep!" and stroked the fine, lank hair on his forehead. He went to sleep, but in his dreams he was fighting a fight in which there was a most perplexing mingling of motor-cars and ponies. And the prize was a white feather boa.

XXVI

ALMOST before he recovered from the nausea of ether Wistar took advantage of the telephone by his bedside to get in touch with the affairs of the combination—at first surreptitiously, when the nurse for a moment had left him apparently sleeping, and then with her enforced consent. It proved as he feared. He called up his agencies one by one, as far as St. Louis and Omaha, and by a few leading questions ascertained that Penrhyn and Smith had assumed his office and were already introducing their methods.

Minot was soon a frequent visitor, and he elicited from him similar intelligence. Penrhyn was using the power of the combination to fight the independents with the well-known tactics of predatory competition. There was strong evidence that he was even preparing to infringe on Minot's patent, relying on the power of money and the technicalities of the law to protect him. And the ultimate end of it all, as was becoming clearer and clearer in the reports from South America, was to gain a virtual monopoly of the industry throughout the world.

Before his accident Wistar had had hopes of being able to control the coming election of officers. For weeks he had been quietly increasing his holdings of stock. Now he had a stock ticker installed in his bedroom, and day by day directed his campaign by telephone. He was powerfully aided here by the very seriousness of his illness, for Wall Street in general, and Penrhyn in particular, had grown accustomed to regard him as out of the running. And with professional conservatism the surgeons had understated the hope of his recovery.

To make success secure and indubitable, however, he felt that it was necessary to gain strong adherents among the stockholders. And here his illness crippled him far more than it helped him in his operation in the market. One may buy or sell by telephone anything from a paper of pins to a billion-dollar trust; but corporation politics

(Continued on Page 29)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Guggenheim

THERE was the young man who went to the social function in New York and met the heiress. Next morning he couldn't remember whether his host told him she was worth eight millions and lived on Eighty-eighth Street or was worth eighty-eight millions and lived on Eighth Street; not that it mattered much, but that the figures dazed him. Thus with the seven sons of Myer Guggenheim, the great smelter. The number of sons is established. After that the stories vary. One is that Mr. Guggenheim left thirty-five millions, giving five millions to each son, and another is that he left seven millions to each of the seven sons, and another that he left seventy-seven millions of which a seventh was given to each of the seven. Anyhow, he left seven sons, and none of the seven need worry about board and clothes.

Simon Guggenheim, newly-elected Senator from Colorado, is sixth of the seven. The others are Isaac, Daniel, Morris, Solomon, Benjamin and William. They are M. Guggenheim's Sons, in name and style of their firm, and they are the biggest smelting people in the country—the Smelters' Trust, as the papers in the West call them from time to time.

The House of Guggenheim's Seven Scions

ISAAC, Daniel, Morris, Solomon and Benjamin have been content to sustain the great name of Guggenheim in the smelting and mining and exploration business. It stands for much, does that name of Guggenheim. In mining circles it is like the hallmark on the back of the silver plate. It means probity and honor and all that goes to make business reputation. Hitherto, however, the name of Guggenheim has had to do with purely business affairs. Now it is attached to a budding statesman, and the West is waiting to see what it shall see.

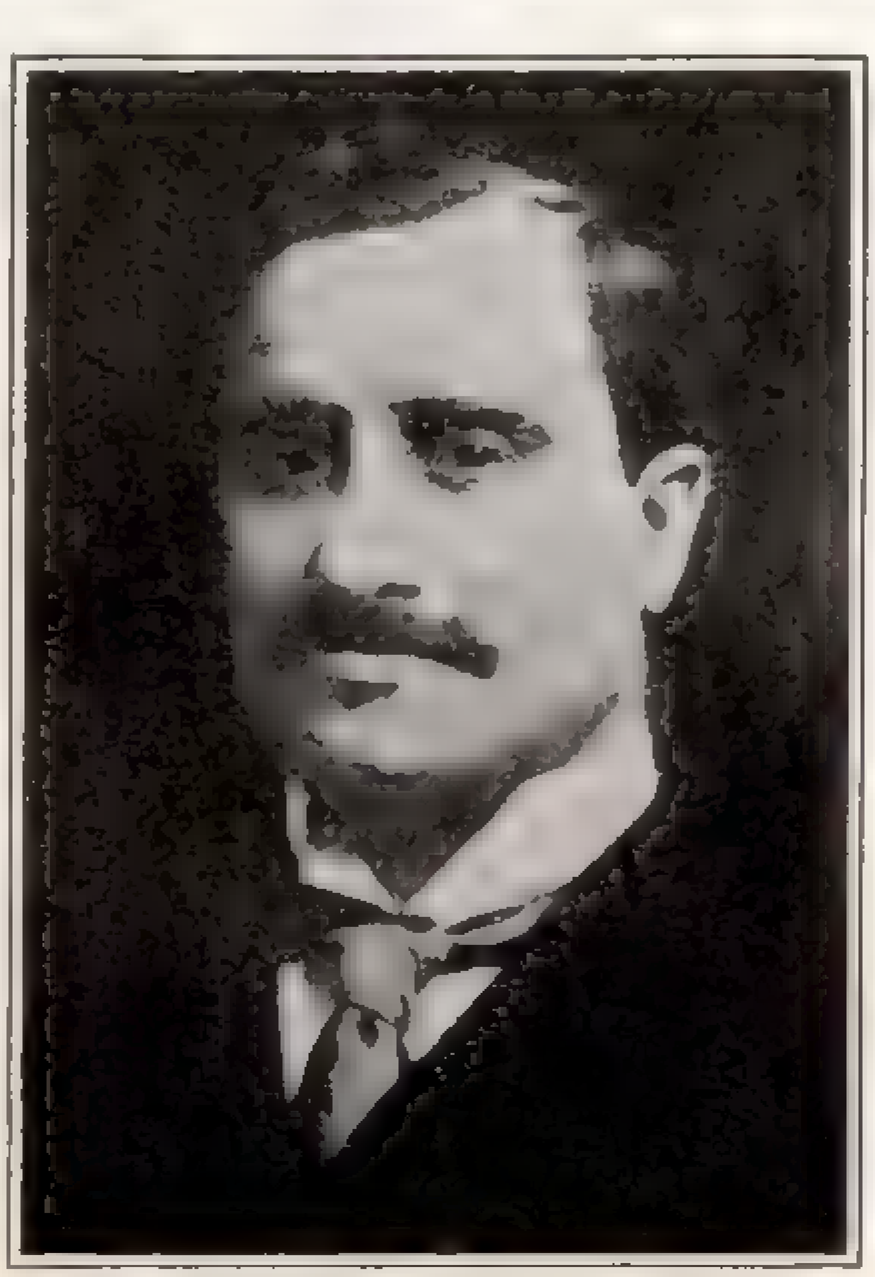
Curiously enough, Senator Simon Guggenheim, statesman, thinks, apparently, that the prefix "Senator" and the suffix "Statesman" go better with the Guggenheim patronymic than the mere suffix "Smelter" that has hitherto been the sole adornment for the seven sons. To be sure, there are many Senators who would prefer, from a purely material viewpoint, to have "Smelter" hitched to their names, with the emoluments thereto, than to have "Senator" projecting therefrom. At this doctrine Simon Guggenheim would probably laugh a throaty laugh, to say nothing of handing out a few scornful chuckles and a little batch of sneers. It is particularly noticed in Washington, among statesmen and other patriots, that the utter and dire disadvantages of money do not appear clearly until the person who discovers them has all the money he needs, and more. No gentleman begins to declaim against the uselessness of wealth until he gets humpbacked carrying around his roll of notes of large denominations.

The change of view is amazing after the person who makes the announcement has his fortune securely riveted to himself and can get no more fun out of accumulation. So soon as he is forever and eternally fixed he begins to put forth the doctrine that mere money is, in itself, no joy and comfort, and that no man should content himself to be simply rich. It appears to be ideal to many of these seekers after fame to live on some thousands a year and make a name, but if anybody tries to separate them from a few dollars they set up a yell that can be heard from one Portland to the other.

Washington is full of these servants of the common good. They can be found at any dinner or reception exhorting against the grossness of living for money alone and of the decay that comes to the finer feelings of patriotism when money is the sole aim and end. Then they go home in their imported automobiles and pat themselves approvingly and vote to raise their own salaries as soon as they have a chance. Having made their money, or having had it made for them, they desire to "do something."

Simon Guggenheim will slide easily into this company. He has had an itching to send the name of Guggenheim hop-skip-and-jumping down the corridors of fame for a long time hooked to a political appendix. He has succeeded, but he is not the only Guggenheim who has had that ambition. There is William, the youngest son, who lives in New York, and who has long felt that he was the proper person to boost along the name of Guggenheim in the paths of statesmanship or diplomacy. In fact, there has always been a brotherly rivalry between Simon and William, the two babes of the seven sons, at which the other five sons have laughed good-naturedly and have helped as the opportunity offered. William is defter than Simon, but not so deft. William maintains in New York several splendid charities, and he is rather bored with the smelting business. It has been his ambition to be a statesman also, or, if nothing better offered, to be a diplomat.

Unfortunately for William, nothing better offered—nothing so good, in fact. William remained in New York and sought preference unostentatiously. Simon went to Colorado and got out after his preferment with brass bands, jacklights, birdlime, nets, traps and deadfalls. The result is that Simon is now a Senator-elect and William is still seeking, if, indeed, he hasn't given up the search. Still, Simon will undoubtedly take a leading place in the councils of the nation—he thinks—and that may help William along on his diplomatic quest.


Simon Guggenheim, Senator-Elect from Colorado

It seems to be necessary to have a mining king or two in the Senate. William A: Clark, of Montana, is going out, after a long and dentless struggle to make a dent. Simon Guggenheim comes gayly along to take up the task. Now, a mining king has bells on him, as they say in Alaska, when he is in the mining regions or when he comes East to put some of the products of his mines into circulation; but a mining king in the United States Senate is dumb, mute, silent, voiceless and not saying a word. Mining kings find few thrones under that glass ceiling, and discover early in the game that, while their millions may have put them in the Senate, if they had billions they would do them no good after they get in, unless there was something back of the billions that made the individual of some value.

The American Smelting Company is not so popular in Colorado that any receptions are given in its honor, and when the Guggenheim campaign was on, the Democrats put out big broadsides on the dead walls, reading: "Republican victory means Simon Guggenheim for Senator. How do you like that?" Apparently, everybody liked it, for the Republican victory was sweeping.

Chasing the Halo of Preferment

THE whole thing worked out according to schedule. The legislature elected Guggenheim, and he will succeed Patterson. Reverting, therefore, to the mining king proposition, Guggenheim should take a few lessons from Clark—albeit Clark has more money than all the Guggenheims. Still, anybody who comes East with a handful of money and a connection with a mine is legitimately entitled to be called a mining king, and it is in this position Simon Guggenheim will find himself when he gets warmed in his seat. Thus far he has been hailed as everybody's friend and as a fine, young business man.

It is a noble ambition. He has all the money he needs, and he has been confronted for years by the horrible truth that five of the seven Guggenheim sons utterly refuse to add to the name Guggenheim the glamour that comes with high official position. It is clearly up to Simon and William to put the halo of preferment on, and, as William hasn't been at all fortunate, the mighty task is left to Simon. He assumes it confidently, almost jauntily. He says it is his cherished ambition to have Colorado become one of the greatest States in the Union, and everybody knows it is his twice-cherished ambition to have Guggenheim become the greatest name in the greatest State.

Nature, magnificently prodigal, has done a good deal for Colorado, and Colorado may become the greatest State in the Union. That is a reasonably easy proposition compared to the other. The process of putting the honored name of Guggenheim on the tip-top of the highest pillar in the Colorado Hall of Fame possesses difficulties that will occur to Senator Simon Guggenheim as he goes along on his Senatorial path. He will be Senator. He has the name, and nobody envies him either possession. Along about six years from now he will look back and ask himself wearily: "What's the use?" There won't be any answer, for there isn't any use. The Indian sign is on mining kings in the Senate, not because the Senate put it there, but because the mining kings put it there themselves, and Simon Guggenheim, at first glance, doesn't seem to be the man to take it off. However, as he is a smelting king also, it may be different with Simon.

THE DIARY OF DELIA

Being a Veracious Chronicle of the Kitchen with Some Side Lights on the Parlor

BY ONOTO WATANNA

TWO weeks later. Awoke, aroze, washed, dressed, made me bed. Spint the bitter part of a our or more trying to make that dummed stove burn. Its a wild wilderniss of a place is this and its hard, indade, for a pure, loansum, innercent female to bare the silence of the atmustfear. Whin Miss Claire spoke of the cuntry I had thort of Ausbry Park or Coney Island and sooch like sinsible places; but, indade, theres no bordwalk here at all at all, and the only kinds of bands and orkistrys is in the trees. Wirra, wirra, wirra! The kitchen's in the bastement and the dining room a flure above. I shuk me hed over this contribance whin I first seen it, but Miss Claire ses very swately:

"Now doant you be arfter wurrying about that," ses she, "fur theres a dumm wayter in the bootler's pantry."

Wid that she showed me a contrapshon in the wall, and wint to work pulling at the ropes.

"Dumm!" ses I, shouting wid me rarth. "Is it dumm you call the dumm thing. Miss," ses I, "its noysy enuff to waken the deff."

"Nonsinse!" ses she. "And down steers," ses she, "there do be anuther nice little dyning room, Delia, which you can have all for yoursilf. Think of it!" ses she. "How many pure girls in New York has a privit sitting room and dining room all to thimselves?" ses she.

"Am I to set alone in that privit room?" ses I.

"Of coorse," ses she, "and, by and by," she adds consoalingly, "ye'll git aquainted in the naybyhood, and who knows but a *Nite* will come your way! Hay ho!" ses she.

"Nites enuff," ses I, me milincoly hivvy on me chist. "It'll be all nites now for me, Miss Claire."

"You Goose!" ses she, "I dont meen that kind of Nite, but—but—you know—a grate, handsome fellar."

"Is it a *bow* ye're maning?" I arsks sarcarskullully.

"Yes, Delia dear."

"And sorrer a Nite of that kind will I get, Miss," ses I moanfully. She opened her blue eyes big.

"Its in the country they abownd," ses she.

"And lit them cum abownding," ses I, snorting. "Its a foine, gintlemanly sort" ses I "wud abound into the prisince of a loidy. If it's oanly the bounding kind yere haveing here, Miss Claire, theyd bitter kape their distunce."

A few days later. Awoke—aroze—washed—dressed—made me bed—imtied me slops.

I tuk a bit of paper from Mr. John's desk, and I pinned the follering warning in plane litters and langwidge:

BREKFUST SAR-
VED AT 8 OANLEY
NO BREKFUST SAR-
VED LATER
DELIA
O'MALLEY

This I taxed artiskully upon the dining room dure—facing all eyes. Mr. John—ating his loan cup of hot water, looks up. Hes a gintle spaking gintleman in contrarst to his bruther James. The rayson of this, Mr. Wolley explayned to me wanse was that Mr. John is an eeditor, wile Mr. James is a bawld voiced orthor, spaking, ses Mr. Wolley, wid the orful tung of the mookraker. Well, Mr. John looks up gintly and fidgets his paper and ses mildly:

"Er—Delia—er ——"

"Well?" ses I, fite in me toans.

"Another cup of hot water, if you plase," ses he. He hild up the cup befure his eyes suspishussly. "——er Delia," ses he, making an effet to mollyfy me timper. "How do you like it here?" ses he.

"Like it! Its a loan wilderniss of a place, sor," ses I.

"Shaw!" ses he. "Why, theer's forty-two families on the Poynt."

"The Poynt?"

"Yes. They call this neck of land the Poynt," ses he. "I suppose becorse its just a poynt of land running into the Sound."

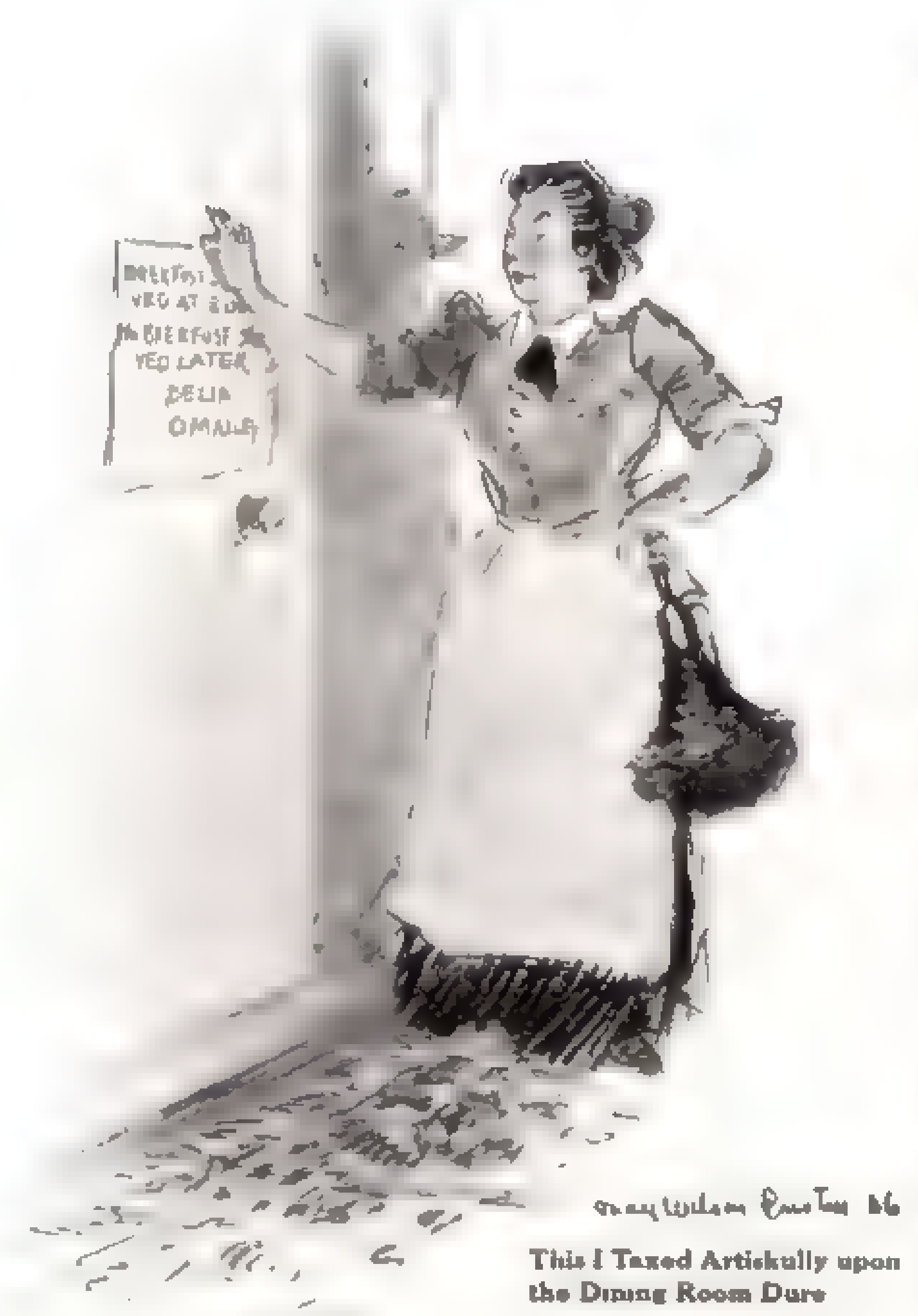
"Its a bloont poynt," ses I.

"It is," ses he. "But down at the ind of it, there is a very fine poynt of land. Me brother waggushly corls it 'Rogues Poynt'" ses he.

"And why sor?"

"Haw! haw!" ses he, larfing into his napkin

Mr. James cum sonterin' in joost thin in tinnis pants. He tramped acrost me imacklate floor, banged out a chare and joomped into it.



This I Taxed Artiskully upon the Dining Room Dure

"My brekfust in a hurry, Delia," ses he. "Whats the joke, Johnny?" ses he to his larfing brother.

"I was telling Delia the name ye've given the Poynt—Rogues Poynt."

"Hum!" ses Mr. James, ating amorosly on a grape froot. "Its like this, Delia," ses he, guving me a seeriess look. "The 2 show places on the ind of the Poynt are occipied respictably by an Oil magnut and a Insurince Prissydint."

"And be they rogues?" asks I innercently.

"Raskils!" ses Mr. James sollemly.

Another day. Aroze. Got up. Dressed. Made me bed.

"I want you all to lissen to me" ses Miss Claire, adrissing the assimbelled family in the dining room, and I overhurd thim. "We cant afford but wan girl and the work's altogether too heavy for Delia alone and she'll be laving us if——"

"Sh!" says her mother, "spake lower. She's in the bootler's pantry, making the salad."

"Nonsinse" ses Mr. James, "shes at the keyhole lissening."

"Well, but do lissen all," airges Miss Claire. "Iverybody," ses she, "has got to do his indivijool share of work. The lons must be cut. A garden must be planted. Frish vigitables are absolootely nicissiry. James," ses she swately, "*you* can cut the lons."

"Lons!" cryes he in thoondering toans. "*I cut lons!* Why, me deer sister, its aginst me most artistick instink," ses he. "Its wan of me firm and uncontradictible opinyons that lons shud remane uncut. Why annyone can have *cut* lons."

"Nonsinse," ses Miss Claire.

Here Mr. John tuk up the coodgills for his sister.

Thin I heard the contemshus russel of Mr. John's paper.

"Do be sinsible, Jimmy," ses Mrs. Wolley. "Claire is quite right. The lons must be cut. If we dont cut them nobody'll call on us. We'll be marked and shunned in this community."

Both Mr. James and John assayed to spake at wunse, the latter aisily being drowned out by the thoonder toans of the hedstrung orthor.

"Mother!" ses he, "I'm ashamed of you. Can I beleeve me eers? Do you achooly mane that you are inspired wid a dred that these essenshilly vulger, fatheaded, raskilly rich nayburs of ours may not call on us? What!" ses he, drowning the interrupting voyce of Mr. John. "Do you *desire* there acquaytinse?"

Mr. Wolley put in a word here edgewise. "It seems to me James," ses he, "that you are wilfully departing from the mooted subjeck. I belave in dyagression—to a limited extint—and whin by gintle degrees it permits us to cum back to the subjeck under discushion——"

"Yes," ses Miss Claire, "we must get back to the lons. Its settled. James you will cut them at leest wance a week."

"Once a week! Sufferin' cats!" grones Mr. James. "I'll be a fissicle reck befure the summer wanes."

"Next," ses Miss Claire, "Johnny *you* must take care of the horse."

I thort Mr. John must be tareing up his paper, from the noyse of its russeling. I pressed up closer to the dure.

"Claire, my deer," ses he, "I beg you think befure you spake. I've never handled a horse in me life. If you contimplate the purchase of a baste, you will have to hire a man to care for it. I draw," ses he, "the lines at stable work."

"Very well" ses she, "*you* can go walk the mile or 2 to the village after the mail."

"We'll tak turn about," ses Mr. John.

"You're all joost horrid," ses Miss Claire and she pushed back her chare. "Very well then, I wash my hands of the hole affare."

"James," ses Mr. Wolley in sturn commanding toans, "You will cut the lons as intercated by your sister. John," ses he, "I will expect you to rayse addecut vigitables for the table."

"Daddy," ses Miss Claire, "*you'll* go to the Post Office wont you like an angel?"

"Certainly my deer," ses he. "It will give me grate pleshure." A silence followed here, and the auld gintleman must have bethort him of his hasty promise, for ses he:

"We will kape a horse," ses he, "at a neerby livery stable."

Mr. James bust out larfing.

Mrs. Wolley coffed unaisily.

"And now *you*, miss," shouts Mr. James, "what have you left for yourself to do?"

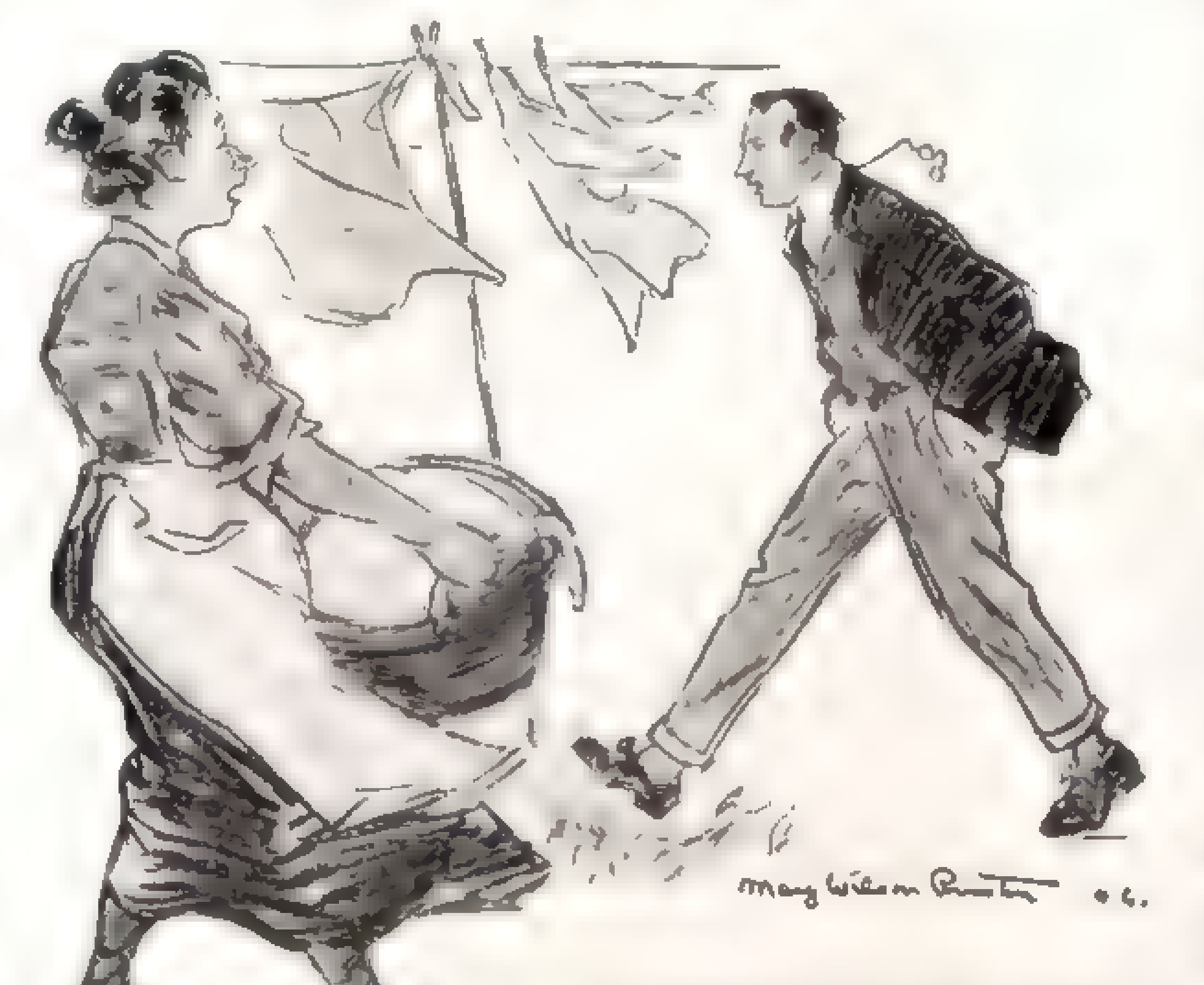
"Theres a thousand and wan things, but as my cheef and spechul jooty outside of the hivvy housekaping wid the constant tack and diplomassy it intales to kape our unsertin Delia, I will undertake to—er—rayse flowrs."

"Call *that* work!" larfs Mr. James.

"You inappreeshitive duffer," ses Mr. John in his gintlest voyce. "I vote that we adjoin."

"One moment," ses Mr. James. "What of Billy? Is he to be the sole mimber of this innergitick family to live in aise and lazy cumfut?"

"No, indeedy," ses Miss Claire. "Never! Tho but 6 yeers of age, he's old enuff to ern his daily bred. Willy," ses she, "shall be our yoonversul



As I Carried the Clothes Out to be Hung, I Noted the Following: Mr. John was Walking Up and Down, Taking Trimiinjus Long Stips caddy. His will be the tax of carrying water to the hungry-thoorsty wans who toyle."

The next day. I was up to me eers in work—it being wash day. As I carried the clothes out to be hung I noted the following: Mr. John was walking up and down, taking triminjus long stips back and forth over the back lon. Wid the tales of his coat flying out behind him and his spickticles hanging by a string from his eer he looked so like a loonytick that I drapped me baskit of clothes.

"Mr. John," I exclamed involuntarararily, "are you sun struck? Whats the trubble?" ses I, and I grabbed him by his cote tales. He turned about, looks at me wid wild eyes and ses horsely:

"Twinty-two and a harf—twinty-two and a—— Bother the girl!" ses he interrupting himsilf. "Are you crazy? Let go me cote tales."

I releesed him. Ses he irrytibly, "Can't you see I'm bizzy? I'm meshuring off me vigitible garden," and wid that he starts marching over the same line agin.

"Mr. John!" ses I, "are you using your ligs for a meshure?"

But he herd me not. I toar me horryfied eyes away frum the madman, and joost thin I seen Mr. James. He was standing also on the lon, neerer the frunt of the house. He's laning on the lon mower, and if ever I seen dispare in yuman eyes it was in those orbs of Mr. James. I wint to him wid me hart full of sympathy for the lad.

"Whats ailing you, Mr. James?" I arsks.

"The lons!" ses he. "You will observe, Delia, that I'm comminciug me tax at the beginning of the week, for I am firmly convinsed no yuman arm cood cut those lons in les than sivin days."

"Why dont you get a dago, Mr. James?" ses I.

"Sh!" ses Mr. James, guving me arm a shuv. "Spake lowly. Obsarve!" He poynted acrost the lons.

There aginst the finse which divides our place from a grate estate was Miss Claire herself *digging*. She had a little, red gingum aprun over her dress and the slaves was rolled oop to the ilbos. On her hed was the strangest looking site of a hat. I reckynised it wid horrer. It wus a Spanish monsterosity Mr. James brot back wid him that time he wint to Pannyma to expose the Prissydint. Now she woar it on her hed!

"What be you doing, Miss Claire?" arsks I, going over to her, and looking wid suspisshon at the hole she's after diggin. "It looks like a grave."

"Why," ses she, "I'm sitting out a flouring hidge. I'm folloering the rules of the bist orthoritieson hortyculcheer. See!" and she poynted to her pockits which were boolging out wid books.

"But miss," ses I, "ye'll nade a gardiner for the tax."

"Never! Why I've been setting up nites studying me subjeck. I expect to devoat——" just thin she guv a little joomp and her cheeks turned pink wid excitement.

"My goodness, Delia!" ses she wispering, "th-theres *a man*," ses she.

"Whare?" ses I, glaring about me, riddy for war upon anny dirty tramps trispessing upon our place.

"The other side the finse," ses she, wispering.

I looked over, but seen no wan.

"Are you quite *sure?*" asks she, trimbling a bit.

"I am," ses I. She turned pale, and saysed hold of me arm.

"Delia!" ses she, whispering, "d-d-d-do you remimber that—that—young man who——"

"Is it your future hoosband ye're maning?"

"Nonsinse," ses she blushing, "but—but I mane him anyhow. Well—well—do you know—I—I—I'm afrade he's *honting* me," ses she.

"Miss," ses I, "do you think he's a banshee?"

"No, no, Delia—but—but well," ses she, "the fack is I'm always *thinking* about him, and now—now ackshully I thort I sor him—over there," ses she.

"Suppose," ses I, "you tak a look agin Miss Claire."

"I cant," ses she, shrinking aginst me, "and besides the finse is so high. Its—its—much taller than I am," ses she.

"Ah, come on," ses I, and pulled her to the finse. "Here miss, I'll lift you up," and wid that I grabbed her by the waste and hawled her up. She scramed. I dropped her wid a boomp, for there looking over, rubbing his hed where Miss Clare had boomped aginst it, is the Madison Avenoo dood.

Miss Claire tuk to her feet and wint flying tord the house, her books drapping out of her pockits as she run.

Next day. Larst nite Miss Claire cum into me bedroom. She looked like a bit of a girl in her little frilled nitedress and her pretty hare hanging down her back in 2 curly brades. "Are you awake?" ses she turning on the lite. "Dont be angry please, Delia deer," ses she. "I wanted to talk to somewan."

She coodled oop aginst me, thin she laned over and wispered:

"Delia, till me the trooth, d-d-d-did you see him—k-kiss me?" ses she flushing all over.

"The yung spaleen!" ses I, and thin she hid her face in her hand.

"Oh Delia, I'm—I'm—so—*ashamed* I d-dont know *what* to do."

"Do!" ses I. "Why, tell your brothers darlint. They'll swape the airth wid the impidint yung spaleen."

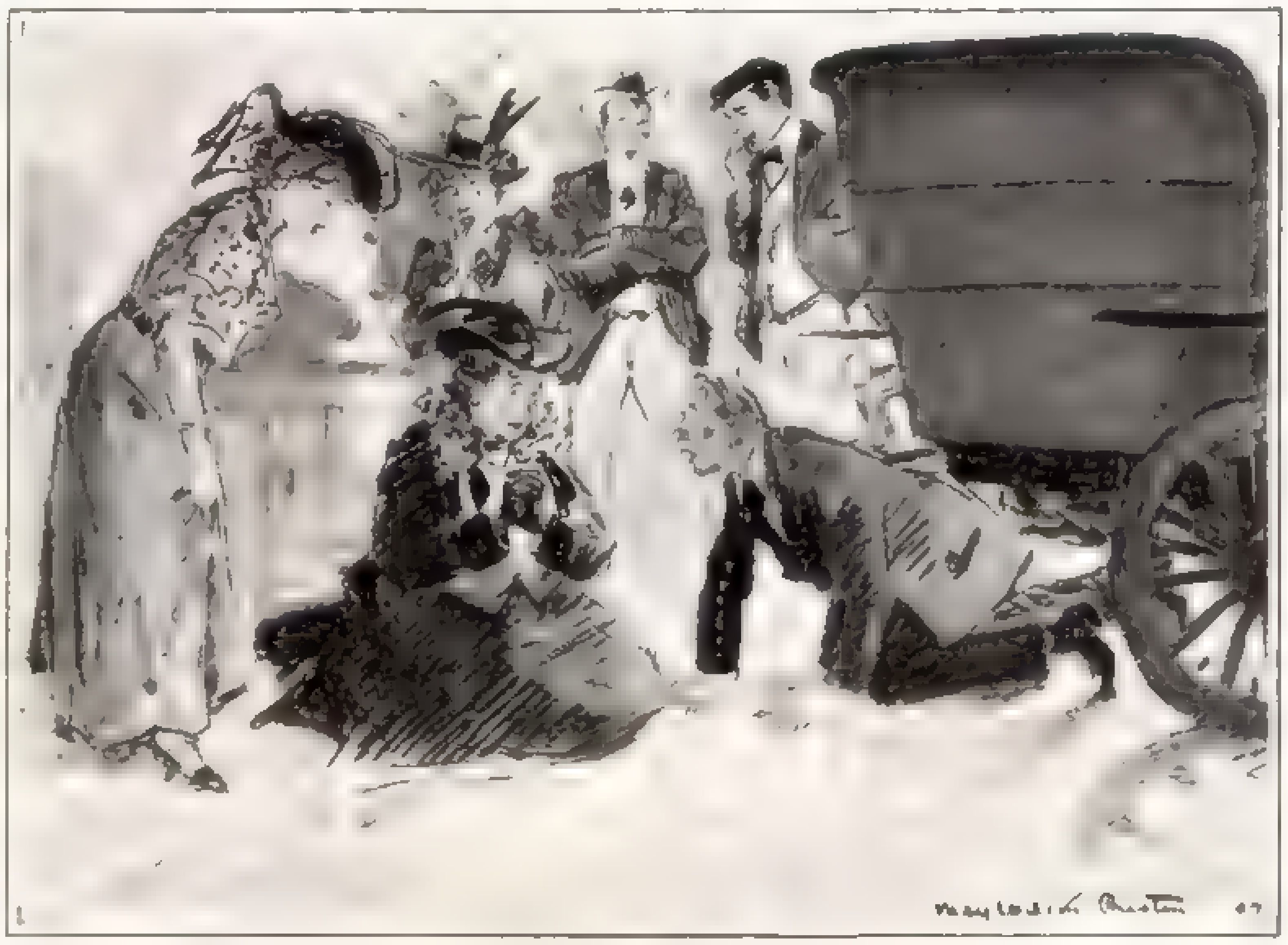
"No, no, no! We must never breethe a word," ses she. "Promise me you wont, Delia;" and she sarched me face.

"Darlint," ses I, "all the torchures of the dummed cud not unlock me lips. Your sacred swatehart is secure in me bussum."

Wid that she guv me a kiss, and wint steeling out agin.

"Mr. John," ses I, this marning, while hes ating his loan brekfust (a cup of biling water) I'm looking for sartin infamation."

"Well fire away, Delia" ses he, still absarbed in his paper.



"He Looked a Sight!"

"If a lady," ses I, "was to kiss a gintleman wid hoom she was not acquinted, wud the gintleman be insoolted?"

He put down his paper, tuk off his glarses and looked at me sollemly.

"Has some wan kissed *you*, Delia?" ses he.

"No sir," ses I, "but I'm studying the respectful sects."

He retired behind his paper agin, and Mr. James cum wistling into the room. He's very cheerful these days, is Mr. Jimmy. He gets ap, he ses, at 5 A. M. in the marning to cut the lons. The tax he ses at that wiching our is anchanting. Ivery marning when we get up we see a porshon of the lon cut. At 8 Mr. James sonters in fresh from his after-cutting-lon bath as he calls it. "Sum day," ses Mr. John, who has *his* trubbles digging up the airth where the vigitibles are to go, "I'll try your skeem."

"Don't," ses Mr. James anxshusly. "What applies to lons may not do for gardins."

Well, this marning, Mr. John repeets me quistion to his brother.

"Delia," ses he, "wants to know how a man wud feel if suddintly assolted and amberaced by a yung and pretty lady—of coorse, she *is* yung and pretty, Delia, eh?" ses he.

"What wud he do?" ses Mr. James. "What wud he do? Why he'd—he'd pursoo her like a cave man till she guv anuther kiss."

"Hivins!" ses I, drapping the dishes in me hand, "and wimmen is jest alike."

I wint down to me kitchen, whare I guv a peece of me mind to the grocer's man. Shure he do be after charging the Wolleys the most oonherd-of prices for the food, and whin I'm after making a complaint in the madam's name, the raskill oop and offers me a boniss.

"And what is that?" ses I.

"Tin per sint," ses he. "Its the custum on the Poynt amang the cooks to accipt a boniss fram the tradesmen. We tak it out of the peeple thimsilves," ses he. "Eyther in wate or price," ses he.

"Is it a thafe ye'd mak me?" ses I, faulding me arms over me chist. "Thin ye may thank yere stars," ses I, "that Miss Claire is too angaged to be interroopted at the prisint moment, for its she hersilf wud be showing you the dure. As it is I take the tax upon mesilf."

Wid that I saysed hauld of the broom, and drove the craychure out. I seen Miss Claire joomp oop from whare shes digging at her floury hidge, and, as the thafe wint flying down the parth, wid me at his heels, both she and the dood busts out larfing, she thrying her bist to kape a strate face.

A week later. "Ortermobiles," ses Mr. Wolley, tying his horse up feercely to the veranda post, "is a meniss to our prisint civilysashun. Nowadays," ses he, "it's impossible for a gintleman to drive in quite peece in aven the most seclooded porshun of the woods. The gratest avil which these damnubul veeicles have brort" ses he, "is its maleevilint effect upon the conshunse and disposition of modun peeble. Peeble who own these infernul evil smelling noysy cursed cars are like the victims of some orful drug—devoyd of dacinsy—of rispict—of consideration and proper mercy tord there feller beings. There shud be a lor passed making it a criminal offinse punishible by the pinnytensherry to ride the masheens on the public hyways at all." Wid that he mops his brow, and sets down widout looking on the shteps.

I was swaping down the verandahs wid a pale of water, and had driven the family at the Poynt of me broom to the lons below. Whin the auld gintleman found himself sated in a pool of the water he shoots up wid a yell. Miss Claire runs forward and trys to squaze the water out from his cote tales—larfing as her father swares.

"Poor old daddy!" ses she. "I'm afrade if I let you go arfter the male much longer you'll be a pray to nerviss prosperation."

"Do you imagine," ses the auld gintleman feercely, "that I'm to be robbed of me daily drive by a parcel of hairbrained——"

"Papa," ses little Billy, bringing over his pale from his sandpile, "*I* loves the oretermobiles!"

"Why bless me hart!" ses the auld man, melting. "And what do you know of them, you raskill?" ses he.

"I had a ride in one yistiday," ses Billy.

"What!" ses the hole family at wance.

"Yes," ses Billy, nodding his little hed. "There's a grate big wan in that place there," ses he poynting, "and yistiday when Claire was digging her old flours there cum a yung man who luked over the fince, and he sed—he sed——"

Miss Claire wint first red, thin wite. Thin red agin.

"Billy, deerie," ses she, "cum and let me swing you in the hammick."

"Go on, Billy," airges Mr. James, guving his sister a quare look.

"He sed good morning to Claire, and she was very rood and jest wint on wid her digging, and then *he* sed he was sorry and he cudent help himself becoz he herd what she sed about honting her, and then he seen me and said 'hello yung wan, come over here,' and then I went, and he reeched down and lifted me up and tuk me over to his place. And he guv me a ride in his notermobile and on a donkey's back, didn't he, Claire?"

She sed, widout looking up, "I suppose he did, Billy, but I" ses she "was too bizzy. I—I d-didnt look," ses she.

Mr. James bounces up. "Claire," ses he, "that hidge of yours is taking a jolly long time to dig."

Mrs. Wolley looked turribly alarmed. "He was probably sum gardiner or groom," ses she. "Did you spake to him, Claire deer?"

"*No!*" ses Miss Claire wid emfasis.

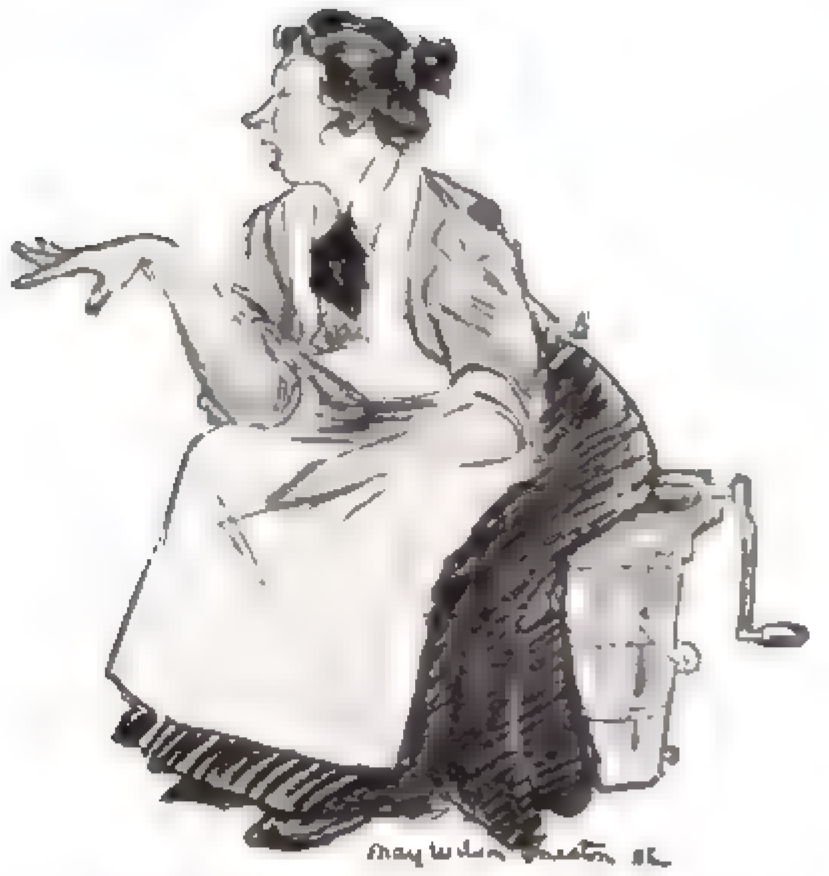
"Yet you let him take little Billy?" ses Mr. James.

"Am I me brother's kaper?" ses she, flushing round on thim all.

"I won't have Claire badgered" ses the auld gintleman. "Is she rayspunsible for the silly thricks of the yung ass in there? He's the very one who whin I refoosed to move out of the rode to let his infernal masheen go by drove it rite under me horse's nose, almost upsetting me. Billy," ses he, "if I heer of your taking any more rides or spaking to the man over there I'll whip you. You understand, sir?"

"Yessir," wimpered the preshus lamb and flew to me arms for comfut.

Another day. "Are you bizzy, Delia?" arsks Mr. John, cumming into me kitchen wid a barskit.



"I'm Oop to Me Eers Sor," Ses I. I wuz Setting on the Ice Crame Freezer, Thrying to Cool Aff, After Making the Crame for Loonch

"I'm oop to me eers sor," ses I. I wuz setting on the ice crame freezer, thrying to cool aff, after making the crame for loonch.

"Wud you like to make sum munney?" ses he.

"Shure, darlint," ses I.

"I'm tired of this gardin bisiness," ses he. "Now these are seeds." He set the barskit down befure me. "Theyve joost arrived. Heres a book giving fool instruckshuns how to plant thim. You go ahed," ses he, "and plant thim whin you git a chance. I'd suggest," ses he, "that you do it in the airly marning, but me brother James cuts the lons at those unairthly ours and wud see you. So do it whenever the feeld is cleer. And here's a dollar."

"Thank you, sor," ses I.

I set to wark at wance imtying the seeds from there respictible packages into me bred pan. Then I give them all a good mixup togither. The book I shuved aside wid scorn.

"Anny wan I'm thinking but a dumm eediot cud plant seeds in the ground," ses I to mesilf, "and what wud I be arfter needing instroockshuns for?"

Joost thin Miss Claire cum in to guv me the orders as I tuk it for the day. Shes a bit flustered and oopset.

"O, Delia!" ses she. "What *do* you think? A cupple of pap's frinds have cum up frum town, and we'll have to kape thim for loonch. What have we got?"

"See for yersilf!" ses I, biling over wid rage. Company indade on Winsdy, wid the tale ind of the irining to finish, and seeds to be planted in the gardin.

"O deer!" ses she, "there isn't a thing hardly. What will we do? I'm sure none of those tradespeeple will deliver in time. What did you plan to give us to-day, Delia?'

"Its *hash* ye'll get and be thankful!" ses I.

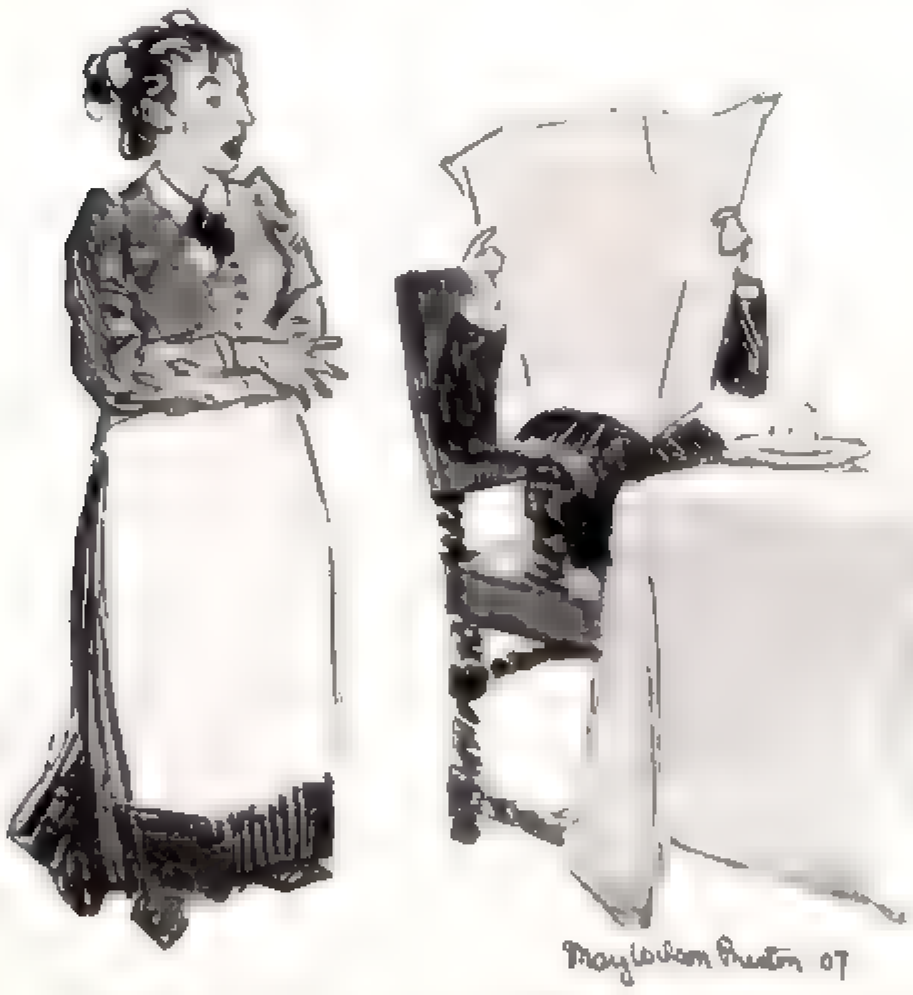
"But theres no cold meet aven," ses she in disthress.

"I'll attind to that" ses I.

"But ——"

"Its no time I have for argying wid me hands boorsting wid wark this marning. Will you be going or shull I?"

"O Delia!" ses Miss Claire, "be nice or I dont see how I'll dare to ask a speshul favor of you."



"If a Lady," Ses I "was to Kiss a Gintleman wid Hoom She was Not Acquinted, Wud the Gintleman be Insoolted?"

"Favor is it?" ses I toorning upon her. She roon ap to me, and befure I can shpake anuther word, shes got her arms about me.

"Now lissen, deer" ses she. "I've finished me floury hidge and this afternoon I must shtart on the beds. *You* do the digging for me like an angel," ses she.

"Digging is it? Do you tak me for ——"

"Pleese, pleese!" ses she.

"It depinds intirely on how the loonch goes," ses I gruffly. "Now raymimber not wan ward of crittersickem will I be heering to."

"Not wan word," ses she.

After she had gone I dishcuvvered that there wasn't a speck of tea in the house and 3 coffee beens oanley. I wint upshstairs spishully to infarm Miss Claire. "Be careful now," ses I "to ignoar the subject."

Orl wint well for loonch, till Mr. James, soospecting the thruth, oondertook to refer to me hash as "patty de 4 grass a la Delia"—"a dish" ses he "of our Delia's own invinshun." I guv wan look at Miss Claire, and she changed the subject. Thin Mrs. Wolley asked the lady which she wud have—coffee or tee, and before the unforchnit craychure cud answer I spoke up at wance:

"Ye'll get neyther," ses I.

Miss Claire at wance requisted me to bring on sum more "snow hash." Wid that me last bit of paychunce wint, for there wuz not anuther speck of the stuff to be had.

"Do ye think," ses I "that wan can of potted ham will feed a large family to more than wan sarve apeece?"

"Potted ham?" ses Mr. James, forgitting himself and the company.

"Potted ham!" ses I, "for its no meet in the house at all we're after having, and shure the potted stuff is good enuff for you."

Wid that I wint into the pantry and got the can and tuk it into the dining room and showed it to the silent family.

"Is it misdoubting me word ye are?" ses I. "Then see for yersilves." And I showed them the can wid its pretty ligind: "Guvvymint inspeckshun."

Mr. James got up and left the room. Mr. Wolley, groonting followed.

"Excuse me!" ses I, and walked out also.

Feeling a bit sorry for the unforchnit family I got riddy a foine dinner, and was after rolling me pie paste when Miss Claire cum in and coxed me into going wid her to the garding. She put me to work digging a hole in the cinter of the illygunt lon, frish cut by Mr. James. "The boys have gone bathing," ses she, "papa's out driving and mama's aslape. Now's our chance. O, Delia! how forchnit it is our gests didn't stay for dinner too."

Thin she left me, and wint over to her floury hidge, whare she neels down and looks at the airth. All of a sudden she guv a little cry:

"Cum quick, Delia!" ses she. "Cum quick!"

I rooshed over wid me ho, thinking theres a snake or tode in the grass.

"Look!" ses Miss Claire, trimbling wid excistement.

"What! Where is the craychure."

"There! See, its me hedge!" ses she. "O, Delia, its the first showing. In a little wile it'll grow bigger and bigger, and, by and by, there'll be flours—beuties. And I," ses she, "did it all mesilf—wid these hands. Don't you see it? That little speck of green?"

"Sorrer a bit do I see, darlint," ses I.

"Why, Delia! Its there, oonless me eyes desave me!"

"They don't," ses a bold voice, and, wid that, the dood nixt door lanes over the fince and stares sintimintully at the spot where Miss Claire is poynting. She guv a little start and blushed. Then she arsks sarcarskully:

"May I arsk if you can see it at that distunce?"

"Certinly," ses he at wunce, "but I belave I cud see it better if I cam a little nearer." Wid that he joomps over the fince and walks to whare Miss Claire is neeling. Together they look at the airth.

"Bully for you!" ses he, offering to shake the hand which she holds back timidly. "Why," ses he, "its—its a—a rose, isn't it?" ses he.

"No," ses Miss Claire, withdroring the hand she had joost surrindered. "Its a hullyhock," ses she.

"Well, its fine anyhow," ses he, looking at her wid both his eyes popping out of his hed. "You're quite a hortyculchurist," ses he.

"O no, indade," ses she, "its me first attimp. Do you," ses she, "know anything about it?"

"Well," ses he "I kin tell a vylet from a rose and a dandylion from a daisy."

"Then," ses she, "you wont be intrested in my little gardin."

"Wont I?" ses he so vylently she drops her eyes. "Why I'm ackshully captifated by that little speck of green," ses he. "Aren't you its creator?"

"Wate till it begins to bloom," ses she enthoosiculiy.

Joost thin she seen her bruthers coming in wid the bote oars on their shoulders. She started away from the dood, and wint narvissly to meet her bruther. The dood hisitated a moment, and then followed. He hild out his hand.

"I'm your next dure naybor," ses he, "and I drapped over to make a corl."

"How do?" ses Mr. James, giving him a corjul shake "Pretty good bathing here," ses he. "Ever go out?"

"O, yes," ses the dood. "We have a little privit beech of our own. Your welcom to use it any time."

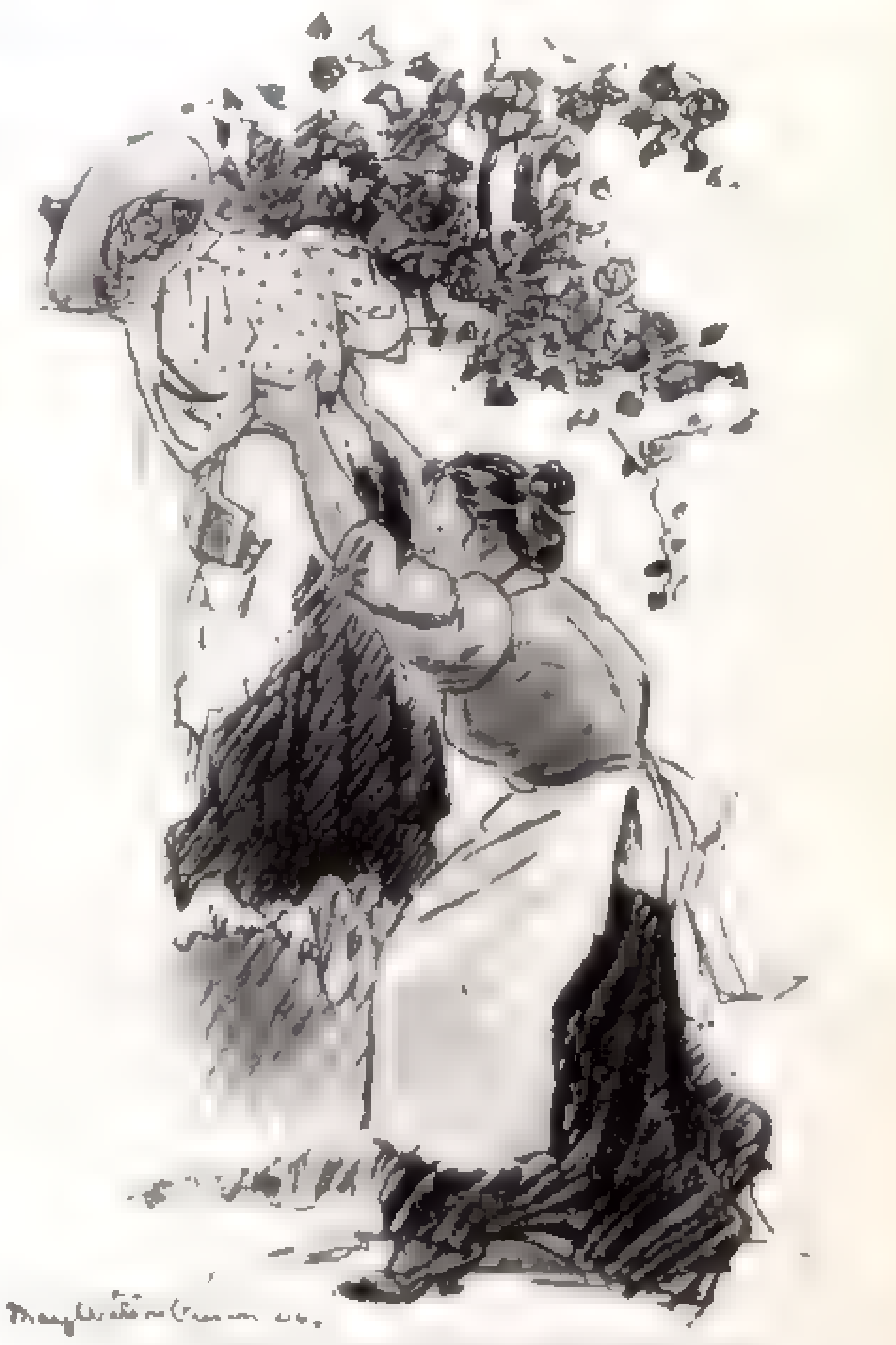
Mr. James frowned. "The public beech is good enuff" ses he shortly.

But Mr. John ses at wance: "Thank you, I'll thry your place sum day."

Another day. "James," ses Mr. Wolley coming into brekfust at an oonexpected airly our, "you're a frord and raskill, sir," ses he.

The family all looked startled.

"Yes, sir," ses his father sturnly, "ye've been desaving your sister shamefully. You have been practising a frord. I happened," ses he, turning to the rist of the family, "to awaken airly this marning and going to the window to pull down the shade I saw a man ingaged in cutting the lons. Congrachulating mesilf on the possession of such an industryiss and paynestaking sun, I corled to the fellow, who thereupon looked up. He was a sworthy faced working man—an Italyun. There Claire," ses he, "is the sacret of your bruthers well cut lons."



And wid that I Grabbed Her by the Waste and Hawled Her up

"Jimmy!" ses Miss Claire reproatchfully.

He puts his hands into his pants pockets and trys to look indiffrunt.

"I ordered the feller off the grounds," continued her father "for I was detarmined that no sun of mine shud shirk his respunsibilities in that shameliss fashun. Sir," ses he, turning upon Mr. James, "you'll be good enuff to resoom the cutting of the lons after brekfust."

For wance Mr. James was silent. He et his brekfust widout opening his mouth wance.

Another day. A little widder who lives across the rode cum today to call upon the family. She brung along wid her a yung thing swate enuff to ate. They cum driving up behind a pare of spanking horses and drov up under the port coshare. Mr. James was cutting his milincoly lon, and he niver looked up at all.

The younger one called to him swately: "Will you hold the horses, plase?"

Mr. James pushed back his hat and glared like he wud bite her.

"I beg your pardin," ses she, and the widder begins to larf and closed up her parrysol. Joost then Mr. John cum round from the back of the house. He lucks very straynge and funny, being in overalls, his spicticles poysed on the tip of his nose, his hair standing oop where his fingers have been running through it. Its a turrible tax the poor gintleman has been doing. Shure hes been orl day digging up the seeds which I keerfully mixed and planted.

(*Continued on Page 30*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED Aº Dº 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 2, 1907

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ A cad is something less manly than a woman.

¶ If pity is akin to love, it is only a poor relation.

¶ A jolly good fellow makes a jolly poor husband.

¶ Most "brilliant conversationalists" are poor talkers.

¶ It is easier to forgive a woman a white lie than a swollen face.

¶ "Beginner's luck" is a rule that does not apply in the game of love.

¶ The girl who marries is the girl who allows men to think they are talking down to her level.

¶ Education has two uses: it teaches a wise man his limitations, and it inspires the fool with faith in his own omniscience.

The Stand-Patters on Art

A CERTAIN newspaper, considering the tariff on art, finds it admirable. "The American artist," it says, "is as much entitled to protection as the American shipbuilder. American youth in an increasing number are developing a taste for art. There is no reason why our country should not become as noted in that respect as Italy or France"—provided, of course, we bar out as many great works of art as possible with a prohibitive tariff.

The fact that American artists have been crying aloud these many years for a repeal of the tariff cuts no figure. That they have formed a league to fight it, that they say it injures them more than anybody else, is of no consequence.

"You declare," says Uncle Joseph Cannon to the artists, "that you do not want this protection. You say it isn't good for you. But I know better. Do children ever think the medicine is good for them? Do they clamor for the stimulating quinine? Do they receive the saving castor oil in a spirit of gratitude? No, indeed. It tastes nasty, and you kick. But observe me. With thumb and digit thus, I compress your nostrils. That's right—open your mouth—down she goes! Gentlemen, you are protected!"

This is not meant as a tariff argument, but merely as an illustration of the typical attitude of Uncle Joseph and other ardent stand-patters toward art—as the special interest of a queer aggregation of lame ducks and incapables whom grown men cannot reasonably expect to know what is good for them.

Children or Ships—Which?

WE OFTEN wonder whether the public interests are really what the professionals judge them to be. Is it possible, for example, that the people of the United States are more interested in the question of paying a subsidy to some shipowners than they are in the question of child labor? Shall shipowners take a million or two of dollars annually from the national treasury? Shall millowners draft regiments of small children, breaking and grinding them to make dividends? Which question strikes deeper? Which most stirs the blood? Which arouses the greater interest?

We haven't any doubt about the answer. But we have seen a rather more extensive and impassioned public discussion of the ship subsidy bill than of Senator Beveridge's child-labor bill. An outsider might imagine that American hearts were aflame to enrich some shipbuilding concerns that are already getting on quite comfortably, but much less concerned over toiling, helpless little human chattels in Southern cotton mills and elsewhere.

The disposition in some quarters is to treat subsidy very gravely, as a matter of patent concern to all, and child-labor rather flippantly, as something rather academic, altruistic and apart from the dignified objects of government. Possibly a heart aflame to bestow subsidies finds protecting a trust serious and protecting children frivolous; but we are sure that is not the typical American heart.

Some other quarters, not frivolous, bristle with constitutional doubts. No one, we think, ever heard a constitutional qualm when it was proposed that the Government benefit a big business interest. It is only when it is proposed that the Government act for justice and humanity that these anxious doubts of its powers arise.

Yet we hold it true that the nation is really more interested in children than in ships.

The Jap and the Job

CONTRARY to an opinion which seems to be rather general in the East—derived, evidently, from the San Francisco press—there is by no means a unanimity of opinion on the Pacific Coast in regard to the exclusion of Japanese laborers; nor, for that matter, with regard to the exclusion of Chinese laborers. If there were such unanimity we might foreshorten our expectation of the millennium. Both Japanese and Chinese labor affect economic interests in a diametrically opposite way, and even at this day, on the coast, one finds violent denunciation of the Chinese exclusion act.

Employers in some lines—notably in the great fruit industry—find the brown and yellow labor exceedingly convenient. They point out that native labor is practically unavailable. It is not a sort of work and does not afford a scale of pay that attracts American workmen. The employers don't know what would become of them if the Oriental supply were materially curtailed, any more than cotton planters know what would become of them if they didn't have the blacks. The total number of Orientals on the coast is, after all, a mere handful. Employers plead that one more handful couldn't hurt anybody. One point made in their behalf has considerable poetic justice—namely, that the East, which assisted in excluding the Chinese and now seems minded to assist in shutting out the Japs, is taking a gross advantage because its capital has the blessing of a yearly flood of cheap labor from southern and eastern Europe. This fructifying flood is, so to speak, dammed up in the East by its lack of the price of transportation across the continent.

Wherever a man of one shade offers to work cheaper than a man of another, or even to take the other's job on equal terms, there must necessarily be a race question. What makes the question peculiarly difficult in the case of the Japs is that, for the first time, the man of a darker shade and willing to take the lesser wage belongs to a nation that is not only sensitive but which has demonstrated a remarkable ability to make its sensitiveness effective. Japanese cannot be mobbed with impunity. Perhaps the argument that, therefore, they must be kept out is the wisest view—albeit not highly flattering to us.

The Mote in the Reformer's Eye

PROBABLY nothing will come at present from the attempt, in Chicago, to get a law prohibiting newspapers from circulating racing charts, dope sheets, tips on the day's winners and like incentives to race-track gambling. Editorially the papers are very stern against this evil of race-track gambling. To gain circulation and revenue they promote the evil in the most effective manner possible.

Probably the time is not quite ripe for correcting this paradox; but we confidently expect to witness, ere long, the establishment of a powerful national journal with a prospectus substantially as follows:

"This journal is founded and will be maintained by a company of Standard Oil magnates, railroad presidents and conservative United States Senators. Formerly these gentlemen ran the country pretty much to suit themselves. Being careful to make profits and careless about the means, many abuses grew up. The newspapers seized upon these abuses, and by energetic exposure of them drove the gentlemen from power, which then largely accrued to themselves. Having experienced the blessings of being reformed the gentlemen observe with pain that there is nobody to reform their reformers—a process of which they are in most crying need. 'Our present beatitude,' they say, 'being due to the daily press, shall we sit down and see our benefactors travel the broad way to destruction from which they valiantly rescued us? Every motive of honor and gratitude prompts an answer in the negative.'

"This journal, therefore, will devote itself to inculcating principles of common honesty in the conduct of the daily press. Most newspapers now print swindling advertisements, grabbing the profits with an utter disregard of the injurious effects upon their fellow-citizens. This is the way we used to make our money. In short, while the newspapers editorially have reformed us, their business policies are an exact duplicate of those which they so clearly perceived to be wrong when we pursued them. We have been taught that men should make their money honestly, and have been benefited by the teaching. We now hope to impress it upon our teachers."

We may be too sanguine in expecting this by next Christmas; but it will surely come before long.

Pensions for Bachelors

EVERY now and then somebody, usually of the gentler sex, proposes that bachelors be taxed. Such persons labor under a radical misapprehension. So, for that matter, do the bachelors themselves. Unmarried men of a certain age should not be taxed, but pensioned. The bachelor is a victim. He has bought a gold brick. He has gone into a get-rich-quick scheme and got soaked.

"My married brethren are handicapped," he says. "They are tied with apron-strings. They are burdened with the support of wives. I will be free."

What the married brother spends for meat and rent the bachelor spends for carriage hire and bouquets. The married brother gets half the dinner and all the cook. The bachelor gets merely receipted bills. Robinson Crusoe had the advantage of a tropical climate. In the temperate climes a solitary, unfurnished man would starve the first year if he did not freeze. He lives only by coöperation.

The bachelor proposes a tropical existence, with breadfruit growing on the trees. Every year his poor island drifts two degrees north. Behold him at fifty, just under the Arctic Circle, dyeing his mustache and doctoring his bald spot in a ghastly simulation of perpetual summer, while he shivers.

Whatever man proposed to do about it, he has found that he must concern himself much with women. Navigating the sea of life, women are the barometrical disturbances, the sudden squalls, the cross-currents, the whirlpools.

For the married brother those apron-strings are a staunch life-line. He has an expert and vigilant navigator aboard. The unhelped bachelor upsets in every squall. He goes gurgling down in every eddy. Dragged out half dead, painfully resuscitated and launched again, he founders within a month.

The bachelor is an embodied delusion. Pity him. Do not tax him.

Wall Street as a Victim

WHEN Wall Street is mentioned many persons get a geographical fact in their minds. This is rather unjust to several good, though rocky, acres situate in the lower part of Manhattan Island.

For example, a recent statement shows that the net deposits held by the two largest banks in New York are nearly a hundred million dollars less than two years ago. This is partly due to changed general conditions. But it is due even more to the growing practice among important interior banks of lending to the stock market direct, instead of through their New York correspondents.

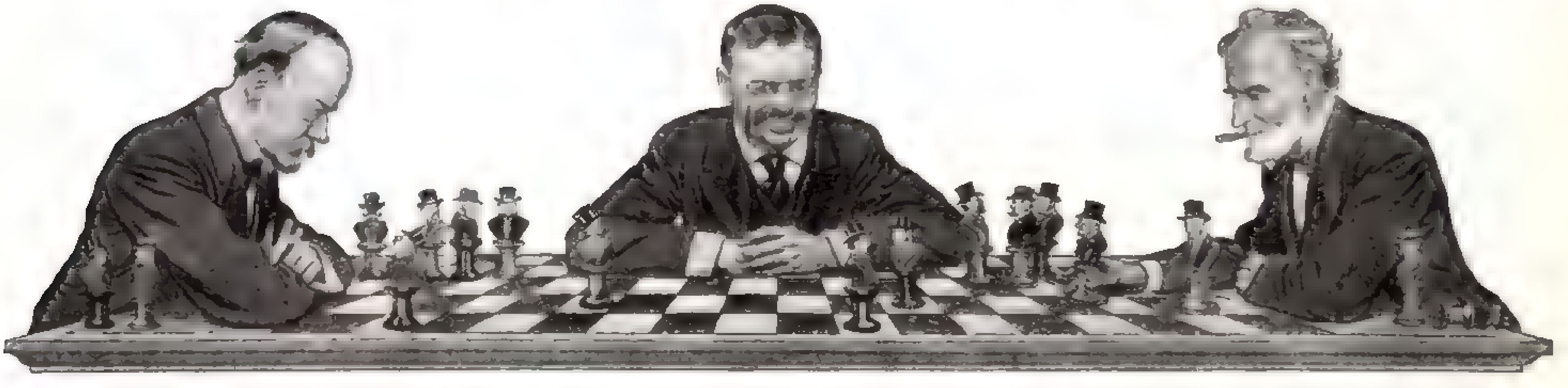
Formerly the interior banks simply deposited surplus funds with the New York banks. Now very many of them employ such funds directly in making Stock-Exchange loans, and the New York banks no longer have any control over such funds. A too generous extension of credit to stock-market speculators is one of the sins of "the Street"; but New York banks cannot correct this nowadays except with the coöperation of those in the interior.

We hear some gratulations over the bettered state of the New York trust companies, as disclosed by their last reports. These trust companies, taken as a whole, form the most powerful financial unit in the country. Their aggregate resources reach a billion and a quarter. Even more than the banks, they are a chief fulcrum of high finance. Yet they used to be a source of anxious concern to conservative minds. Liable, on demand, for deposits amounting to hundreds of millions, they kept practically no cash reserve. No law required them to. It was obviously more profitable to lend the money in the Street than to hold it in their vaults against a possible sudden demand. That this was an unsound situation was admitted. But if some companies kept a cash reserve and others didn't, those that didn't could earn more, and bid higher for deposits. In short, unrestrained competition kept even the mighty trust companies in a hazardous condition. So they took a dose of paternalism, procuring a law that required all trust companies to keep the modest cash reserve of five per cent. of their deposits.

The trust companies now have over fifty-five millions of cash on hand. This strengthens the whole banking position in New York. Everybody is glad.

The great "Street" itself is, in many of its phases, a helpless victim of competition.

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY



THE Great Moral Uplift, observed in our politics and in our public life so often of late, because it is getting unfashionable, not to say uncomfortable, not to be going up, had its first extended inning in the Senate when the Indian Appropriation bill was called for passage.

For many years the Indian Appropriation bill has been the Christmas tree on which all the grafters in the Indian country, whether East, West or Southwest, hung presents for themselves. Every man who had a plan to get a few dollars from the noble redman put his plan into an amendment, and some complaisant Senator tied the amendment to the bill. Other complaisant Senators, who had tied on amendments themselves, were genial and kind, and the grabs went through to the subsequent edification of said noble redmen as to further and more conclusive benefits of civilization. So, for years and years, the bill has been patchworked through Congress, and the grafters have had high jinks.

The variety of ways in which our copper-colored wards, not taxed, can be used to get money out of the Government and out of themselves is infinite. Nobody but the grafters understand what the amendments mean, but the grafters understand they all mean money. There may appear an innocent paragraph telling, in convoluted verbiage, of allotments that, to the layman, has no sense at all. Nine times out of ten it means that the grafter who had it put there can get lands or timber or oil leases out of some particular Indian or some tribe of them, for the Indians, particularly in the Indian Territory, are rich people, and it is a crying shame, from the grafter's viewpoint, to let them retain anything that resembles cash or is convertible into cash.

The Indian bill came along this year loaded down with the same old jobs. There were dozens of them, tucked in here and there, and all spelt loot for the grafters who had haunted the committee-room and had them put into the bill. It looked like plain sailing for a few minutes. Then somebody jumped in, I think it was Senator Berry, who is going out of office in March and will retire forever. He protested, objected, said nay, nay, to an item, and otherwise displayed a certain peevishness that made the grafters in the gallery shiver with apprehension. The item went out. Then came another. The Senator who had that slipped across to another Senator on the other side who showed signs of objecting, and pleaded. "I hope, my dear Senator," was the formula, "you will see your way to let this small item go through. It is much desired by a strong constituent of mine."

"I object!" growled Berry.

How the Grafters Made a Roman Holiday

THAT started it. The Senate awoke to the fact that here was an opportunity to prove itself virtuous. Here was a chance to preserve to the noble redman some of the rights and privileges and property this same Senate has assiduously tried to legislate from him for years. Away they went, like a flock of sheep through a hedge. The way they butchered that Indian Appropriation bill put to shame any gaudy Roman who had a shambles for his holiday. Tillman came up to help Berry. Lodge and Hale uprose in their might on the Republican side, and they trimmed and pruned and pared and eliminated and otherwise extirpated everything, almost, but the straight appropriations. The squeals of the grafters could be heard for blocks around as little provisions they had had inserted in the bill were rudely torn off and thrown in the quivering heap on the floor. The carnage was frightful, terrifying, paralyzing—to the grafters.

The Great Moral Uplift had uplifted. The Senate would not be a party to these schemes. Perish the thought! Perish the grafters! Perish everything and, especially, perish the recollection that the same sort of a bill that was cruelly dismembered in full view of the audience passed time and again through this same Senate without a voice lifted in protest. We have fallen, dear brethren, on better times, or, to be more accurate, on times when graft is a most abhorrent word and every statesman must needs be on guard. When the Senate takes its conscience out of the cedar box, brushes off the moth-balls and sets it to work, that conscience labors overtime, night and day, never stops for meals and never puts on a substitute.

Cried for Pork and Got a Lemon

WHILE the Senate was advertising its exceeding rectitude by vivisecting the Indian bill, there was an exhibition in the House that was fully as instructive. The House had a Rivers and Harbors bill this year. Of all the pork in the barrel, the river and harbor pork is the sweetest and most sought. Nearly everybody has a river or a harbor in his district, and it is a poor patriot, indeed, who cannot cook up a scheme to have the Government dredge it or build a breakwater somewhere, even if the water is broken already. The sum to be allotted for this distribution this year was the mere bagatelle of eighty-three million dollars. If all the propositions put up to the Rivers and Harbors Committee had been allowed the bill would have carried eight hundred and eighty-three millions, and probably more.

The chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee is Theodore E. Burton, of Cleveland, Ohio, a square-jawed, square-headed citizen, who has been chairman of the committee through several Congresses and who knows the wiles of the pleader for dredges and dams and levees and breakwaters. He heard everybody and put in what he chose. Then the bill came to the floor of the House for passage. Burton was in charge. He is one of the strongest men in the House, probably the strongest in point of real ability. He offered the bill and stood there to champion it. The whole pack rushed at him. Every man who had an appropriation that did not get in the bill howled for it—howled and would not be comforted.

Burton knows the game. He had distributed his appropriations so skillfully that he had enough support to pass the bill, and he was calm as a summer morning. He knew the men with projects in the bill would stand by, and he didn't expect much from the others, anyhow. They put forth their pleas. Burton rolled over them like the car of the Juggernaut. He was irresistible. There were terrible scenes when men realized they could not get what they wanted. They raved about for pork, but no pork came for them. They got nothing, because Burton had nothing for them.

John Dalzell, of Pittsburg, one of the leaders of the House by virtue of the fact that he is a member of the Committee on Rules, wanted a dam built. He said he had constituents that demanded it. He went up in the air like a toy balloon, bumped against the ceiling, and spilled enough hot air to melt the soldering in the stained-glass.

"The plan is indefensible," said Burton quietly.

Dalzell barked like a dog. He ran around in circles. He said things that did not look pretty in the Record. "I must have this," he shouted to the House.

"The gentleman from Ohio has two minutes in which to answer the gentleman from Pennsylvania," announced the Speaker, after the last despairing wail by Dalzell.

"I waive it," said Burton. "I call for a vote."

They voted. Dalzell got his own vote and that was about all. "Is there anybody else?" asked Burton.

There were others. They tried to bludgeon their way in. Burton stood like a rock, and the men with money in the bill, the fellows who had been provided for, were solidly behind him, and each man was bowled out. It was magnificent, but it was tough on the protestors. "Things," said one man who wanted an appropriation to pave the Rio Grande, or something like that, "have come to a pretty pass when one man can thus thwart the will of a great State."

Indeed, yes; but the trouble with that kind of language is that it is quite impossible to make Burton comprehend it. He is a curious sort of a chap, who was chairman of his committee and fixed his bill to suit himself, and when he had it fixed kept it fixed. The wild and fuzzy protestors might have employed their time to a better advantage by going out and throwing pebbles at the Washington Monument. But they didn't understand it, for there are very few Burtons in the House.

The Senate is laughing at the President and the Japanese scare. The President called the California Senators and Representatives in and built up a structure of war and destruction before them that made even that grizzled old sea dog, Senator Perkins, blanch. He told these Pacific Coast patriots that they must silence this California agitation against the Japanese or there would be war, with a capital W, and all the other attendant horrors. He related, in detail, the difficulties he was experiencing with Japan in the way of getting a new treaty that shall exclude Japanese coolies, and drew a picture of the Pacific Coast in the hands of the yellow hordes. He showed how impossible it is for this country to hold the Philippines and Hawaii in the event of speedy war, uttered veiled hints of financial support Japan has been promised, and beat the tomtom until the California people had the jumps and could see their entire coast ravaged and their homes in flames.

Then the President cautioned the California men to say nothing about his talk, but to go out and get the San Francisco Board of Education to come to its senses and allow Japanese children to go to school as heretofore. The California men promised, and straightway came out and told what they could remember of the President's picture of woe that was coming with the inevitable war with Japan. The story got into the newspapers. It was not strange that it should, for the whole Capitol was buzzing with the strenuousness of the talk of the President and speculating on what he meant. Correspondents of foreign papers took up the story. It was telegraphed all over the world.

That put it up to the President, and he sent for the Administration correspondents and told them to soften the thing down, which they dutifully did. There arose at once a loud series of cries that war is impossible, and that the stories put out originally were wicked sensations of sensation mongers. What was sauce for the California goose was not sauce for the general public gander.

Mr. Fairbanks and His Machine

THERE is more talk about Presidential candidates for 1908 now than there has been for months. Somehow, the limelight seems to be focused on Vice-President Fairbanks. Every once in a while a story about the activities of Fairbanks in his canvass for delegates comes out, and the fact that a well-geared and smoothly-running machine is operating for the Vice-President is not doubted now, even by the scoffers. The theory of the Vice-President seems to be that if you want a job the thing to do is to ask for it. He is theoretically for the proposition that the office should seek the man, but he is also aware of the sickening truth that the office rarely finds anybody who is not standing at the crossroads, in the full glare of the sun, when the office comes along. Fairbanks has taken his station. He is out in the open where all can see. He wants that nomination and he is going to get it if he can. The wise men all say it is impossible, and it does seem as if it ought to be; but there is Fairbanks, waiting, with his bright light in every window, and his searchlight sweeping the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

On 30 Days' Trial

If it were not for the notion some people have that "a safety razor could never shave **my** beard, it's too stiff and my face is too tender" — about every adult male in this country would be using a Gillette each morning

You, whose beard is stiff —
You, whose face is tender —
it is to you, this message. Just because of these shaving difficulties **you** are destined to become a Captain in the first rank of Gillette Enthusiasts

Gilletters whose faces are easy to shave can never appreciate the goodness of this perfect little shaving instrument as you can — for, after a fashion, they could shave with nearly any kind of a razor.

The fair thing is not to be prejudiced until you've tried — we offer you a 30 days' opportunity to prove to yourself we are telling you only what is so

Take advantage of it to-day — order of your dealer, preferably. Most dealers make this 30 day offer — if yours doesn't, we will. Simply send us $5.00 for standard silver plated set with 12 double-edged blades in morocco case. If you can think of doing without it, at the end of a month's use — we will send your money back.

Did you ever have to wait in a barber shop until you were "Next"?

Did you ever consider the time thus spent in the course of a year added to the time spent in getting to and from the barber shop? Suppose you only shave three times a week, at half an hour per shave and that you only have to wait your turn once. Leaving aside all questions of the exposure to contagion and the other things that make you dislike the barber shop, you have devoted to the barber in the course of a year *exactly two weeks of 8-hour working days!*

The Gillette user spends five minutes per shave with no waits, and gets a better shave and a much more comfortable and cleanly one

And during that two weeks of your sojourn in the barber shop you have paid over some little money, and some more in tips. You can figure that up yourself better than we can.

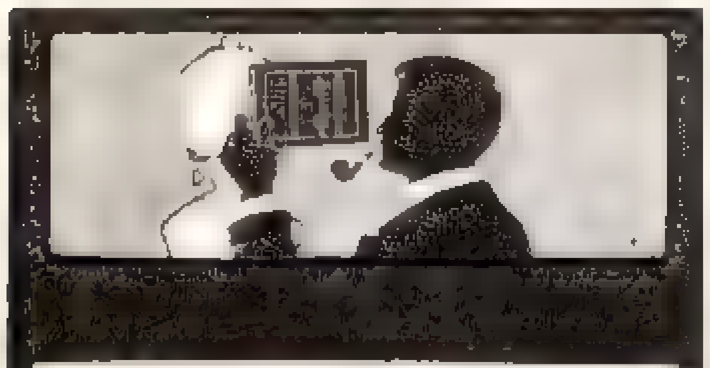
It costs a Gillette user about 2 cents a week for blades, and no tips — and remember

No Honing! No Stropping!

Send for a copy of "Science of Shaving." It is being read by thousands now and has gone through three editions in sixty days. It is worth its weight in gold to any man who doesn't wear a beard. A postal card will bring you a copy, prepaid.

SCIENCE OF SHAVING

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
206 Times Building, New York



ROYAL VELOX

A new paper with all the Velox simplicity but coated on a mellow toned stock that adds breadth and softness to the picture.

When sepia toned, with Velox Re-Developer, Royal Velox has the delicacy and charm of an old etching.

At all Kodak Dealers.

Nepera Division,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

"Thoughts That Pay," free book, gives list of valuable inventions wanted and tells how to protect them. Write for it. $100,000 offered for one invention. Patent obtained or fee returned. Patents advertised free.
Chandlee & Woodward, 937 F St. Wash., D. C. **Patents**

OVER THE WIRE

Some of the Queer Things that Fall the Telegraph Operator's Way

BY J. A. MACLEOD

EVER since the inception of the telegraph men identified with that mode of rapid communication have wondered at the effect the little yellow envelope has on the feminine mind, for it is a well-known fact that the average woman's fear of the proverbial mouse is as nothing compared to her antipathy for a telegram, which she invariably regards as a messenger of ill-omen. And yet any man of experience in the telegraph service will tell you that the percentage of telegrams containing bad news is infinitesimal.

The writer some years ago had occasion to deliver a telegram to a woman whose son had left a day or two previously on a short trip. Having forgotten something at home the son had sent to his mother what was probably the first telegram she had ever received.

Snatching the message from my hand the woman glanced at the envelope and excitedly exclaimed:

"That isn't Johnny's writing. Oh, I'm sure he must be dead!" And, before I could reassure her, she dropped to the floor in a faint, from which she never revived -heart disease, superinduced by shock.

The stringent rule that pledges the telegraph employee to absolute secrecy regarding the contents of telegrams passing through his hands does not deprive him of the right to chuckle at the eccentricities of some of the patrons of the company, and the odd ideas some people have, even in this enlightened age, regarding the method of transmission.

I have in mind one old man who was noted for a ferocious temper, and whose chirography would have made that of Horace Greeley look like copper-plate. One day the old man came into the office and handed me a telegram presumably addressed to his son, but which I could not read. I handed the message back to him with the request that he read it to me, whereupon the old gentleman flew into a rage. "What the dickens do you want to read it for, you impudent young puppy?" he shouted. "My son can read it all right. I'll report you to headquarters," and he did, for a few days later I received a letter from the superintendent to the effect that that official was in receipt of a communication from a resident of my town, whose chirography was so illegible that it could not be deciphered, and I was requested, "in view of my probable familiarity with the writing," to "translate it into English."

To the feminine members of the craft the marriage proposal telegram is, of course, the most interesting. I have known them to search the files of the business of the day for Juliet's reply to Romeo, and their collections of such telegrams, which they sometimes keep in scrap-books, with names, of course, deleted, make interesting reading

One young lady of my acquaintance has a choice collection of those messages, of which the following are fair samples (names alone being fictitious):

CHICAGO, July 10.
Miss Ella Baker,
Meriden, Conn.
Will you marry me?
JAMES COX.

To which the reply was:

MERIDEN, Conn., July 10.
James Cox,
Chicago.
Not unless you have something better than love and a shoestring to offer.
ELLA BAKER.

Whether or not Ella's reflection on Jim's financial status resulted in a severing of negotiations deponent sayeth not.

Here is another:

STEUBENVILLE, Ohio, May 6.
Isaac Brunski,
Chelsea, Mass.
I love your doter Rachel. Can I marry her? ABE SILVERMAN.

To which Isaac replied:

Sorry Rachel engaged already. Will Sarah do?

As there is no record of any further exchanges it is presumed that Abe decided to think it over, or patronized another company.

The rebus solvers of the telegraph fraternity are often furnished with difficult problems by lovers who, with a view to insuring privacy, resort to the use of a prearranged cipher in the exchange of their love messages.

For example, a youth in Washington wired daily to his fiancée in Philadelphia as follows:

9 12-14-22-5 25-14-21.

Though this was suggestive of a policy slip the social standing of the fair one seemed to preclude the probability that she was thus flirting with Dame Fortune, and the problem solvers set to work, with the result that the "key" was found to be a simple but ingenious use of a figure corresponding in number to a certain letter of the alphabet. Thus the figures quoted read: "I love you." The confidence of the ardent swain in the effectiveness of this clever device must have received a severe shock when he received from the "wag" of the office an unsigned "deadhead" query as follows:

"Well, why don't you say so in plain United States?"

Some years ago, just before Christmas, an operator in the New York office of the Western Union received from Bridgeport, Connecticut, the following message:

John Jones,
New York.
Unto us a child is born, eight feet long and four feet wide. MARY.

Those familiar with the productive capabilities of the Nutmeg State were inclined to interpret this message literally, but investigation revealed the fact that it had reference to the dimensions and inscription of a banner intended for a Christmas festival.

Youthful elopers frequently resort to the use of the telegraph to palliate their offense and pave the way for a safe return home. Those messages are often the source of much amusement to telegraphers. A young man recently eloped with the daughter of a prominent Philadelphian, to whom he telegraphed as follows, from Wilmington:

Edith and I married. Will you forgive us?

Papa's retort was:

If Edith forgives you I will. She has the greatest provocation.

Not long ago a press association, evidently pressed for news, sent out a story from Chicago to the effect that a big frog in a quarry near that city had eaten a quantity of dynamite used for blasting purposes.

According to the dispatch, a workman had accidentally stepped on the creature and was instantly blown to atoms by the resultant explosion.

The New York office of the agency, evidently doubting the veracity of the story, wired the Chicago office of the company the following terse query:

What became of the frog?

Like a flash came back the reply:

The frog croaked.

Some years ago, during Mark Twain's absence abroad, a report to the effect that he had died in Paris was circulated in the United States. A New York journal wired its Paris correspondent for confirmation or denial, and direct from Mr. Clemens himself came the characteristic reply:

The story of my death is greatly exaggerated.

Style 403. Latest Model.
Its size, rare musical qualities and tasteful case design make it ideal for home use.

We can furnish you with an
Ivers & Pond
PIANO

even tho' you live in the most remote city or village in the United States, with as little inconvenience as if your home was in Boston or New York. We are one of the largest makers of artistic pianos in the world.

Send for our catalogue and attractive proposition to buyers. Where no dealer sells our pianos, we will quote prices and explain our plan of Easy Payments. A postal card may save you $100. Write us if interested.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co.
103 Boylston St., Boston

PAPER DIAPERS
APPEAL TO THE
MOTHER OF THE BABE
I'm the first kid that ever wore a paper Diaper. Don't I look good to you?

WHEN they want to test a new medicine or Breakfast Food, they always try it on the dog. If it don't kill him it goes. I'm the dog in this case. I have worn a **Whitelaw Paper Diaper** since the day I was born, [illegible] have never for one minute been scalded or chafed, very few [illegible] all say that. Made of very **strong velvety paper** soft as cotton. **To be worn inside the regular Diaper** and destroyed when soiled. We could fill a [illegible] their praise and any Mother will know. Cost less than one cent each. 75 cents per 100 at factory, or will mail 50 postpaid for $1.00. **Not sold in stores.**

WHITELAW PAPER GOODS CO.
Dept. 4, Cincinnati, Ohio

MASPERO'S

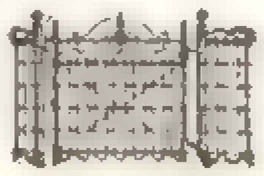
Extra Fine Lucca Olive Oil is the purest olive oil imported into this country and is guaranteed to be the first dripping before pressing from the finest selected sound ripe olives. For forty years C. Maspero has been a recognized food expert and [illegible] stand for absolute purity and unexcelled quality in food products.

Pure Olive Oil

is nature's food and a necessity — not a luxury. Maspero's Extra Fine Lucca Olive Oil is made at Lucca from olives grown in Lucca, the finest flavored olives in the world, and has that rich, delicate nutty flavor which it is impossible to secure in oils made in any other locality. It is made [illegible] under the most cleanly and hygienic conditions [illegible] in every way to the Pure Food Laws and is tested at the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and by the Italian Government. [illegible] gal $[illegible] ½ gal $1.60 ¼ gal 85c [illegible] case of 1 doz $7, case of 2 doz ½ bottles $[illegible] case of 2 doz ¼ bottles $5. Per bottle [illegible] free N. Y. city.

SAMPLE FREE. If your provisioner does not have it send his name and address and I will send you a sample bottle free

C. MASPERO, IMPORTER
Dept. 8, 333 Greenwich St., New York
(Pure Food Specialist and Gov. Expert)

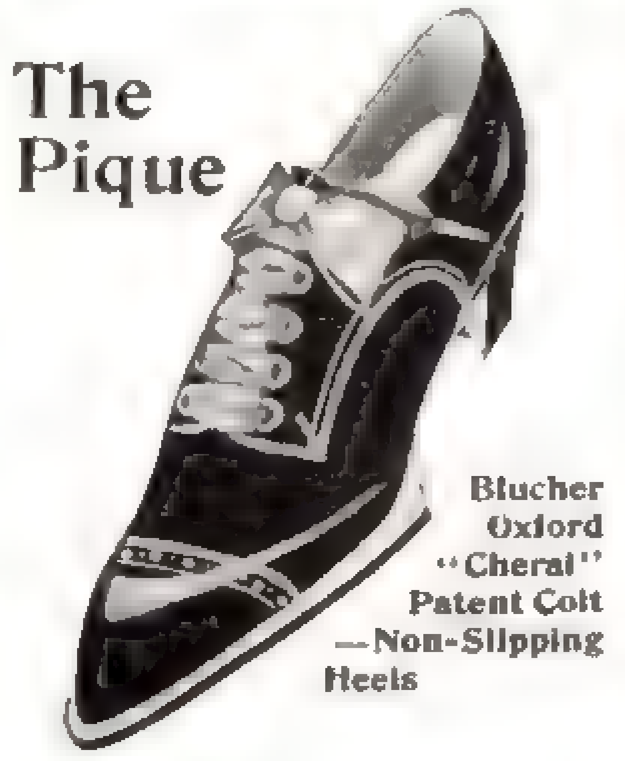


ROSSMAN LAWN FENCE
(STEEL and IRON)
combines the strength of a stone wall with the beauty of a hedge. More durable than wrought iron and erected at medium cost. Ask for Catalogue A.
Sleeth-Brook & Seaman Co.
253 Broadway, New York City.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

The Pique



Blucher Oxford "Cheral" Patent Colt —Non-Slipping Heels

The shoe that grasps your foot firmly but kindly—like a friend's hand-clasp—is the Florsheim. No mistaking its identity with your foot. No gainsaying its grace and style. No doubt of its enduring service.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most styles sell for $5.00.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Flexo
GARTER
FOR MEN
Flexo Garter

ALWAYS GET THIS PACKAGE
Price, mercerized, 25c all colors

THIS IS A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION
Silk cable, 50c all colors

Cannot slip or bind. Keeps the socks tidy.
Fresh, new, long-lived elastic
At leading furnishers, or direct.

A. STEIN & CO., 159 Center Ave., Chicago

"Old Hickory" Spindle Back Chair $1.75

Guaranteed most serviceable, comfortable, attractive chair for Porch and Lawn use ever sold at this remarkably low price. Will stand all sorts of weather. Solidly constructed of genuine white hickory with back on. Seat 19 ins. long, 18 ins. deep, height over all [illegible] ins. Price $1.75, freight prepaid east of Miss. River. [illegible] other styles of chairs, settees, tables, etc., $1.50 up. Be sure to get the "Old Hickory." [illegible] and see that our trade-mark is on every piece. If your dealer will not supply you [illegible] direct to us. Ask for new 48 page illustrated catalogue and our Special Introductory Offer, FREE

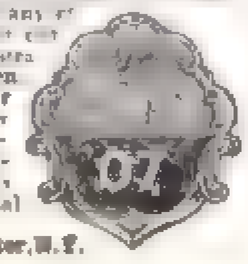
THE OLD HICKORY CHAIR CO.
23 Cherry St., MARTINSVILLE, IND

"The Original 'Old Hickory' Furniture Manufacturers"

CLASS PINS AND BADGES

For Society or Lodge — College or School

Made to order in any style or material. [illegible] Either of the two styles here illustrated [illegible] showing any [illegible] letters or numerals [illegible] more than shown in illustration. Silver Plate $1.00 dozen, Sample 10c. Sterling Silver $2.[illegible] dozen, Sample [illegible]c. FREE [illegible] new and handsomely illustrated catalog shows new styles in gold and silver. Satisfaction guaranteed. Celluloid [illegible] and Ribbon Badges at right prices. Special designs and estimates free.



Bastian Bros. Co., 21 L South Av., Rochester, N.Y.

LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

The Birth of a Bangs Joke

THE personal equation, which is the making of an actor, is a doubtful blessing to an author. As a writer of books and a librettist for musical comedy, John Kendrick Bangs has suffered a lifelong persecution from friends who proclaim that he is funnier than what he writes.

When he was conducting The Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine, an artist submitted a drawing of a ladies' day at a club, which could not be accepted (and paid for) until a joke was found to put beneath it. The artist made a personal appeal to the staff of the four Harper periodicals, office boys and stenographers included, to turn an honest five dollars by finding the joke. Mr. J. Henry Harper was bombarded with alleged ladies'-day wit. When Mr. Bangs made his weekly appearance at the office the drawing was referred to him. Putting it up on his roll-top desk, he went about his regular work. He accepted jokes and rejected them, wrote a paragraph or two and then a poem. All the time he was furtively watched by his competitors. That noon, after he had closed his desk for the week, he scribbled a few words and pinned them to the picture. When the rival jokesters read the paper they knew they were defeated. "Miss Smithers: What I like about your club, Mr. Withers, is its delightfully homelike feeling. Withers: Now, that's peculiar. What appeals most to me is its away-from-homelike feeling." The funniest part of it all was the automatic precision of the working of the humorist's mind.

The most complicated quip comes with as much ease and accuracy as the simplest. One of Mr. Bangs' friends had him to lunch at The Players and in the usual senseless fashion urged him to take a second drink, finally pressing him for the reason of his refusal. Like a flash Mr. Bangs retorted: "I consider the heads of the morrow. They toil not, but they spin."

A Reformed Novelist

AFTER shocking good people with Sir Richard Calmady, Mrs. Harrison, better known as Lucas Malet, has come back into the ranks of virtue and religion with The Far Horizon. That happy title refers to the state of peace which Domenic Igleseas, the more than middle-aged hero, gets through generous living and reconciliation with his church. It is a book of ideals, and they are not so common. But it is not a lively story, judged by our own brisk standards. The hero is a bank-clerk of fifty-five, and the other characters are drab, all but a flaming lady in gold and scarlet, who repents not having always been a little more drab.

And the London of The Far Horizon is drab, too. It is curiously noteworthy that English novelists go on turning over the mould of the old London world, and finding fresh life in it—just as if Thackeray, and Dickens, and Trollope, and Meredith had never plowed the field before them! As literary treasure-pits, there is nothing in our country to compare with London or Paris.

Our romancers are always on the hunt for pastures new, deadly afraid of the commonplace. Perhaps the great Commonplace lies within!

Another "Treasure Island"

"THE best story since Treasure Island" —how often the publishers use that bait to float a new novel! And rarely with so much cause as in the case of The Mystery, by Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams. These brisk modern authors have substituted for the ancient device of buried treasure a wonderful chemical agent, the alchemists' dream, something as much more mysterious and powerful than radium as that substance is more mysterious and powerful than plain gas pipe. This superior article of commerce, which is fished up out of the bowels of the earth through a private volcano in the southern Pacific by a long-bearded German scientist, cuts up antics when it gets loose. The authors, naturally enough, fall down when they come to explaining in detail the nature and properties of their concentrated "power," which can be used to dig the Panama Canal or make diamonds with equal facility. But they spin an exciting sea yarn with the usual complement of a piratical crew and a United States cruiser thrown in. As the reviewers like to say, "the interest never flags."

Just where lies the difference between this up-to-date mystery story and the classic Treasure Island? For one thing the White-Adams people are all dummies. Even Handy Solomon is a long way after the immortal Silver. Books, even stories of adventure, live more by virtue of the characters in them than their wonders. For another reason, Stevenson had style, and the present generation are above any little weakness in that direction. Every line of Treasure Island has literary charm in the pictures it creates and in the words used. The Mystery is an honest piece of sturdy magazine prose, with the joints of the dual authorship well knocked together.

Robinson Crusoe and Treasure Island are sometimes reread: they are better the second time and still better the third. But if one is hungry and not particular, a hearty meal tastes as well from a wooden dish as from gold plate.

Emerson in 1881

THERE has been some recent discussion of the extent to which Emerson's mind was affected by his failing physical powers just prior to his death. Upon this point it is interesting to recall what a visitor wrote of him in the summer of 1881.

"Mr. Emerson himself," says this writer, "answered my ring at the door. His step was active and his always placid, and sometimes inscrutable, face showed little change since our former meeting, eight years previous. But the whole tone of his conversation was sad.

"'I thank you for coming,' he said, with some slight difficulty of articulation. 'I am glad to see you, yet I fear that I can only disappoint those who call on me. I find that I am losing myself—I wander from the matter that I have in mind. I cannot say much, and so, when my friends come to see me, I run away, instead of going to meet them, that I may not make them suffer. Indeed, I really see no one now. My health is good enough, but when one's wits begin to fail it is time for the heavens to open and take him away.'"

It is a pathetic picture, this. It recalls the scene which followed Emerson's return from Longfellow's funeral, when he said:

"It was a beautiful soul—but I have forgotten its name."

His One Correction

THE way of the author may be hard, but it is a primrose path compared with the way which the author lays out for the editor. Recently a New York monthly magazine returned to a writer, for his supervision, the proofs of a novel which it had just accepted from him. Now, the manuscript had shown all its share of mistakes, and these had been carefully corrected "in proof" by a painstaking editor, but the galleys came back from the author with the following note:

> *Dear Sir:* Please be sure, in publishing my serial, to spell "nearby" as one word. This matter is more important than all the others put together.

And then the editor looked up "nearby" in his dictionary and found that it must be written "near-by," the two words being connected by a hyphen.

Mrs. Atherton's Honors

GERTRUDE ATHERTON, whose latest book, Rezanov, after serial publication, has been published in book form both in the United States and in England, is now living in Munich, where she is at work upon another novel. Rezanov has been especially well received abroad and will, probably, be translated shortly into German. Its author has been recently elected an honorary member of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society.

We Guarantee —to Fit You—

IF YOU HAVE NEVER WORN ONE OF OUR MADE-TO-MEASURE, STRICTLY MAN-TAILORED GARMENTS, YOU HAVE MISSED THE CHARM OF WHAT "MADE-TO-ORDER" MEANS.

We have been making ladies' garments to order, from measurements sent us by mail, for almost nineteen years. During all that time we have been steadily increasing our facilities and improving our system, so that to-day it seldom happens that we fail to please a customer; when we do, we promptly refund her money.

WE ASSUME ALL RISKS, EVEN OF YOUR MEASUREMENTS BEING INCORRECTLY TAKEN. YOU TAKE NO CHANCE WHATEVER IN DEALING WITH US.

When you patronize your local tailor or dressmaker and the garment is unsatisfactory, what redress do you have? The garment we make for you must be perfect in every detail or you don't have to keep it.

THE STRONGEST PROOF OF OUR RELIABILITY IS THAT WE HAVE BEEN IN BUSINESS NEARLY 19 YEARS AND ARE SERVING OVER 500,000 CUSTOMERS IN EVERY PART OF THE UNITED STATES.

Our Catalogue illustrates and describes:

Tailored Suits	$7.50 to $25	Over 50 of the latest New York styles. Jackets lined with satin or silk
Shirt-Waist Suits	$6.00 to $20	Made of your choice of over 200 light-weight Spring fabrics
Silk Suits	$9.75 to $20	Handsome Costumes for dressy occasions
Jumper Suits	$6.00 to $20	In most attractive styles and materials
Skirts	$3.50 to $15	New and graceful styles
Spring Jackets	$5.00 to $20	Jaunty and fashionable models
Rain Coats	$8.75 to $18	Suitable for clear or wet weather

These Garments are not Ready-Made but are Made to Measure.

We prepay express charges on these garments to any part of the United States, which means a big saving to you.

Write to-day for Catalogue No. 38 and Samples of Materials from which to select. They will be sent free by return mail to any part of the United States. If possible mention the colors you prefer, as this will enable us to send you a full assortment of just the samples you want.

Be sure to ask for Catalogue No. 38 and the new Spring Samples.

National Cloak and Suit Co.
214 West 24th Street, New York City
Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches. Est. 1888

RAISING THE BOY

All Work and No Play

WHEN I was a boy my ambition was to get an education and be a lawyer, but I quit school at thirteen and have worked hard ever since. When my boy was born I said he should have the chance I lacked. His mother agreed with me.

As soon as he was old enough we sent him to school and his mother saw that the next-day lessons were ready every night before he went to bed. On Saturdays he went to German school. We were never satisfied with his reports unless every mark was over 95. We didn't have to drive him much, for he liked to study. When he got into the higher grades where the boys played ball and other games we had some trouble to keep him from spending time on them.

I never could see much good in athletics. It seemed to me they took children's minds off their lessons too much. So I talked the boy out of the notion of taking part in them. When he entered high school it was a little harder to get him to give all his time to his studies. There were class meetings and parties and more athletics than in grammar school. But I told him how his mother and I were economizing and denying ourselves to educate him, and convinced him he couldn't afford to waste time or money on such things.

He finished high school second in his class and entered Chicago University. He was planning to be a lawyer, but I wanted him to go through college first. Here he worked harder than ever. By studying during vacations he completed the four-years' course in three. He stood high in his studies, but he had no time for any college pranks and he had never earned a cent in his life. He took up his law studies next, and dug at them as he had at everything else. He finished fifth in a class of ninety-eight and got a position with a prominent law firm downtown. He was bright and willing. They thought well of him and he seemed on the road to success.

This fall the street-car companies ran summer cars until Thanksgiving. Coming home in an open car one cold night he caught a severe cold. After about two weeks he went to see a doctor. The doctor said his lungs were in bad shape; that overstudy and lack of exercise had made him so anæmic he would have a hard time to get well. The doctor said he should have been consulted earlier. He was right. Quick consumption set in and my son died the day after Christmas.

I've been thinking since what a failure my plan for raising my boy was. He never had any fun like other boys. All his life he did nothing but work. I cheated him of all his good times, and now it's all gone for nothing. Maybe if he had studied less and played more we would have had him with us to-day. My experience may help some other over-ambitious father to see his mistake in time. —*W. R.*

Another Chum Mother

I STUDIED and planned months before my boy was born; he was a plump, healthy bundle of helplessness when he was laid in my arms.

"Eternal vigilance" was my watchword. His food was pure and simple, with only water or milk to drink, a daily bath, plenty of sleep in a well-ventilated room, letting him remain out-of-doors most of the time during nice weather. I allowed him to play with other children, keeping him with me, however, as much as possible, joining in his childish games, and listening attentively when he came to me with his first little love story of: "I've got a girl; she's got red cheeks and curly hair."

I took him to church and Sabbath-school. When he was seven years old I furnished him a room, pretty but simple, teaching him cleanliness and neatness. Then I talked and counseled with him, telling him of things that would injure health and morals if indulged in.

He attended the public schools through high school, I going with him the first day; and all through his schooling I visited the school, becoming acquainted with his teachers and talking over with them what was best for him.

I read the best of children's books to him. As he grew older we read to each other. I was always careful to have something interesting and instructive to read on the stand—sometimes an article in a daily paper I thought would benefit him. I would put everything else aside except that paper. He would come running in from school, drop into the chair I had placed beside the stand, and read just what I intended he should. I did not say: "Don't read such a book or paper." I simply put before him the best books and papers.

He began to work during vacation when he was fourteen years old. I always went to his place of business, saw the kind of work he was doing, and became acquainted with his employers.

He is now holding a responsible position with one of the daily papers of our city. Of his own choosing he reads such papers as THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and others of like high character.

While he is not a "goody-goody" boy, he has never given me a minute of trouble. He is honest and upright, has the respect and confidence of all who know him, and has never been sick a day in his life. If I could I would have given him a college education. In looking back over the twenty-two years of his life I see I made the mistake of humoring him too much, and thus he is somewhat selfish.

—*"Chum" Mother.*

A Widow's Big Boy

I AM a widow of limited means. I have raised a boy to the age of eighteen, who is a success, inasmuch as he is, and bids fair to be, a good citizen. He has no so-called bad habits, though he is not perfect. Aside from being a great reader and observer, he is just an ordinary boy. He is six feet tall, and weighs two hundred pounds. My experiences with him have taught me a number of rules, which should be tried and trusted to the uttermost with all boys.

First, much depends upon the kind of boy one is dealing with. No two boys are alike; all should be studied. I taught mine from infancy that he was an intelligent human being, to be controlled as such; that animals, even, ought not to be subject to stick control; that he was not only morally responsible for his own actions, but to some extent for those of others; that he might be a leader among boys and men—a power for good in life; he was here not merely to amass wealth, but to become a man; when employed, to seek to make himself indispensable to his employer, and not to work for the mere dollar in sight.

He attended the public schools, finishing the eighth grade; he was taught at home to make the best possible use of his school advantages; he has had six months in commercial school; in all-round learning he compares favorably with the average high-school graduate; he was never crammed, except with social ethics. He spent one year in hard work, and three months from home in an Oregon lumber camp, broadening his sympathies and understanding of the "great unwashed." He has been allowed to choose his own associates, which so far have been entirely satisfactory.

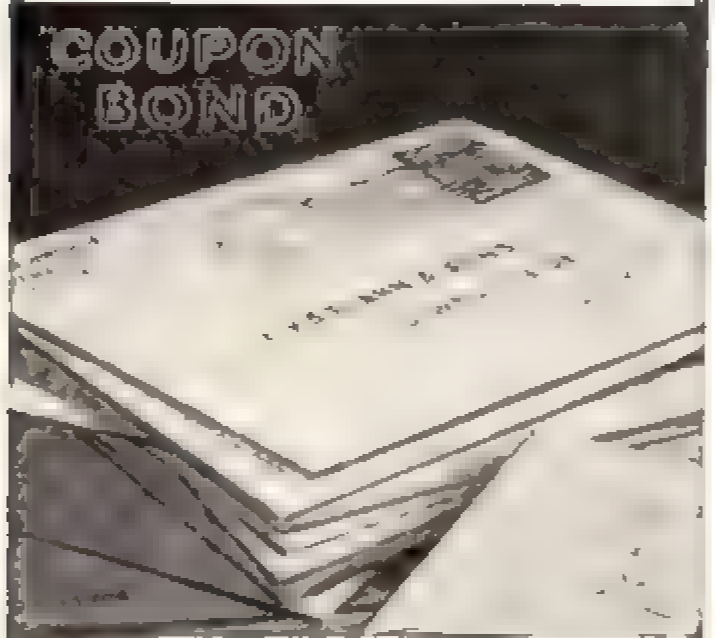
His food has been plain, with little pastry; no tea or coffee; he has had home-made bread, with restricted use of meats, beef and mutton preferred; he has had sufficient sleep in a well-ventilated room; rational outdoor exercise has been provided for him.

He has been allowed the necessary spending-money, whether he earned it or not. He likes to work, and now brings home his check to his mother. When he needs money he has free access to the family purse. He has been taught to pay his way, never to sponge, and to avoid extravagances.

The all-important thing in dealing with a boy, as it seems, is to develop and appeal to his own best nature; to his sense of honor; his pride and rights should be respected. He should never be discouraged; instructions as to his conduct should never or seldom take the form of commands. In the shaping of his future he should be *guided* rather than *arbitrarily controlled.*

He should be taught to regard occasional failures as necessary experiences "to get his lesson." —*F. K. W.*

It's Easy to Pick Out the Best Looking Letter from the Morning Mail—



That letter, like a well-dressed salesman, will receive *first attention*

What does your letter look like?

Are you sure that your letters will appeal to your correspondent as among the most dignified, exclusive and *impressive* he is receiving in his morning mail?

If you want to get the advantage of this favorable impression—if you want to get on the right side of your correspondents—give dignity to your house

Use the De Luxe Business Paper

COUPON BOND

COUPON BOND is the best bond paper manufactured. The materials used, the method of manufacture, and the knowing how that has come to the largest paper manufacturers in America through years of experience insure to **COUPON BOND** a De Luxe Quality and Appearance that no other bond papers possess.

Yet, **COUPON BOND**, exclusive as it is, costs no more than ordinary Bond Paper.

It pays to use **COUPON BOND**

You can distinguish it by the water-mark **COUPON BOND**. Look for this water-mark the next time you order business letter heads, envelopes, check-books, price-lists, circulars, etc. It pays.

Write us on your business letter head—or send 10c. stamps—for complete sample line of "COUPON BOND"—white and in colors—and the name—of a local printer or stationer who can supply it

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO.
The Largest Manufacturers of Fine Commercial Paper in the World
Holyoke, Mass.

$2.00 **Solid Mahogany**

The Whittelsey System

makes this special offer of this handsome mahogany table for $2.00. We want to show you how simple the WHITTELSEY SYSTEM of knock-down furniture is.

Saves Over 50%

on your furniture expense. We furnish every part of material to finish the piece, you do the rest. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. The finishing is not work, it is fun and recreation that gives results

Solid Mahogany

is our specialty. Send for Catalog 161 and order this table now before this offer is withdrawn

Whittelsey System Furniture Co.
Steinway, New York City

$29 **DIRECT TO YOU** AT FACTORY PRICES is our way

[illegible]

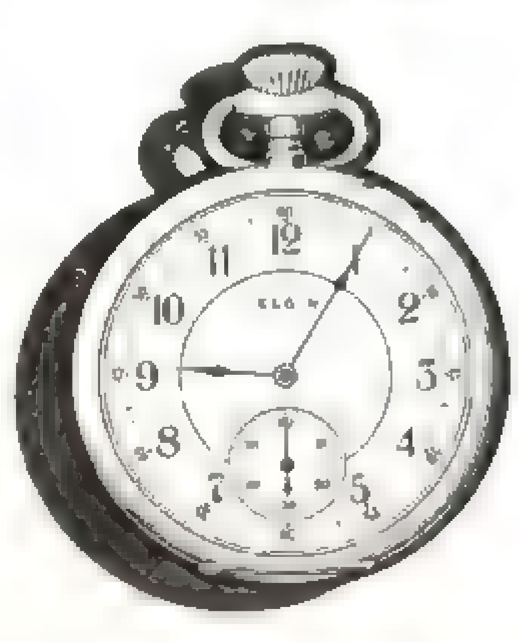
styles of vehicles including new style [illegible] at $50. Every vehicle we sell goes out on trial, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Don't buy vehicles or harness till you hear from us.

Write today for Free Money Saving Catalog

U. S. BUGGY & CART CO.
Sta. 25, Cincinnati, O.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

NO MONEY WITH ORDER



The ELGIN for All

The name ELGIN embraces many grades of watch movements—all of superior time-keeping qualities.

The grades differ in price according to the cost of construction—each grade being the best watch value for the money.

The man who wants an accurate watch, at a popular price, should buy the G. M. WHEELER Grade ELGIN—

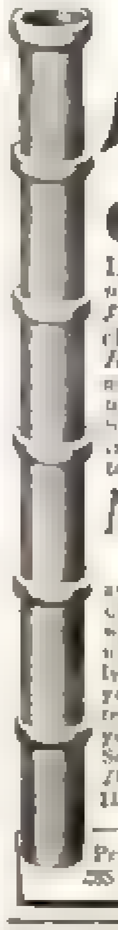
"The Watch that's made for the Majority."

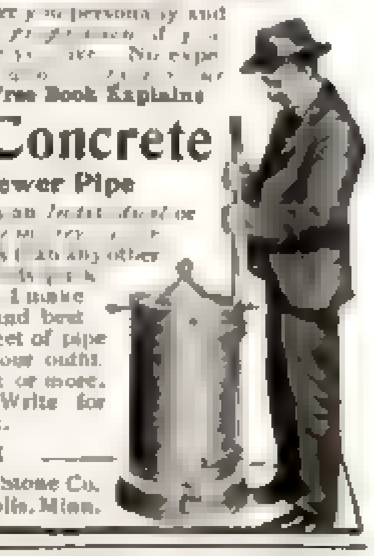
17 jewels; adjusted to temperature; micrometric regulator.

This ELGIN Watch can be had in the desirable models and sizes suitable for men and boys.

ELGIN Watches of equal grade for ladies, at moderate prices.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
Elgin, Ill.





Cash Profits Pile Quickly Get Started NOW

Let me tell you the name of this man and many others who are making from $5 to $10 a day and more making these Miracle Concrete Sewer Pipe on my Miracle Bell End Sewer Pipe Molds. Write me to-day. I'll answer you personally and offer you a special proposition if you START NOW. [illegible] No experience necessary. [illegible] to investigate. My Free Book Explains

Miracle Concrete
Bell End Sewer Pipe

[illegible] Miracle Molds [illegible] any other [illegible] Miracle Molds quickly pay for themselves. I make you the lowest price and best terms. The first 38 feet of pipe you make pays for your outfit. Sells at $1.35 per foot or more. *Don't miss this.* Write for 114-Page FREE Book.

— O. U. MIRACLE —
Pres't Miracle Pressed Stone Co.
235 Wilder St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Athletic Outfitters

Baseball Uniforms and Club Outfits a Specialty

The Famous
BLUE TRADE MARK
Athletic Goods
at
SPECIAL BLUE PRICES

Wm READ & SONS. TRADE MARK BOSTON, MASS.

Are
DELIVERED FREE
Anywhere in the United States.

Send for 1907
Blue Trade Mark Catalog
Now ready.

WILLIAM READ & SONS,
Established 1826
107 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Mention Sat. Eve. Post

Would You Like to Double Your Salary or Business?

Why Ready Positions for Trained Advertisers Multiply—Why the Powell System is the "Survival of the Fittest" in Correspondence Instruction, and How it Increases Business

By GEORGE H. POWELL

ABOUT four years ago I told the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST something about the inducements offered ambitious young men and women in the field of advertising. Since that time there has been aroused a very general interest, and as a result hundreds of Powell graduates have found ready positions at the largest salaries, while still others have been enabled to establish their own offices as specialists.

Owing to the farce of many so-called methods of teaching advertising, the Powell System was hailed with keen satisfaction by the real authorities, who had formerly ridiculed the possibilities of making expert ad writers through correspondence instruction.

Official Head of Troy's Advertising Department

Mr. Bert Lyon, Troy, N. Y., is merely another example [illegible] the [illegible] of the Powell System of correspondence instruction. His testimony is important.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE TROY, N. Y.
Bert Lyon, Chairman

Troy, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1907.

"I have lately gone [illegible] position as ad [illegible] made [illegible] the advertising department [illegible] these [illegible] I have been asked to give [illegible] my time in assisting in preparation of ads for the McLean & Henry Brick Co., and have [illegible] ad writer [illegible] System of Instruction [illegible] your methods. I am not [illegible] and would not accept any."—BERT LYON.

To the ambitious person with a common school education, who is attracted to advertising, I would say that the situation today is as follows: A constantly growing demand for my graduates in every state—a demand more than four times that of 1903. Advertising editors, agents, publishers and secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. everywhere, by reason of their exclusive indorsement of the Powell System, are responsible for the enrollment of a large percentage of my students, and without a particle of reward, other than the satisfaction of rightly directing the initial steps of those who want the best instruction, and are prepared to profit by it.

The Powell System is a permanent fixture, and its great mission is being better understood as the years pass.

And what of the future? Simply this: 1907 will eclipse all previous years in the volume of advertising, and in the demand for competent advertising men and women.

Prosperity beyond all precedent, more and more magazines and general publications, greater appreciation by merchants and manufacturers as to the wonderful possibilities of modern publicity, are leading reasons why advertising is yet in its infancy, and why the demand for brainy people who have been trained by me continues to grow.

Not in my day, either, will this great vocation cease to expand, for the advertising principle is too vital in modern business growth.

I have been marvelously successful in developing ambitious students, and every section of America bears testimony to my personal efforts. Part of the success of the Powell System of advertising instruction by correspondence has been due to encouraging only the right class to take up this work—those with real ambition, character and sufficient education. I early laid down the rule not to enroll those who should adopt coal heaving, rather than advertising, as a vocation, and consequently my labors have not been wasted, and my graduates are generally a credit to the advertising business and my teachings.

My system of personal training and actual experience has few parallels, and it is practically the "survival of the fittest," in a field where twenty or more alleged ad schools have sprung up, existed for a time, and then dropped from sight, and in scores of instances their graduates have found it necessary to study the Powell System before being able to get or hold a position.

To those who are attracted to advertising, and have a right to expect great advancement, I shall be glad to mail free my two new and beautiful books—Prospectus and "Net Results."

I WANT a brief word with the retail merchant or manufacturer who is dissatisfied with a moderate volume of trade.

I want him to realize that the Powell System is not only a complete training in the art of ad writing, but that it is also a wonderful success in helping the business man to get out of ruts and double his business.

This special help goes right into the heart of selling, and shows what methods can be employed to fit the existing conditions of a given business.

For example, I teach the retailer to increase trade by approved methods that work in harmony with advertising. I teach the manufacturer how to handle trade lists, how to establish systems, and how to apply those special features as each individual case requires. To the mail order man I give the benefit of my experience, thereby avoiding foolish expenditures.

And I want to add that the reason I am the only instructor in advertising who has won the universal recognition of the advertising authorities is because I have developed both the business man and expert ad writer in the highest degree.

There are literally tens of thousands of business men in this country today, who are simply hanging on to their enterprises by the narrowest margin. The majority of them would gladly accept a fair salary if they could connect, and yet, if they but knew, a knowledge of modern advertising and business methods will enable ninety per cent. of them to boom their businesses and make what they should.

From the beginning, a very large proportion of my students have been business men, and after they have completed my course very few of them ever think of giving up, but on the contrary they apply my methods in developing their own interests.

Of course, the business man should know how to prepare good advertising, since there are not enough competent ad writers as yet to supply one dealer in a hundred with the needed service, and in addition the merchant or manufacturer who wants to double his business needs the benefit of my expert knowledge in adopting and pushing the right plans.

A very great factor in my National recognition as "the only real advertising instructor" has been that I do even more than create experts in advertising construction, for I study business conditions, and specially advise plans and expansion methods—not in a general way, but as each student's business requires.

I simply give the benefit of some eighteen years of successful experience in a way attempted by few other men.

Very few who know my leading position have any idea of the unanimous confidence reposed in me by the great, big men in the advertising business.

A Baltimore business man recently wrote the largest advertising agent in New York, and the largest magazine agent in America, about the value of advertising instruction, and on Feb. 2, 1907, he received this reply:

[illegible] of the [illegible] However [illegible] experience [illegible] the advertising department [illegible] all sorts of people. I refer to George H. Powell.

I am not privileged to mention this agent's name, but his letter can be seen at my offices.

A Retail Druggist's High Opinion of the Powell System as a Business Promoter

From the beginning my success in benefiting [illegible] a month [illegible] increase their trade and profits, has been attested by a never-ending stream of eloquent testimonials from former students. And such a host of genuine experiences [illegible] the history of correspondence instruction. [illegible] what I can do for the business man [illegible]

[illegible] PHARMACY

Harrisonburg, Va., [illegible] 31, 1907.

"I [illegible] say that I am satisfied with the Powell System [illegible] I am more than satisfied, and recommend it to all. Your close and [illegible] personal attention to your students is very [illegible], and after completing your course one feels [illegible] *master of the situation*."—J. PAUL FLETCHER.

If you want to better your earning capacity or double your business let me mail free my elegant "Prospectus" and "Net Results"

GEORGE H. POWELL, 395 Metropolitan Annex, New York

IN THE OPEN

College Football and the Intercollegiate Athletic Association

WHEN the football season of 1905 came to a close with its popular outcry against the brutality of the game, a majority of the leading colleges unofficially and individually agreed that something should be done, but none save Pennsylvania in the East and Chicago in the West took a helpful initiative—and chaos reigned in athletic legislative circles. The old Football Rules Committee, that had been responsible for the making of the style of game which encouraged brutality, stood pat, and it looked as if no relief would be forthcoming. Then came a call to arms, so to speak, from among the colleges and universities outside of the so-called big four of the East, and a mass meeting followed in New York, at which the situation was reviewed with intelligence and a committee formed for the purpose of purging football of its undesirable elements. Following this came the organizing of these intelligent sportsmen into the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of the United States, and the appointment, with full power, of a committee for the purpose of revising the football rules and reëstablishing the game in good repute.

It is not my purpose here to review at length the splendid work that was accomplished by this association and its committee. Suffice it to say that it forced the old Football Rules Committee from its harmfully obstinate position and secured the revision of rules into the code which gave us the excellent game and season of 1906. In a word, this new Intercollegiate Association saved the day for football and introduced the broad spirit of legislation which the former committeemen lacked, and which most of our colleges need.

This spring this same association is pursuing its excellent work. It has reappointed its Football Rules Committee, and this committee has had the good sense to leave the game as it was played in 1906 practically alone. Only a very few minor changes have been made, of which the most excellent is that rule making the employment of two umpires obligatory instead of optional. This is more salutary, because, as we have all seen, it is literally impossible for a single umpire to follow both sides of a contest now that, with the new game and the more open, swifter play, his duties have become doubled at least. It is not only desirable to have two umpires in the present game, but absolutely necessary to a proper enforcement of rules. No one pair of eyes can follow all the contestants in the new style of play.

The other change of consequence is to extend the playing halves from thirty to thirty-five minutes each. This is not a serious matter one way or the other and will neither improve nor injure the situation. It is merely an expression of the American desire to get its money's worth.

Play in the Future Game

Last season, after several close games, supporters of the losing team openly sought consolation in the statement that "had there been five minutes more play the result would have been different," etc., etc. It is the old story, it is the old, familiar partisan, undergraduate way, which we have heard since the beginning and will hear to the end, whether the halves be thirty, thirty-five or forty-five minutes each. As a matter of fact, thirty minutes' play will decide the comparative merits of two contesting elevens quite as satisfactorily as will thirty-five minutes—the spectators, however, would fail to get as much of the spectacle for their admission fee. But this is a minor matter, and the criticism put with corresponding lightness. The pleasing fact is that the rules as a whole remain about the same, excepting for an improvement of the forward pass, so that the character of general play will be changed, if at all, for the better. It is through the development of the forward pass that the future game will evolve, and it is that play which will decide, as it did this last season, the comparative intelligence and strength of opposing elevens

Considering what this new Intercollegiate Athletic Association has accomplished for the wholesome conduct of football, one might reasonably imagine it would find ready support. Such is not the case. The lamentable situation is that though its president and several other officers have made personal and urgent appeals to the larger universities, yet Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Cornell up to this writing refuse to join. Why they have refused to join none has yet officially declared, which does not soften failure to lend their name and influence to the splendid effort this association is making toward placing competitive intercollegiate sport on a more harmonious basis. Nor does the failure redound to their credit. The new association ought to have the support of every college that pretends to do anything athletically, because it is traveling along the right lines. Hitherto the effort among college and intercollegiate organizations appears to have been devoted entirely to rule making, whereas this new association is directing the larger share of its energies toward inculcating the spirit of the law. And it is the spirit and not the letter of the law that holds the vital spark of harmonious and uplifting athletic contest.

We have run the limit of the usefulness of the letter of the law as expressed through rule making. Rule making may go on and on and lead only to embittering complications, discord and dissatisfaction, even in a single institution. Harvard may serve as an illustrious example of this statement. There is always rule making and dissension going on simultaneously at Cambridge. Repeatedly, since the close of last season, the President of the University has vilified very nearly all kinds of athletic games, while the University Athletic Committee is engaged at this writing on a still hunt for additional data whereupon to base further rule refinement; and while Harvard and others less notable are pursuing the rule-making will-o'-the-wisp in the hope of attaining harmony, they are passing by the very essentials of the principle that makes for common-sense, healthful sport. They are not only overlooking the spirit of the amateur law, but actually are near to officially throttling it.

Harvard's Backward Step

A couple of years ago Harvard abandoned her principle of having amateur coaches in rowing, for the publicly-expressed reason that, in order to compete with Yale on the water, professional coaches must be employed, as at New Haven; and recently we have read the announcement from Cambridge that Harvard is now proposing to do the same thing, that is, use professional coaches in baseball, and for the same worthy purpose—abandoning a principle in the hope of beating a rival. In a word, Harvard is placing winning above the principle of sport for sport's sake; and, so far as we learn to the contrary, the Athletic Committee continues to permit men who have played baseball during the summer for board and keep to represent the University on both baseball and football teams.

It would appear that President Eliot had overlooked the real source of the University's athletic ills, which seem to give him such public pain.

There is no thought here in singling out President Eliot, of Harvard, for especial criticism, but rather as a shining mark of the general inconsistency that characterizes the athletic legislative effort at the major portion of our universities. At the close of almost every season some one or another of the leading collegians lightly takes it upon himself and upon his *alma mater* to excoriate the sins, both of omission and commission, of one or another, and sometimes of all, of the various athletic games. Often it is only an excuse for exalting one's own horn at the cost of neighborly love, but more frequently it is the confused legislative soul crying in the wilderness for intelligent direction Always there is plaint, but almost never is there evidence of a spirit of willingness to either extend or grasp a helping hand that may be offered. Invariably is there much oratory about many kinds of offenses of little real import—and

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

Best Food For Men, Women and Children

When hungry—think of a plate of Van Camp's steaming hot Baked Beans deliciously flavored with Tomato Sauce.

Every delicious mouthful seems to go right to the spot and to satisfy nature's craving as nothing else will

For Beans are nature's choicest food They contain the most digestible, warming qualities. When baked brown and whole in the Van Camp way, not a grain of this food value is lost.

Van Camps use only the most nutritious beans grown. Scientists say that the most nutritious beans contain over 60 per cent. of sugar and starch and 25 per cent. proteids, the tissue-building element—that they are the most digestible food and the best food for cold weather.

The appetizing quality of Van Camp's comes not alone from the Beans, but also from the toothsome strip of lean and fat, sweet, young pork in every can; from the Tomato Sauce, different in the rich flavor Van Camp's chef knows how to give it, and from the careful baking—just long enough to bring out the full taste and flavor. Altogether there isn't a better, more satisfying, or more appetizing meal for cold weather than Van Camp's—and it takes only 5 minutes to get them steaming hot and ready to put on the table any time. Van Camp's are always thoroughly baked—*done to a turn*—when you get them from your grocer. Always keep a few cans in the house.

The Van Camp Packing Company
Indianapolis, Indiana

Easy to Take Baby

Anywhere—in the crowded street—on the street or steam cars, in [illegible]

Oriole Go-Basket

Ready to Wheel

ORIOLE GO-BASKET

[illegible] High Chair, [illegible], Bassinet all in one and can be changed from one use to another in 3 seconds without removing baby

Indorsed by leading physicians
Send for Free Illustrated Booklet

The Withrow Manufacturing Co.
51 Elm St Cincinnati, Ohio

With Sunshade Open

The Racine Incubator

Built by the man who devoted 25 years to its present perfect development.

We pay the freight

Can be operated by any one, anywhere. [illegible] matic regulator, copper tank, white pine case, double walled, nursery. Built to last 20 years.

Don't buy until you read our remarkable **Incubator Book**, written by the man who made the Racine. When you learn what he knows, you will want his machine, we think. **The book is free.** Write for it. Address

RACINE HATCHER CO., Box 98, Racine, Wis.

Warehouses Buffalo, Detroit, Kansas City, St. Paul.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Illustrated GUIDE BOOK and WHAT TO INVENT with valuable List of Inventions Wanted sent free. ONE MILLION DOLLARS offered for one invention; $16,000 for others. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress; sample free.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

When you build, repair or buy a house **Look to the Roof!** *The life of your building depends on it!*

A poor roof can keep you poor paying for repairs, repainting, renewals, etc.; endanger lives, health and property from leaks or fire; and cause damage, annoyance, and trouble, from garret to cellar. You'll have no such worries with

Genuine Bangor Slate Roofs
"outlive the building without paint or repair"
Can you ask more of a roof?

What the tin people say about tin roofing
" " shingle " " " shingle "
" " patent " " " "ready" "
" " tile " " " tile "
" " slate " " " slate "
is clearly told in our Free Roof Book a concise, but complete convenient roof handbook for the man who pays the bills.

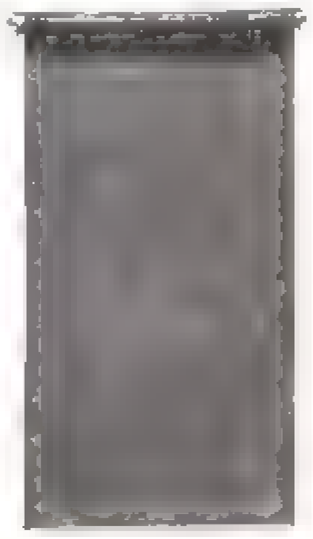
Write for it now!

Genuine Bangor Slate Co.,
Ark Bldg., Easton, Pa.

Shades that won't "crack"

and that regulate the light just as you want

An [illegible] cracked after a few months' wear



A Brenlin Shade

Opaque shades "*crack*" because they are made of muslin filled with *chalk* to make it keep out the light and hang straight. It is the *breaking of this chalk* as the shades are handled that makes them "*crack*."

Holland shades let too much light through, and they *wrinkle*, because they haven't "body" enough.

Brenlin

the New Window Shade Material

is a fine, closely-woven material *without filling of any kind*. It regulates the light *just as you want*; [illegible] *crack* and it hangs straight and smooth.

Brenlin is made in all colors. Ivory-white, ecru, etc., modulate the light to an even, mellow glow; with green and other dark tones, you can darken a room completely. It has a soft, dull finish. *Won't spot, won't fade.*

DON'T BE DECEIVED by window shade materials that look like Brenlin when *new*, but don't [illegible] BRENLIN [illegible] *get Brenlin.*

Write for samples [illegible] suggestive book "The Treatment of Windows."

CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & Co.
2059-2069 Reading Road, [illegible]

Amateur Gardeners will find

Dreer's Garden Book

brimful of valuable information about flowers and vegetables. Four magnificent [illegible] varieties of flowers [illegible] which we are specializing. 224 illustrated pages [illegible] whatever is worth [illegible] flowers and vegetables. Unmatched, Dreer's Garden Book is a veritable encyclopedia for every grower of vegetables and every lover of flowers.

Mailed to any one mentioning this publication on receipt of 10 cents, which may be deducted from first order.

Dreer's Aristocrat Sweet Corn.

Extra early, ears [illegible] long [illegible] Pkt 10c, pt 25c, postpaid, qt 45c, postpaid

Henry A. Dreer, Philadelphia

Own a Factory

Make concrete building blocks. Large profits and permanent business. Small capital required at first, and easily expanded as business increases. The

Pettyjohn Machine

is the standard. Simple, cheap and [illegible] Sent on trial [illegible] fully guaranteed. "This equipment will convert a sand bank into a gold mine." Particulars free.

PETTYJOHN CO., 606 N 6th St., Terre Haute, Ind

MAKE POULTRY PROFITS

[illegible] "POULTRY FOR PROFIT" [illegible] largest [illegible] free for 10 cents postage.

THE J. W. MILLER CO. Box 12, Freeport, Ill

POULTRY PAYS WELL

[illegible] 55 [illegible]

DELAVAN POULTRY FARM,
F. R. B. GOETZ, Manager. Box 69, Delavan, Wis.

STARK NURSERIES sell Direct, pay freight, give FULL value. Founded 1825. Large NEW Fruit Book free. STARK BRO'S, Louisiana, Mo.

BUY FARM LANDS NOW

In the West and Southwest. Bargains $10 to $25 per acre. New map of either Colorado or Texas, free to all interested.

GEO. H. HEAFFORD, 277 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

invariably the vital points at issue continue untouched. So, while committees burn the midnight oil in the progressive game of athletic hair-splitting, and in the multiplication of rules that already are so diffused as to be embarrassing, the cardinal virtues of sport for sport's sake remain absolutely unacknowledged and unsought.

College Baseball

Those who have given college sport any study at all long ago decided that the serious handicaps to a spirit of sport for sport's sake condition are the toleration of the baseball player who has received board and lodging in return for his playing on hotel or summer-resort nines, the employment of professional coaches and the large gate receipts. Perhaps summer-nine ball-playing under such circumstances has the most debauching effect on the boys, but the professional coach has the more corrupting influence upon college sport generally—and the enormous gate receipts make him a possibility.

Cut out this professional coach and reduce the receipts and the most serious questions that disturb university presidents and athletic committees will adjust themselves. However strong it may be, perhaps, no college is able to decide these questions for the college world. Either Harvard or Yale, however, is strong enough to be a pioneer along these lines; but neither of them appears to have the desire. Hence the value of this new Intercollegiate Athletic Association, which is an organization representing the colleges of the entire country, and not only strong enough, but it has the avowed desire to clear college sport of just these evils. Mayhap it is because of the association's sentiments on these questions that Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania and Cornell, with their professional rowing coaches, refuse to join, which is not to their credit, and goes to prove the insincerity of the public utterances of the alleged reformers and their annual budget of rule-refinement.

The American schoolboy is a clean-minded, manly lad in the first instance, and American college sport requires to-day not more restrictions on the boy, but a chance for him to express his natural character. It is the fault of the college athletic rule makers, and not the fault of the boys themselves, that the letter of the law is constantly placed above the spirit of the law.

The Intercollegiate Athletic Association stands for the spirit of the law as the element necessary to healthful college sport, and for that reason this association should have enthusiastic support

"FAIR PLAY."

Business Opportunity

We have an attractive business proposition for an active man in each county where we are not already represented. We want men who can invest a few dollars with their services. Ask any banker about our responsibility. Address

The Regina Company, Dept. C, Rahway, N. J.

6%

We issue Certificates of Deposit running for 2 years and bearing 6 per cent. interest—an absolutely safe, ideal form of investment. 5 per cent. on Savings Accounts subject to withdrawals at any time.

Write today for booklet.

THE CALVERT MORTGAGE & DEPOSIT CO.
1047 Calvert Building, Baltimore Md

LEARN BOOKKEEPING OR SHORTHAND

BY MAIL—AT YOUR OWN HOME

[illegible] few weeks. [illegible] No charge for tuition until position is secured. Write today for particulars.

MICHIGAN BUSINESS INSTITUTE
350 Institute Building, - Kalamazoo, Mich.

IT PAYS men with small capital to give Public Exhibitions with a Magic Lantern, Stereopticon or Moving Picture Outfit. Catalogue free.

McAllister, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, New York.

Print Your Own Cards Circulars, books, newspaper. Press $5. Large size $18. Money saver, maker. All easy, printed rules. Write factory for catalog, presses, type, [illegible]

The Press Co., Meriden Conn

CHOIR SINGERS Send a 2 cent stamp for postage on a sample copy of the new [illegible] MAGAZINE [illegible] Ten or more pages of church music in every issue. Subscription 50 cts. a year. 830 Colonial Bldg., Boston

"New Creations" in Bush Limas!

Nature has surely surpassed herself! In a single season she has outstripped all efforts of man. In fact, such distinct new types have never even been dreamed of before!

To learn just what they really are and how they were discovered, kindly study *pages 10 to 15 of* THE FARM ANNUAL FOR 1907. They are undoubtedly the "*Greatest Novelties of the Age.*"

The Burpee-Improved [illegible] "New Creation" [illegible] pods are truly enormous in size. [illegible]

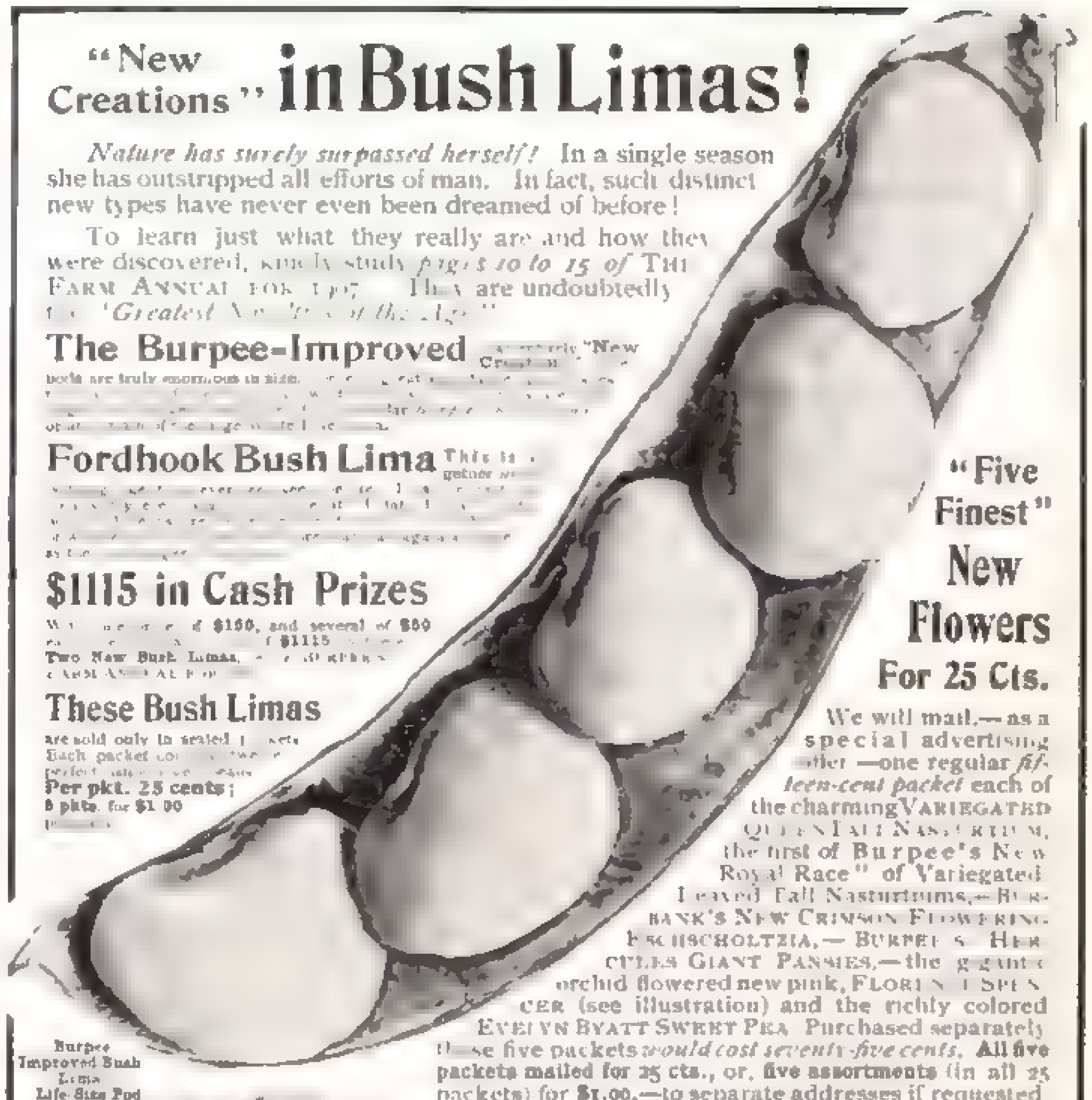
Fordhook Bush Lima This is [illegible]

$1115 in Cash Prizes

[illegible] $150, and several of $50 [illegible] $1115 [illegible] Two New Bush Limas, [illegible] FARM ANNUAL FOR [illegible]

These Bush Limas

are sold only in sealed packets. Each packet contains [illegible] perfect [illegible] beans. **Per pkt. 25 cents; 5 pkts. for $1.00** [illegible]



Burpee Improved Bush Lima Life-Size Pod

"Five Finest" New Flowers For 25 Cts.

We will mail,—as a special advertising offer,—one regular *fifteen-cent packet* each of the charming VARIEGATED QUEEN TALL NASTURTIUM, the first of Burpee's New "Royal Race" of Variegated-Leaved Tall Nasturtiums,—BURBANK'S NEW CRIMSON FLOWERING ESCHSCHOLTZIA,—BURPEE'S HERCULES GIANT PANSIES,—the gigantic orchid flowered new pink, FLORENCE SPENCER (see illustration) and the richly colored EVELYN BYATT SWEET PEA. Purchased separately these five packets *would cost seventy-five cents.* **All five packets mailed for 25 cts.**, or, **five assortments** (in all 25 packets) for $1.00,—to separate addresses if requested.

Four 1908 Novelties FREE!

To every one who orders *direct from this advertisement*, we will send **Free**,—if asked for,—*any one* with a 50c order, *any two* with a dollar order, or *all four* with an order for $2.00. These Novelties, not yet cataloged by us, but on which we offer Cash Prizes for advance trials, are: *New American Dwarf Bush Nasturtium, "Ashes of Roses,"* —*The New English "Beacon" Sweet Pea,* —*New American Thick-Leaved Gigantic Mustard* and a *New Early Hard-Head Forcing Lettuce* from Germany.

Burpee's 1907 Farm Annual

"Leading American Seed Catalog"

The "*Silent Salesman*" of the world's largest mail order seed trade. An Elegant New Book of 200 pages with hundreds of illustrations from photographs, it tells only the plain truth about the very best SEEDS THAT GROW.

It describes Grand Novelties in Flowers and Vegetables of unusual importance, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. If interested, Write to-day,—*mention this Magazine*,—and the book is yours.

REGISTERED WB TRADE MARK "The seal of quality"

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR

A Triumph in Sugar Making!

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

[illegible] COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF A HANDIER AND [illegible] FORM THAN IS PRESENTED IN CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR. [illegible] PURITY OR ECONOMICAL PEOPLE FOR LESS WASTE

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD. BEST SUGAR FOR TEA AND COFFEE.

By grocers everywhere.

JUDSON FREIGHT FORWARDING CO. Reduced rates on household goods to and from [illegible] 149 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1324 [illegible] St. Louis; 851 Tremont Building, Boston; [illegible] San Francisco; 109 Stimson Blk., Los Angeles

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50

Announcements etc., engraved and printed. **Visiting Cards** 100 50c; with case 75c. Monogram stationery. Write for samples.

The Estabrook Press, 181 S. Tremont Street, Boston

Getting On in the World

Steps and Missteps on the Road to Fortune

Waking Up and Soling Exeter

HAVING made my plans to enter Exeter and work my way, I arrived there with only three dollars and twenty-one cents in money, but a large amount of courage and enthusiasm. Seeking plans for earning money, I learned that morning chapel began at 7:50 o'clock. Thereupon I went to a local jeweler and proposed to him that he allow me to sell alarm clocks on a commission. He agreed, and I set out with a dozen clocks under my arm to make a canvass of the dormitories.

I started one alarm ringing to herald my approach, and my errand needed hardly any explanation. The clocks went like hot-cakes at ninety-five cents each, and I soon returned for another supply. On counting up results that night, I found that I had sold twenty clocks and, as my commission on each was fifteen cents, I had made three dollars on my first day. I continued this work until I had supplied the whole student body, when I was several dollars richer as a result of the scheme.

One day, while chatting with some fellows in a room at Exeter, one of them put his foot on the table and I noticed that the sole of his shoe was worn nearly through. When I went out I started for the town cobbler to materialize a scheme for "saving the soles of Exeter students."

I bargained with the cobbler till he agreed to give me ten per cent. on all repair-work which I should bring him. Thereafter I was to be seen watching the feet of my friends, and when I discovered a shoe in need of repair I begged for the privilege of getting it fixed. I got so bold one day as to solicit an instructor for his patronage, and, when I explained my scheme, he laughed heartily and commended me for my originality.

At the end of the term I found that I had taken fifty dollars of work to my cobbler, and, as I chose to take my commission in trade, it procured for me a good pair of shoes. In this manner I managed to shoe myself during my course. —*A. B. C.*

Success Built on Ice Cream

THE first year I was on the road I traveled for a bookbinding house in Chicago. The territory assigned me was in Iowa and, as I was new to the business, I secured very few orders in the first three towns I made. I was feeling pretty blue, as the territory I had was considered a very good one, and I knew that my predecessor had more than made good in it and that the house was expecting a large amount of business from it. I saw that something had to be done, and that at once, if I was to hold my position.

The fourth town I made was a prosperous village in eastern Iowa. I registered at the hotel and, before setting out to solicit orders, I started a conversation with the hotelkeeper in order to get some general information about the town and its people. I noticed that he seemed very much worried about something, and, in the course of our conversation, I asked him what was the matter. He informed me that the leading church of the town, of which he was a member, had advertised an ice-cream supper for that evening and had gone to a great deal of trouble and expense in preparing for it. All the arrangements had been made and a large crowd was expected, both from the town and also from the country round about, when, just at the last minute, the man who was to make the ice cream had been taken sick, and they were unable to find any one who could take his place. It would therefore be necessary to postpone the supper till a later date.

He went on to tell me that he was making arrangements to send out the news of the postponement. I saw at once that here was the chance for me to win favor with the people of the town and thus, perhaps, secure a large number of orders for my house in the next few days. I had often made ice cream in my home town, and had enjoyed quite a local reputation for my skill. I therefore told him not to postpone the supper and tendered my services, which were gratefully accepted. I was unusually fortunate with the cream and the supper proved a great success.

During the evening the pastor of the church, who knew of my circumstances, related the experiences of the day, and gave me and my business a great send-off, recommending me to the members of his church and the townspeople in general. The people showed their appreciation of the service rendered them in a way most gratifying to me, and all I had to do for the next few days was to sit in my room at the hotel and write out orders. This brought me to the notice of the manager of the house, and in a short time he showed his appreciation by increasing my salary. —*X. Y. Z.*

Water from the Old Spring

IT WAS in the winter season, and on the farm we could do little except care for the stock. My brother, aged seventeen, and myself, nineteen, wished that we were city dwellers.

One day I went to the city, about twelve miles distant, to visit my uncle's people. It happened that at that time an epidemic of typhoid fever was raging, due to the infection of the city's water-supply, and the people were compelled to use boiled water for drinking purposes.

As soon as my uncle saw me, by way of a joke, he asked me if I had brought anything to drink with me, and added: "I wish I had some of the water from the old spring on the hillside out at the farm. This boiled water is bad, and I would give a quarter for one good drink of pure, fresh water."

At once the idea struck me that others might feel the same way. Accordingly, I shortened my visit and returned home the next day. I told my brother my plan, and we immediately went to work.

The milk-cans stored away for the winter we hauled out and, by going to our neighbors, we secured cans enough to fill our wagon-box. We drove over to the big spring, filled the cans and drove into the city with the water.

We went around where we were known, and left a pail of good, fresh spring water at each house, telling them that we would bring more for them to buy. After this we hustled around; rented a small storeroom in the centre of the city, inserted ads in the papers, stating that we would have pure spring water on sale at our store for five cents per gallon, and that we would serve free drinking-water to all who would give us a call.

In a few days we were using a load of water a day, and to extend our business we bought a large number of bottles, holding from one to five gallons, selling the water in this shape for ten cents per gallon if the bottles were returned.

We soon had two teams hauling water all the time, and kept one team in the city, delivering water to the various supply stations in different parts of town. Every grocer was glad to handle our goods on a small commission. Each day we changed the supply to insure fresh water to every customer.

A few pictures of the old spring and its surroundings made effective display advertising, and we found that for several months we had a fine paying business. Of course, as soon as the city water supply became good our business was over; but we had cleared over seventeen hundred dollars in a few months, and we had enjoyed our winter immensely. —*C. W. T*

Played at Postman

I AM a boy twelve years old. Two years ago I decided I would like to go to college when I was through high school, and began to lay by something as a college fund.

I noticed that my father mailed about one hundred and twenty-five postals every month to people in our own city. I asked if I could deliver these and have the postage. My father gave his consent. It took one Saturday morning of every month, and I earned between a dollar and a dollar and a quarter, which, if the work had been steady, would have meant more than some men earn.

This I have banked regularly, and I have now over fifty dollars put away for future use. —*H. D. P.*

A FIRE-PROOF Building Brings GREATER Returns

On the Money Invested than it is Possible to Produce from Buildings of Ordinary Construction

One of C[illegible]'s most famous Department Stores
Fire-proofed [illegible] National
Fire Proofing Company

This statement is equally true of buildings for INVESTMENT, to be rented to others, and of buildings to be used directly for the business of the owner or owners.

Individuals or companies contemplating the erection of a building, whether it be a Store Building, Warehouse, Hotel, Factory, Office Building, Hospital, Apartment Building, Bank, Club, Library, Public Building or School, either immediately or in the future, will find it profitable to secure our literature or talk with one of our representatives.

The average man has an idea that fire-proof construction can be considered only in connection with very expensive or elaborate buildings.

We will demonstrate that fire-proof construction is as great an economy and as thoroughly essential for the $50,000 building as for the $1,000,000 building.

We will demonstrate that it "does not pay to build to burn."

Interior view [illegible] during construction [illegible]

We will demonstrate unquestionably the superiority, safety and true economy of our methods and materials.

The National Fire Proofing Company has fire-proofed almost 90 per cent of the celebrated fire-proof buildings in the country, from the famous sky-scrapers of New York, Chicago and other leading cities to hundreds of substantial stores, warehouses, etc., throughout the country.

You cannot afford to build without an investigation as to what we can do for you. Write our Chicago office for literature or any specific information you may desire, or call at any of our offices.

NATIONAL FIRE PROOFING COMPANY

Contractors for Construction Fire-proof Buildings. Manufacturers Terra Cotta Hollow Tile.

CHICAGO, 802 Hartford Building [illegible], 1102 [illegible] Building NEW YORK, 1502 [illegible] Building
PHILADELPHIA, 4-21 [illegible] Bldg BOSTON, 802 [illegible] Building MINNEAPOLIS, 502 [illegible]
ST. LOUIS, 502 [illegible] Building WASHINGTON, 820 [illegible]ado Bldg LOS ANGELES, 502 [illegible] Bldg
LONDON, ENG., 27 Chancery Lane.

Twenty-six Factories Throughout the United States.

A Captivating Car

Studebaker Electric
Victoria Phaeton

Studebaker

"The Automobile with a reputation behind it"

ELECTRIC CARRIAGES

Simple Control — Reliability — Elegance

Studebaker Electric Cars — the Runabout, Stanhope, Victoria Phaeton, Special High Speed Stanhope and Coupe — meet every [illegible].

In appointments, [illegible] and finish, they possess the perfection always associated with Studebaker [illegible].

Mechanically, the Studebaker [illegible] successful type of electric car.

Its operation is within a child's understanding.

[illegible]

The body is scientifically suspended upon two pairs of superb [illegible].

A distinctive feature is the distribution of the batteries' weight [illegible] springs.

This method produces a far easier riding [illegible] than has ever been attained where batteries are [illegible].

For further details send for complete catalog of electric and gasoline automobiles.

Studebaker Automobile Company, South Bend, Ind.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Branches

NEW YORK CITY, Studebaker Bros. Co. of New York PORTLAND, ORE., Studebaker Bros. Co. Northwest
CHICAGO, ILL., Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Studebaker Bros. Co. of Utah.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Studebaker Bros. Co. of Cal. DENVER, COL., Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO., Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co. DALLAS, TEX., Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co.

Selling Agents

BOSTON, MASS., Premier Motor Car and Storage Co. WASHINGTON, D.C., National Automobile Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Titman, Leeds & Co. CLEVELAND, OHIO, Central Automobile Co.
BALTIMORE, MD., Auto Supply and Storage Co. TOLEDO, OHIO, Kirk Bros. Automobile Co.

The New Majestic fly-wheel Washer

Lightest-Running of all Washing Machines and the kindest to your Clothes

Science does away with all the old washer complications and objections; gives new features that make the Majestic the most perfect washing machine ever devised

WITH all its speed and its thoroughness the Guaranteed Majestic washes as carefully as you could by hand. You know what that means when it comes to fine laces, soft woolens and other things that are spoiled when rubbed on the washboard or wrenched by the ordinary washing machine

Those who keep *help* find the Guaranteed Majestic the best solution of the help question. It turns what has long been considered the worst work of the week into a light task that's soon over

Nothing could be daintier, sweeter or whiter than linens washed by the Guaranteed Majestic, which pays for itself in a very few weeks by saving laundry bills and the cost of ruined clothes

Nothing can break or go wrong with the Majestic Washer.

Extra large tub of Virginia White Cedar — the best wood known for washers, tub will never get mouldy or soggy

Inside of tub fully corrugated like a wash-board. The tub is bound with our special **electric-welded wire hoops** sunk in grooves, too strong to break and can not fall off.

The fly-wheel and improved roller bearings make it the lightest running of all machines of its kind.

The Majestic is steam-tight as well as water-tight. Gives out no odor of foul steam, makes no sloppy floors

No clutches, cams or springs to wear or get out of order

No adjustments to make or throw off to get at the inside. Mechanism never in the way. Simply raise the lid

Washes just as well when turned slowly as rapidly. You can turn it either way and with either hand.

The driving pinion is of dropped steel forging as used in the best automobiles

Best means of attaching wringer. You can open and close the washer with the wringer on

Smooth, even motion; does not jerk or tear.

The Guaranteed Majestic works both ways, with either hand, fast or slow No woman is too frail to use it. The roller-bearings run so smooth and the fly-wheel is so well balanced that it almost runs itself, even when washing heavy blankets.

If you have ever thought of buying a Washer—if you are now using any of the clumsy old-model machines—write to-day for the new Majestic facts

The tub is made of seasoned Virginia White Cedar. We are the largest manufacturers of Cedar-ware in the world. We own our own Cedar forests and we are the only makers of a Cedar Washer.

The new Majestic is a wonderful improvement over all other washers. It will positively do all that is claimed for it and more. You get the Majestic right at home of a dealer you know and who guarantees it to you. We stand back of him with our iron-clad Guarantee. It doesn't cost him anything to make good our claims to you

When you buy you ought to have the best.

Whatever you do write to-day for our Book, "A BETTER WAY TO WASH CLOTHES." Needn't enclose any stamps—just say you want the book.

Richmond Cedar Works, Makers of Famous Majestic Washer and Snow-Ball Freezer
170 Orleans Street, Richmond, Va.

Post Cards One Cent Each

"And the [illegible]"

"Here's Something to Look Into"

"I [illegible] Drop You [illegible] Line"

"You Are Expected"

1 I am carrying out your orders.
2 I [illegible] here.
3 [illegible]
4 Take a t[illegible] me.
5 [illegible]
6 [illegible]
7 [illegible] that pass in the (k) night
8 [illegible]
9 [illegible]
10 Here's something to look into
11 [illegible]
12 I have a very perplexing problem on my hands
13 What do you think about it?
14 The way I feel
15 I am doing a rushing (Russian) business
16 Love at first sight.
17 I am one of the push
18 Don't be a brute.
19 I'm struggling toward the top
20 I hope I will be able to get away
21 I [illegible] to no one but you.
22 [illegible]
23 [illegible] back to me
24 [illegible]
25 [illegible] start [illegible]
26 [illegible] express my feelings
27 [illegible]
28 I will be up as soon as possible.
29 It was a great blow out.
30 [illegible]
31 I felt rather small
32 I'm a howling success
33 Rubber
34 Say all the good things you can about me.
35 [illegible] need the dough
36 [illegible]
37 [illegible]
38 [illegible]
39 [illegible]
40 [illegible]
41 [illegible]
42 I've grown a couple of feet since I saw you
43 I ran into an old acquaintance
44 My work is a steady grind.
45 I entertained last evening
46 Watching the sun (son) rise
47 I did not expect you to go off so soon.
48 Once is enough
49 Fired with enthusiasm
50 I'm going to strike for a raise.

Any 10 Post Cards 10 cents, 30 for 25 cents, 50 for 40 cents. These post cards are **in many colors**, regular size, all ready for mailing. Best and funniest post cards on the market. 10 extra post cards in colors (not comic) **FREE** with every 25 cent order. Not less than 10 post cards sold. Order by number. Stamps taken. Satisfaction guaranteed. **UNITED SPECIALTY COMPANY** (Inc.), 94 Dearborn Street, Desk 182, CHICAGO

Write to-day

Catalog free with full information

Motsinger Auto-Sparker

starts and runs
Gas Engines without Batteries.

[illegible] starter

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG CO
[illegible] Main Street [illegible] U.S.A.

I Teach Sign Painting

Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail [illegible]. My [illegible]. My graduates are successful. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.

Chas J Strong, Pres
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Dept. B, Detroit, Mich.
"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind"

---

60 DAYS TRIAL

gives you an opportunity of taking off two hatches and then [illegible] machine. Send back if not satisfactory. Send for free illustrated catalog

We pay freight

AMERICAN BROODER CO.
Box 98, Racine, Wis.

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

ROCKING-CHAIR TIPS

OF SOFT RUBBER

prevent base boards and furniture being scratched. If your dealer [illegible] 15 cents pair, two pairs 25 cents.

ELASTIC TIP CO., 370 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.
We Make Rubber Tips for [illegible]

---

10 Gillette Blades 25c

Send 10 dull blades with 25c, coin or stamps. 2c each for extra blades. We resharpen better than new and return in a neat mailing case for future use. Give your name and address plainly.
Chemical Steel Co., 7 W. Madison St., Chicago

GOING WEST? Reduced rates, through cars for household goods. To and from Colorado, Utah and Pacific Coast points.
TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT CO
Room 507, 215 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

The New CADILLAC Model G

Persistent demand by motorists everywhere, especially among Cadillac enthusiasts, for a thoroughly high-grade, medium-powered, four-cylinder automobile, at a price somewhat lower than the large touring cars, has led to the production of our new Cadillac Model G.

Thus early in the season this racy new type has been universally accepted as a notable example of advanced automobile engineering. The motor, conservatively rated at 20 horse power, is finished in its vital parts to gauges that insure mechanical accuracy to the thousandth of an inch. It is equipped with our automatic ring type governor, which when set by the lever at the steering wheel for a certain speed will practically maintain that speed under all road conditions, up hill or down. A new type of muffler is used, giving a silent exhaust, at the same time almost entirely eliminating back pressure.

Direct shaft drive; transmission of a selective type sliding gear, with gears of a new design that facilitates meshing without crashing and grinding. Direct drive on high speed with no gears in mesh. Wheel base, 100 inches, stylish body design

At every stage of designing and finishing, Model G has received all the care and thought that could possibly be given a car costing twice as much. Like the other Cadillac Models it is the car for the critical motorist who wants to know why before he buys. Let your dealer show you by giving you a demonstration.

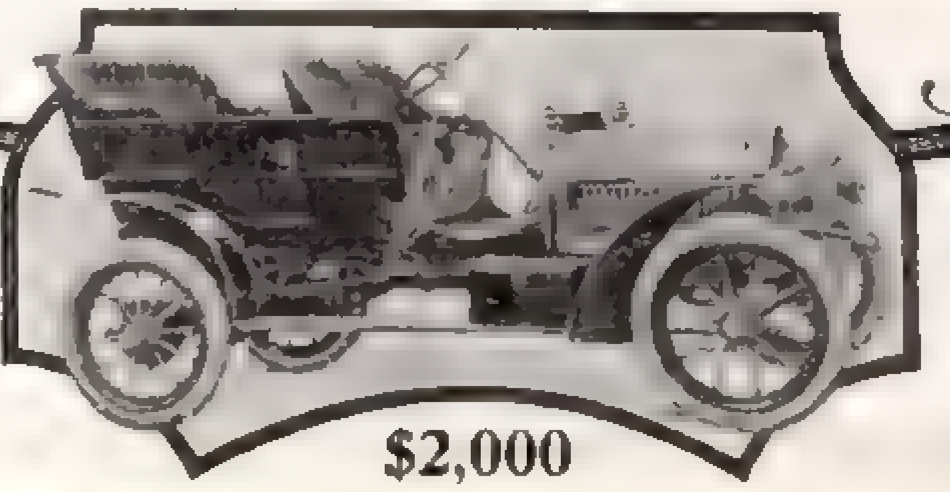
Model G — 20 h. p. Four-Cylinder Touring Car; $2,000. (Described in Catalog G O)
Model H — 30 h. p. Four-Cylinder Touring Car, $2,500. (Described in Catalog H O)
Model M — 10 h. p. Four passenger car, $950. (Described in Catalog M O)
Model K — 10 h. p. Runabout; $800. (Described in Catalog M O)

All prices F. O. B. Detroit; Lamps not included.

Send for special Catalog of car in which you are interested, as above designated.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.

[illegible]



$2,000

Sense and Nonsense

EZ Words 4 Little 1s

THERE was once an FMN8 J.

His name was EZKL MRE and he came from 10SE.

His FMNAC was so great that he used perfume.

He used it so much in XS that it would continually MN8 from his person.

1 day a CD guy said he ought to LMN8 it from his make-up.

This made him an NME of the FMN8 J, who killed him off with great XPDNC and continued the even 10R of his ways.

But not for long did he roam the LEZN fields of happiness; he was made 2 feel the B9 majesty of the law and was cast into JL.

The JLR treated him very badly.

He 8 nothing but bread and water, and was B10 B4 and after every meal.

His bed was made of XLCR.

This treatment began 2 MAC8 him so that he sought 2 LEV8 his condition.

2 this end he adopted the XPDN'T of making an APL 2 his XLNC the Governor

But thru the QPDT of the YLE JLR it never reached its destination.

He then sent an MSRE direct when he found that the FAKC of that method was not sufficient.

The MSRE was an XLNT man and it was EZ for him to C the Governor.

He sought MED8 release for his client, but his NRG was unavailing and had no FX.

He put a great RA of facts B4 his XLNC the Governor, but could not get him 2 X10U8 his client's punishment.

He had to admit that he was B10 and came back MT-handed.

This did not L8 the prisoner very much.

It was decided that he should XP8 his crime on the gallows.

But the MSRE, considering the MNNC of his client, made another attempt.

His ZL was rewarded and he 1 his case.

The sentence was commuted to XIL for 9T years. —*H. A. M.*

A Self-Insured Currency

"I HAVE many financial propositions put up to me," said Secretary Shaw, "but the one I got last week was the star of them all.

"A man from New York came to see me and said he had a sure cure for financial stringency, for money scarcity and for all other ills our financial system is heir to.

"'You are just the man I want to see,' I told him. 'We have been looking for that solution for a century. What is it?'

"'Simple enough,' he told me. 'I thought it out myself. The way to get more money is to issue a billion dollars' worth of greenbacks.'

"'Yes,' I said; 'but what will secure the greenbacks?'

"'Why,' he replied, 'that is the simple part of it. After you have issued your billion dollars' worth of greenbacks then issue a billion dollars' worth of bonds to secure them and hold the bonds.'"

What He Really Wanted

REPRESENTATIVE TAWNEY, of Minnesota, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, sent out some of his quota of garden seeds to his constituents a week or two ago.

One man in Winona wrote to Tawney: "*Dear Jim:* I received your seeds, but I don't care much for them. If you really want to do something for me, please send me up a suit of that newfangled union underwear."

The Wrong Bishop

WHEN the President was 150 miles off Panama on his recent trip to the Isthmus he sent a wireless message to Panama which read:

"Bishop, Panama. Want to see you as soon as the ship gets in," and signed it "Theodore Roosevelt."

The message was picked up at Colon and was read with much amazement. The officials forgot that Joseph Bucklin Bishop, the secretary of the canal commission, was in Colon and that possibly he might be meant, but sent the message across to Panama to the Bishop of Panama, a venerable prelate.

The Bishop was astonished and pleased. They made up a special train for him over the Panama road and brought him to Colon next morning.

As soon as the Louisiana came to anchor the Bishop of Panama put off and was received aboard.

The President was a bit flustered when he found his first visitor was the Bishop of Panama. He inquired diplomatically to what he owed the honor of the visit.

"Why, your Excellency sent for me by telegraph," said the Bishop.

"Oh, my dear sir," replied the President, "I am sorry you have been put to all this trouble. I didn't mean you at all. I meant my little non-episcopal Bishop."

Uncle Joe's Postscript

REPRESENTATIVE CUSHMAN, of Washington, came to Speaker Cannon with a letter written by the Speaker himself.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I got this letter from you yesterday and I couldn't read it. After I studied it quite a spell I showed it to twenty or thirty of the fellows in the House and, between us, we have spelled out all the words except those last three. We can't make them out. I want to know if you won't translate those last three words?"

Uncle Joe took the letter and studied it. "Those last three words that stuck you and everybody else," he said, "are 'Personal and Confidential.'"

A Matrimonial Assignment

JUST before they sailed for Europe a few weeks ago Eleanor Gates and her husband, Richard Walton Tully, got reminiscent and related with much glee how they met and married.

The lady was at that time a department editor of the Oakland (California) Enquirer, which means on the Pacific Coast a reporter, when a lot of big stories come into the office. Tully was a correspondent in a nearby college town. In two years not a single "good story" had come up in his territory, and one morning he decided to chance it, and go to a matinée in San Francisco.

Of course, the unexpected happened. A friend on the train told him of a reported suicide of a child that looked as if it might be a murder. The young man made tracks for the place.

At the door there came before him a vision, a little, blue-eyed girl with a notebook in her hand and a serene expression. Richard Tully said, in describing that moment:

"She stopped me short. Then she said: 'Where have you been? Gracious, we've been trying to get you! You're Mr. Tully, aren't you? I'm Miss Gates, of the Enquirer. What do you know about this murder? Have you got anything more than I have? You go and talk with the neighbors. I think it's murder instead of suicide. I'll get over to the office, and write the stuff I've got.'

"Oh, I was scared. I thought she was going to squeal, and tell at the office how I wasn't on deck. But in about two minutes I saw she wasn't that kind of girl."

"So he went ahead and found out some more corroborative circumstances," said Eleanor Gates. "We got enough, anyhow, to put up a good story. I didn't squeal, but I did say to a friend, when I got back to the office: 'That boy in Berkeley doesn't know a blessed thing about that case.'

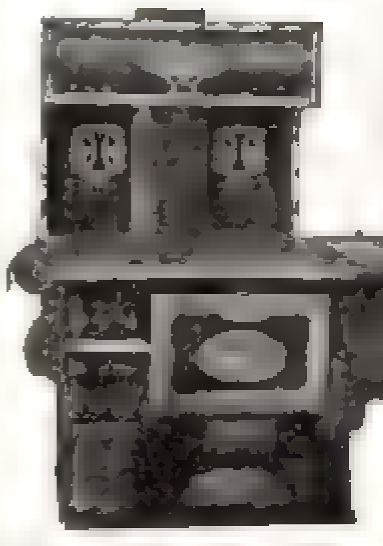
"We worked it up together, though, and it was a murder."

All this was long before Miss Gates branched out as a novelist, though her Reminiscences of a Prairie Girl were then in the making, and her Plow Woman had been thought of. Since that time Tully has become a dramatist, and his Rose of the Rancho, done in collaboration with David Belasco, has been produced.

They were married while they were in college, in the University of California, thereby setting a fashion which has worried the president of the University nearly to distraction.

"But there has never been a divorce granted among these college marriages," says Eleanor Gates. "It's a fashion we're very proud to have set."

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"


ROYAL STEEL RANGE
For All Kinds of Fuel

Kalamazoos are fuel savers,—
They last a lifetime—
Economical in all respects—
They are low in price and high in quality,—
They are easily operated and quickly set up and made ready for business,—
Buy from the actual manufacturer,—
Your money refunded if everything is not exactly as represented.
You keep in your own pocket the dealers' and jobbers' profits when you buy a Kalamazoo.

OAK STOVE HEATER
For All Kinds of Fuel

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

We want to prove to you that you cannot buy a better stove or range than the Kalamazoo, at any price.

We want to show you *how* and *why* you save from 20% to 40% in buying direct from our factory at factory prices.
If you think $5, or $10, or $40, worth saving

Send Postal for Catalogue No. 152

Examine our complete line of stoves and ranges for all kinds of fuel. Note the high quality, compare our prices with others and then decide to buy from actual manufacturers and save all middlemen's profits. Catalog shows [illegible] styles and sizes for all kinds of fuel. Write now. Sold on 360 Days Approval Test.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Mich.

All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are fitted with patent oven thermometer which makes baking and roasting easy. All stoves blacked, polished and ready for immediate use when you receive them.

Oven Thermometer

THE EDUCATOR WAY COMFORT ROOM FOR FIVE TOES

EDUCATOR SHOE

REGISTERED.

THE WRONG WAY DISCOMFORT—PINCHED TOES

FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.

Made in the same uniform style for every member of the family in Russia Calf, Patent Calf and Vici Kid, with best Oak Tanned Soles

In all the world there's no shoe like this for solid comfort.

	SIZES	
INFANTS' . .	5 to 8,	$1.50
CHILD'S . . .	8½ to 11,	$1.75
MISSES' . . .	11½ to 2,	$2.00
WOMEN'S . .	2½ to 7,	$4.00
GIRLS' . . .	2½ to 6,	$2.50
BOYS' . . .	1 to 5,	$2.50
MEN'S	6 to 11, .	$4.00 and $5.00

By mail 25 cents extra. Made by

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.,
17 High Street, Boston, Mass.
World shoemakers for the whole family.

Our "Family Footwear" Catalogue, showing shoes for every requirement. 'Tis Free. Send for it to-day.

"Lets the foot grow as it should"

IMPERIAL HAT $3

You can bend and twist an **Imperial** soft hat any way you wish. You can put an **Imperial Derby** under a spigot without hurting the hat. That's because the material in an **Imperial Hat** is the best quality money can buy. Don't expect to find this **Imperial** quality in anything but an **Imperial Hat**. The Imperial Guarantee is part of your purchase; is always equivalent to the $3.00 that you pay to the dealer. The best hatter in each town is the Imperial agent. We enumerate a few of our vast list of agents

Hackett, Carhart & Co., New York; Snellenburg & Co., Philadelphia; Kaufmann Bros., Pittsburg; The May Co., Cleveland; Mosley & Carew Co., Cincinnati; Cooper & Woolworth, Kansas City, Mo.; [illegible] San Francisco; [illegible] Bros., Seattle; [illegible] Memphis, Tenn.; [illegible] Birmingham, Ala.; Geo. Muse Clothing Co., Atlanta, Ga.; [illegible] Montgomery, Ala.; J. L. [illegible], Charleston, S. C.; [illegible] Hat [illegible], Davenport, Ia.; Browning, King & Co., Providence, R. I.; [illegible] South Bend, Ind.; F. L. Miller, Wheeling, W. Va.; J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.; C. A. Bond & Co., Columbus, Ohio; [illegible], Ft. Smith, Ark.; Davidson Clothing Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

We'd like to name them all, but we do it to better advantage in our "style book" which we will send you on request.

When required we fill orders direct from mail order customers. State size worn and style desired by encircling hat pictured herewith. We've a fuller representation in our cleverly arranged Style Book, which we'd like to send you with our compliments.

Samuel Mundheim Co., 17 Astor Place, New York

A Fence Like This at 20 Cents a Foot

A handsome and durable lawn fence. Gates, ready to erect, $2.50 up. Fence and gate finished in white. Any length or height. Agents wanted. Free Booklet.

ACME WIRE FENCE CO., 603 E. Atwater St., Detroit, Mich.

FLOWERS

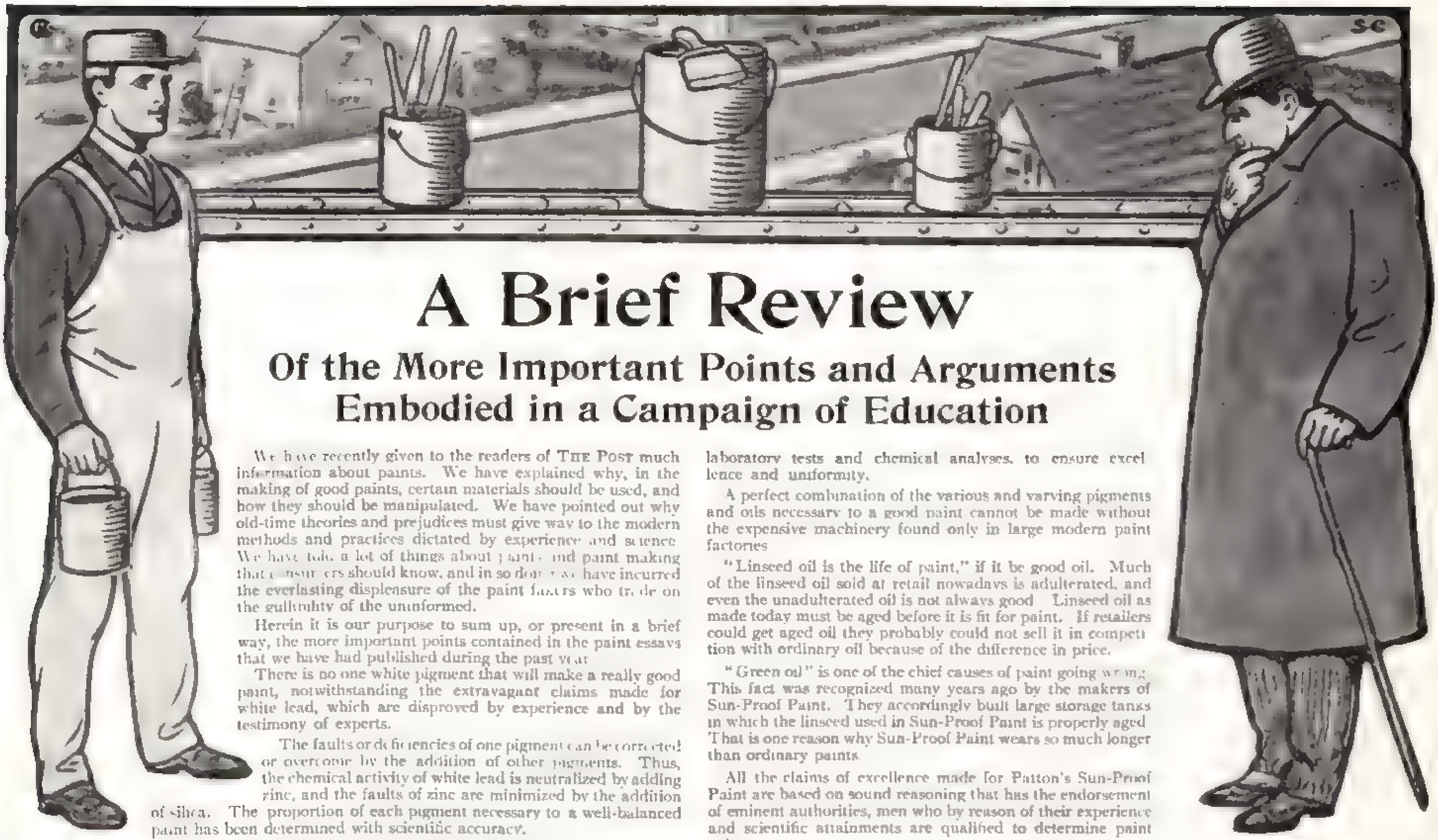
Few people outside the South know that the Cotton Plant has a large and beautiful flower. It is the only plant known which has red and white blooms on the same stalk. It is an attractive plant either for house or yard, and is very easily grown. It will bloom and mature anywhere in the U. S. if planted according to directions. A liberal package of seed for 10c.

STANDARD SEED CO., Box 912, Hickory, N. C.

PATENTS

No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide*.

Franklin H. Hough, Loan and Trust Bldg, Washington, D. C.



A Brief Review

Of the More Important Points and Arguments Embodied in a Campaign of Education

We have recently given to the readers of THE POST much information about paints. We have explained why, in the making of good paints, certain materials should be used, and how they should be manipulated. We have pointed out why old-time theories and prejudices must give way to the modern methods and practices dictated by experience and science. We have told a lot of things about paints and paint making that consumers should know, and in so doing we have incurred the everlasting displeasure of the paint fakers who trade on the gullibility of the uninformed.

Herein it is our purpose to sum up, or present in a brief way, the more important points contained in the paint essays that we have had published during the past year.

There is no one white pigment that will make a really good paint, notwithstanding the extravagant claims made for white lead, which are disproved by experience and by the testimony of experts.

The faults or deficiencies of one pigment can be corrected or overcome by the addition of other pigments. Thus, the chemical activity of white lead is neutralized by adding zinc, and the faults of zinc are minimized by the addition of silica. The proportion of each pigment necessary to a well-balanced paint has been determined with scientific accuracy.

In truth, guesswork has no place in modern paint making. The compatibility of pigments and colors, the drying qualities of the oil, the strength of the driers—the purity and paint value of every ingredient—are all carefully considered and accurately determined. To make good, dependable paint, the materials must be selected with care, which means laboratory tests and chemical analyses, to ensure excellence and uniformity.

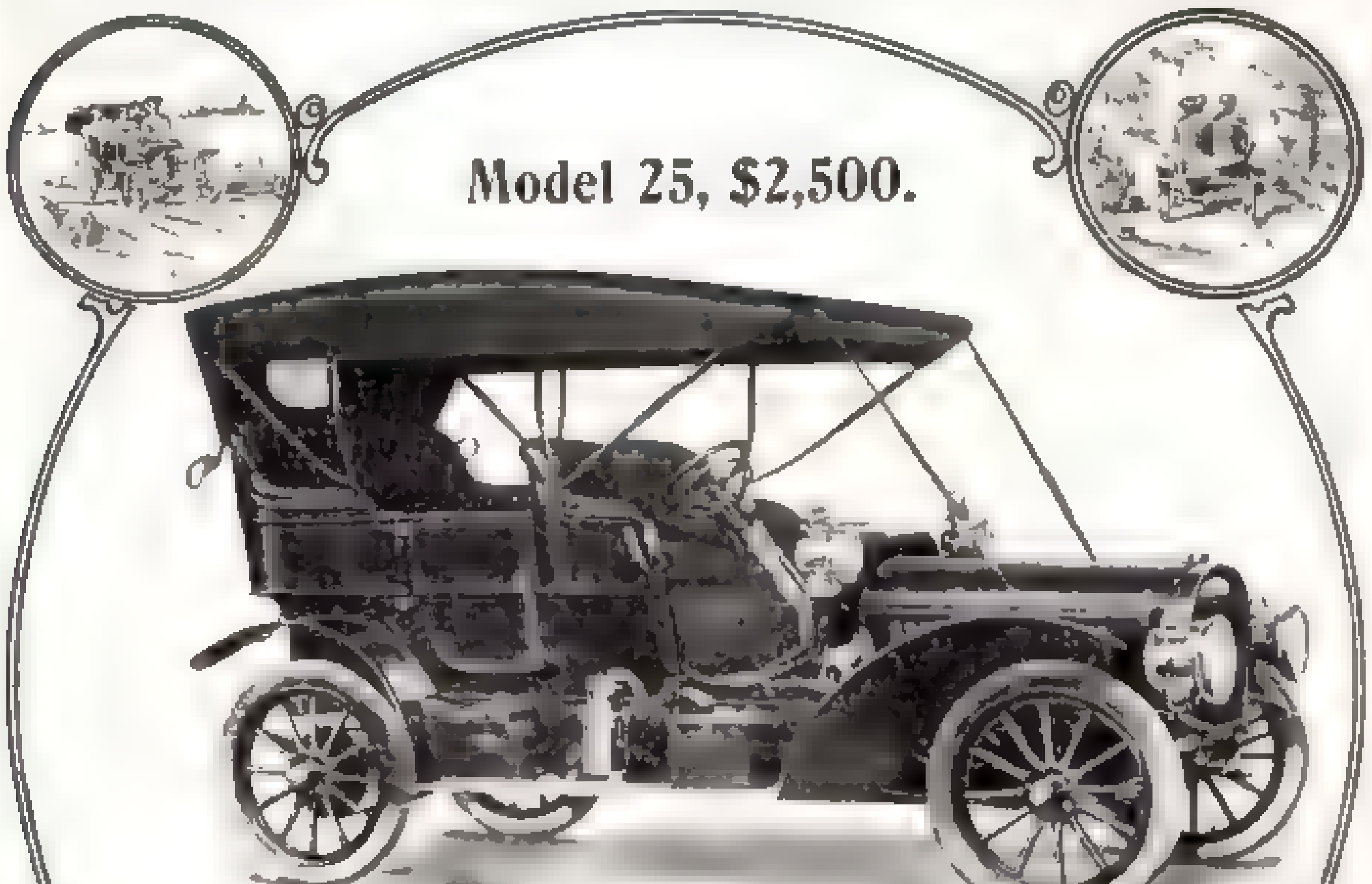
A perfect combination of the various and varying pigments and oils necessary to a good paint cannot be made without the expensive machinery found only in large modern paint factories.

"Linseed oil is the life of paint," if it be good oil. Much of the linseed oil sold at retail nowadays is adulterated, and even the unadulterated oil is not always good. Linseed oil as made today must be aged before it is fit for paint. If retailers could get aged oil they probably could not sell it in competition with ordinary oil because of the difference in price.

"Green oil" is one of the chief causes of paint going wrong. This fact was recognized many years ago by the makers of Sun-Proof Paint. They accordingly built large storage tanks in which the linseed used in Sun-Proof Paint is properly aged. That is one reason why Sun-Proof Paint wears so much longer than ordinary paints.

All the claims of excellence made for Patton's Sun-Proof Paint are based on sound reasoning that has the endorsement of eminent authorities, men who by reason of their experience and scientific attainments are qualified to determine paint values.

If you have not read the instructive and interesting paint essays recently published in THE POST, you should do so. You can get copies of them and a beautiful color-chart free by addressing the PATTON PAINT COMPANY 231 Lake Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Model 25, $2,500.

Rambler

A powerful, staunch and serviceable touring car built for the most trying service.

The new balanced clutch, in conjunction with the 40 h. p. four-cylinder motor and side chain drive, give road qualities of the highest order.

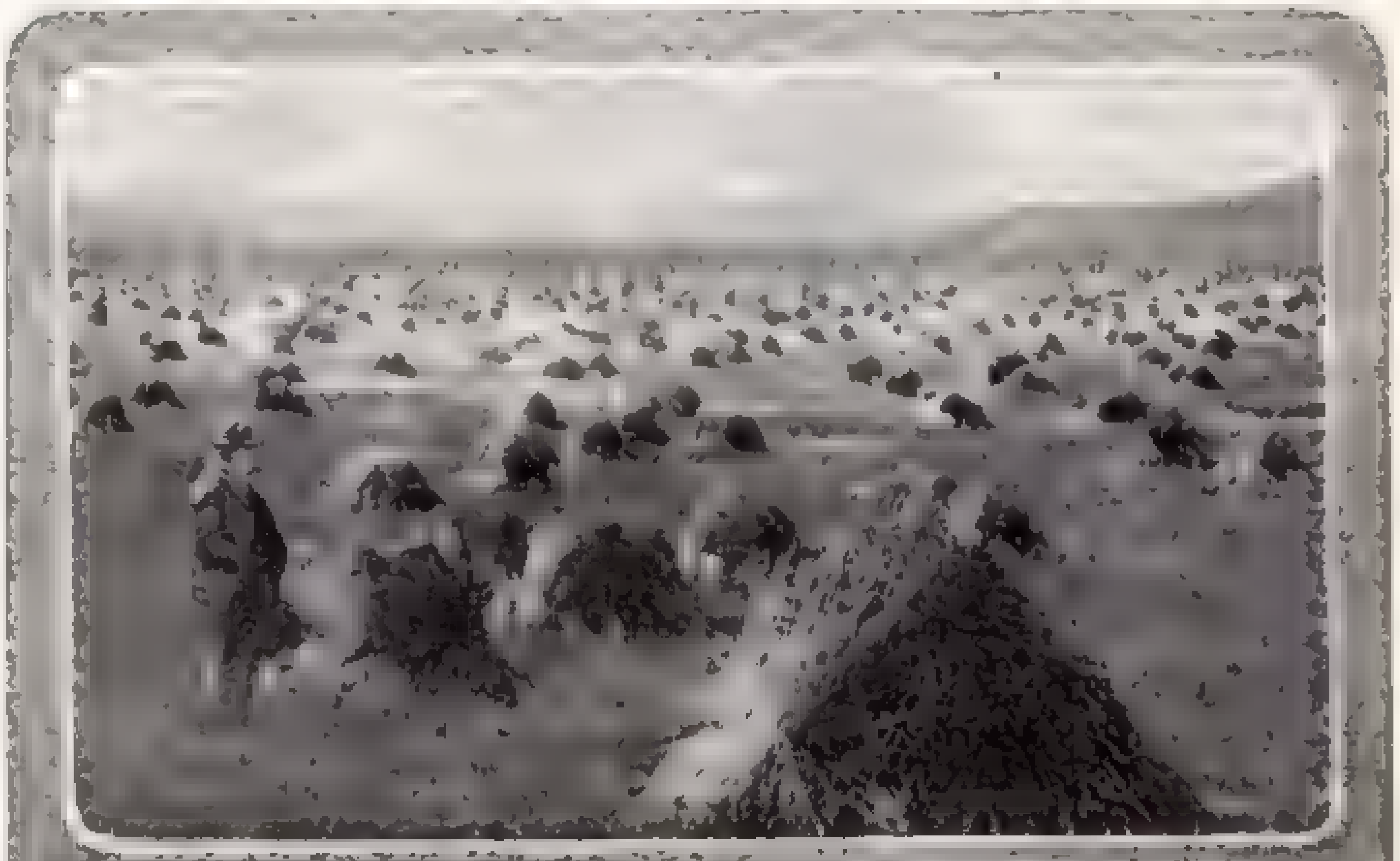
The leader of five models, all good and each a leader of its class.

Our new 1907 catalog describes them all and is at your service. Write to-day, it contains much information of value to YOU.

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

Branches:
Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.
New York Agency, 38-40 W. 62nd Street. Representatives in all leading cities.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company



The Way to Independence

Young men—men of energy—do you wish to progress—go where opportunities are plentiful—where land is cheap—where the farmer is richly rewarded for his labor? Would you like to engage in business? Plenty of openings along the lines of the GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY in

MONTANA

GREAT FALLS, MONT.
MAX BASS,
DEAR SIR: I came here from Herkimer, N. Y., in 1903 with but very little money. I bought 160 acres, for $1,000 paying $300 down. Last year I raised over 2,500 bushels of wheat, which sold for seventy-five cents a bushel in Great Falls. I can make more money here in one year than I could in New York state in five.
G. D. NICOLAI.

The opening of the Flathead Reservation to settlement. The fertile lands in the Great Judith Basin, and the government irrigation projects in the Milk River, Sun River and Lower Yellowstone Valleys, offer splendid opportunities to men of moderate means. Montana Bulletin 79 tells all about them. Sent free on request.

MAX BASS, General Immigration Agent, 220 South Clark Street, Chicago

Low Rates during March and April.

GENTLEMEN
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE, NEATNESS, AND COMFORT WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

The name is stamped on every loop —

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG — NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

[illegible] 50 [illegible] 25c
Mailed on receipt of price

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY

$3000
Cash Prizes for Short Stories
The CIRCLE *Magazine*

will pay this amount as follows: First Prize, $[illegible] Second, [illegible] Third, $[illegible]00 each; Fourth, $[illegible] [illegible] Seventh, [illegible] Ninth and Tenth Prizes, $[illegible]0 each [illegible] prizes will [illegible] to authors if postage is enclosed. Contest closes May 31, 1907.

THE [illegible] for six years [illegible] [illegible] THE CIRCLE [illegible]

Full particulars and [illegible] the February number of THE CIRCLE

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
44-60 East Twenty-Third Street, New York

Peerless Motors
Are Not Perfect

But as near it as Good Design, Good Materials, Good Workmanship and exact "Know How" make possible.

"Peerless Motors are Good Motors"

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

The Peerless Electric Co.
Factory and Gen'l Offices, WARREN, OHIO, U.S.A.
C. C. Hall, 130 W. 15th St., New York.
Lindsley & Allen Elect. Co., 207-209 Eddy St., Providence, R. I.
R. W. Swift, 35 Lafayette Ave., Detroit
Am. Type Founders Co., 1[illegible] No. Broadway, Los Angeles.
Fobes Supply Co., 1406 First Ave., Seattle.
Anderson & Nachman, 310 Dearborn St., Chicago
Elect. Mach. & Spec. Co., 204-206 Franklin Ave., St. Louis
Ben F. Barbour Plbg. & Elec. Co., 2119 3rd St., Birmingham, Ala.
Pacific States Type Foundry, 506 Clay St., San Francisco

5% GUARANTEED
8% PAID DURING THE PAST SEVEN YEARS
STATE PROTECTION

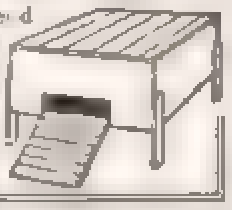
Your savings securely invested and all the earnings yours. Write for booklet.

Guarantee Trust Company, of Georgia
ATLANTA, GA.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

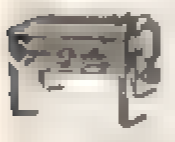
[illegible] system — written with only nine characters. [illegible] Chicago Correspondence Schools, 738 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

125 Egg Incubator and Brooder BOTH FOR **$10**



If ordered together we send [illegible] $10 [illegible] [illegible] Our free catalog describes them.

WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO.
Box 66 Racine, Wis.



Globe Incubators

hatch eggs while you sleep. Fine illustrated Catalog of Incubators, Brooders and Poultry Supplies free.

C. C. SHOEMAKER & CO., Box 732, Freeport, Ill.

The Cave Man

(Continued from Page 11)

is a matter of personal contact and influence. Some of the stockholders he knew well, and when he called up these they were sympathetic, and agreed to stand by him. But somehow he felt they were influenced less by their reason and personal preference than by consideration for his illness. With a great majority, even of the largest stockholders, he was unacquainted. Time and again he tried to imagine himself urging his cause into a vulcanite receiver, but he only succeeded in appearing in his own eyes what is known as a squealer, and, perhaps, also a prig.

In this crisis Wistar felt himself forced to measures of desperation. His financial resources, he felt sure, were greater than Penrhyn was aware. In behalf of the industry which for two years he had held in his own ten fingers, and which was his one real interest in life, he was willing to risk his last dollar if need be; but even at that he felt himself forced to an expedient which in the old days he would not have thought possible to him — he began making his purchases on margin.

It was not a new experience. Once a doctrinary trust-buster, he had become the heart and soul of a gigantic consolidation, which awakened in him large ambitions. Now, laboring in a life-or-death struggle for honor and righteous power, he took up with methods which he had always abhorred as the invention of the stock-speculator and the predatory manipulator of markets.

By so doing he multiplied many times his purchasing power, so that he was able to double, perhaps to treble, the holdings of any of his associates.

It is true that in this he took no great risk. Large as his purchases had been, they had been so skillfully distributed over so many weeks that they had advanced the price of securities by a very few points. If he won there might be a slight reaction; but, with the situation in his own hands, there would be no permanent loss. If he failed to secure control he would be the first to know it, and so have the drop on the market when it came time to sell. In the matter of mere dollars he was, in fact, virtual master of the situation. He had been accustomed to say that the big men of Wall Street played with marked cards, with loaded dice. Well, that was just what he was doing now.

If he had any twinges of conscience at backsliding from his ideals they were silenced by the fact that, as the last resort, there was only one other course open to him — to abandon the combination and range himself against it with Minot and the rest of the independents. This he was unwilling to contemplate, for, not to mention the new ambitions of the past two years, it would certainly mean that he must work that very injury to Judith to avoid which he had, in the first instance, joined the combination.

Yet, great as was his wealth, it became gradually evident that, even at the most liberal estimate of the aid he might command from his friends, it was not great enough. The securities of American Motor were valued by the hundreds, not tens, of millions. Whether by hook or by crook, it was presently manifest that he would not be able to secure enough stock to control the approaching election of officers.

When the outlook was darkest, however, fortune placed in his hands an unexpected resource, in fact a trump card. It had taken his detectives only a few days to discover that, while Andrews was living in a manner which for him was positively sumptuous, he had no steady employment and no source of income beyond the meagre Sunday gleanings from his hat, passed in Madison Square. With the first of a new month, however, they saw him make a midnight journey to Penrhyn's rooms, which was immediately followed by a period of riotous living. A single occasion of this sort might be a coincidence; but when it was repeated once and again it became evident that the man was living by blackmail.

The chain of circumstantial evidence was now complete enough to justify the most incisive action.

Wistar promptly summoned Minot and dispatched him on an errand of diplomacy to Mr. Sears.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

100 Cigars direct *from* FACTORY $2.50

Lord Edwin Cigar Co's
Old Fashioned
Havana Smokers
BOUND TO PLEASE THE SMOKER WHO KNOWS HAVANA TOBACCO

THEY'RE made the way cigars were made in olden times — the kind the Cuban planter rolls for his own use — blunt at both ends. All the goodness of the leaf rolled up into cigar enjoyment. Crude smokers, to be sure, when compared with the "polished" show-case cigar of the present day. But that does *not* depreciate their quality though it *does* make a price difference. These Old Fashioned Havana Smokers are made in the good old fashioned way — without a binder.

That the absence of the binder does not detract from the quality of the cigar is proven by the fact that the finest cigars, those made on the island of Cuba by Spanish workmen, are made without a binder.

We have perfected a method of manufacturing cigars without a binder which enables us to produce them at a lower cost than if binders were used.

Old Fashioned Havana Smokers

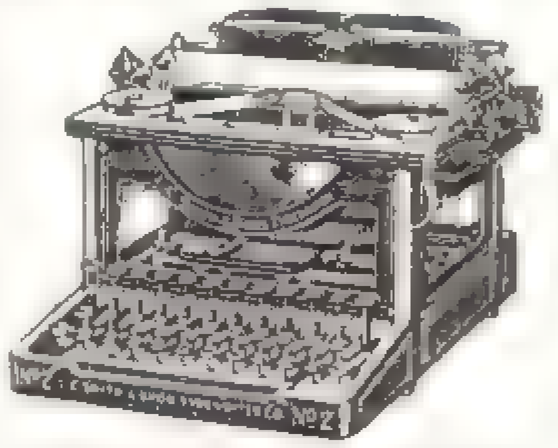
are made of Havana tobacco, they are four inches long and equal in all respects to imported cigars. We have made them in the old fashioned shape known as *Brevas*. They're not smoothly rolled, as it would mean three times the cost of production were we to "shape them." We absolutely guarantee that they will burn evenly no matter how carelessly they may be smoked — something no manufacturer ever guaranteed heretofore. They are indeed 2 for a quarter cigars in all respects except appearance. They're wrapped in tin-foil, which keeps them in perfect condition and saves them from breakage in transportation.

Send us $2.50 for 100 of these cigars (we pay expressage). At this price we can sell only for cash, we can't even accept C. O. D. orders — but the day you feel that you would rather have your money than the cigars — it's yours.

If you can't see how it's possible we'll "show you." Send us 15 two cent stamps to cover cost (and 6c for postage) and we will mail you a miniature duplicate of the original box containing 12 of these Old Fashioned Havana Smokers. Remember — only one to a reader. Get "Acquainted" for 30c.

Lord Edwin Cigar Co. Dept. A, 67-69 W. 125th St., New York
REFERENCES
U. S. Exchange Bank, N. Y., Dun's and Bradstreet's

The crude typewriter of the eighties was well enough then, but attachments won't make an old machine modern. The
L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER
stands for 1907 and 1917 — ten years ahead of all others.



"ALL the Writing ALWAYS in Sight."

Twenty years of dead-in-earnest work bettering typewriters has resulted in producing this one perfect mechanical marvel — the L. C. SMITH & BROS. Typewriter. Twenty years of thinking — planning — executing.

The typewriter we offer to-day was built right in the first place. We waited until we had our plans perfected — then we acted. The result is the fastest-growing typewriter business in the world.

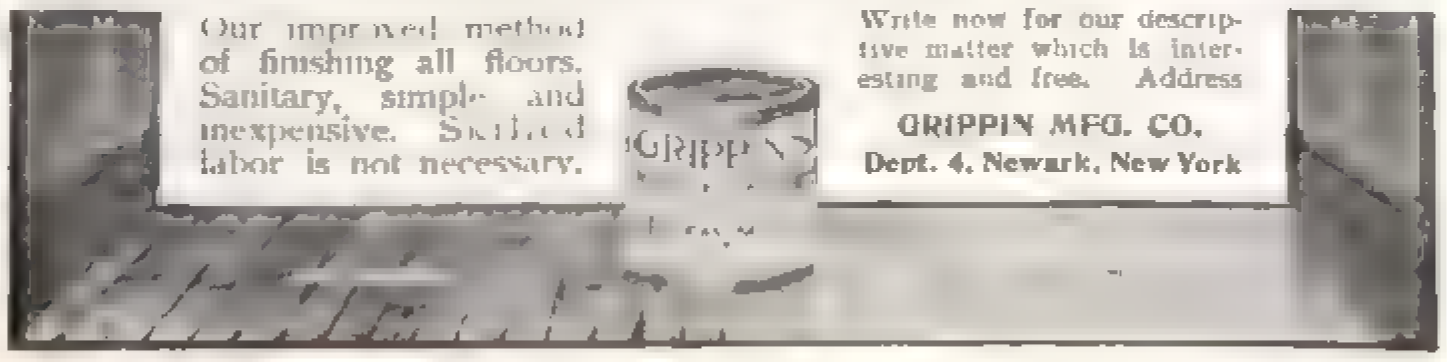
Write for free illustrated catalogue

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.
BRANCH STORES AND EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS IN ALL LARGE CITIES.

Which Floor Do You Prefer?

If the one to the right, let us tell you how easily it is done in thousands of homes, offices, institutions, hotels, stores, schools, etc., by the use of

GRIPPIN'S FLOOR CRACK FILLER AND FINISHES



Our improved method of finishing all floors. Sanitary, simple and inexpensive. Skilled labor is not necessary.

Write now for our descriptive matter which is interesting and free. Address

GRIPPIN MFG. CO.
Dept. 4, Newark, New York

Conservative Banking By Mail

It's safe and practical for you to deposit money in this strong savings bank, wherever you live. We allow

4 Per Cent Interest

and can meet the requirements of the most exacting depositors. Send today for free booklet "A" telling all about our system of Banking by Mail

The Cleveland Trust Company
(Savings Bank)
CLEVELAND, OHIO
Capital $2,500,000.00 Surplus $2,500,000.00
68,000 Depositors

WURLITZER
BAND
INSTRUMENTS

We Supply the U. S. Government.
Prices Cut in Half
to introduce. Our large [illegible]
Sent Free. Write to-day.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
172 E. 4th St. Cincinnati or 266 Wabash Ave. Chicago Ill.

Invest in
New York State Steel Co. 5% Bonds
Niagara Falls Power Co. 6% Bonds.
Write to-day for descriptive circular.
Meadows, Williams & Co., Bankers
Buffalo, N. Y.
Members—New York Stock Exchange, Chicago Board of Trade and [illegible]

EASTER SPOON
Sterling Silver of Special Easter Design
[illegible] 25c [illegible]
of Easter gifts, wedding presents, fine leather goods, jewelry [illegible] FREE
The Warren Mansfield Co

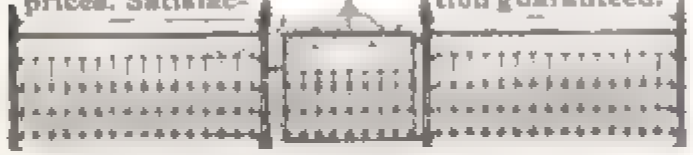
WORKING GLOVES FOR MEN & WOMEN
Complete Protection for Hands and Wrists
Used in all kinds of work [illegible]
Durable and Roomy
[illegible] per pair, 3 pairs for [illegible]
Fremont Mitten & Glove Co., 35 Wood St. Fremont, O.

PERNIN SHORTHAND
The SHORT-CUT to Success. Quickly learned, rapid and as legible as print.
No Shading. No Position. Few Word Signs.
Thousands of students quickly and thoroughly prepared for lucrative positions by our Correspondence Courses. Text-books free to pupils.
Write for TRIAL LESSON, text-book on approval
The Pernin Shorthand Inst., Dept. C, Detroit.

POULTRY KEEPING WITH PROFIT
[illegible]
CYPHERS INCUBATORS
[illegible]
Cyphers Incubator Co., [illegible] Chicago, Kansas City, Oakland, [illegible]

ENGINEERING
offers the broadest field of development [illegible] young man. Our courses in Civil Engineering [illegible] and Electrical Engineering fit you for [illegible] positions in the world. Will you take the first [illegible] clip this advertisement, mail it to-day, and receive free our 200 page hand-book describing our 60 courses in Engineering work. It IS WORTH WHILE
Do not delay but write now
AMERICAN SCHOOL of CORRESPONDENCE, Chicago, Ill.
Mention SAT. EVE. POST, Feb. 23

ORNAMENTAL FENCES
Iron or Wire, built to order. The finest at lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.



ENTERPRISE FOUNDRY & FENCE CO.,
Write our factory. 301 S. Senate. Indianapolis, Ind.

PATENTS that PROTECT
[illegible]
R. S. & A. B. LACEY Washington D. C. Estab. 1869

The Numismatist

(Concluded from Page 7)

"Nuff!" screams Frenchy, letting go his gun. He looks like ration day at Rosebud. Me and Stranger walks out, sticking closer'n brothers, lockstepping, back to back.

"What'd I tell you?" says Stranger, turning in at a butcher shop. And there he asks may we use the scales, and pours our ill-gotten gains into both scoops till they balance. "Take your choice, pardner," he says. "You're short on faith, but you're hell on works!"

Next to a restaurant. Before our order comes, in steps Billy Edwards. He was a deputy sheriff, but white. "Would you mind my asking your name? 'Cause Frenchy doesn't know. He's swearing out a warrant for you, alleging assault with intent to kill," says Billy politely. "They haven't give me the warrant yet. Course if they had I wouldn't tell you this, for you might get away before I found you."

I'd never thought to ask his name!

"Artemus G. Jones," says he, and he stuck his thumb in his vest. "Set down and take supper with us."

"Ar—ahem. Er—what does the G. stand for?"

Artie looks embarrassed. "Galatians," he sighs.

"What? Was you named after ——"

"I was named," says Artie, "after a family scrap. Can't you suppress it? Artemus G. ought to identify me."

"I—I thought it might spell easier," says Billy.

After supper we walks over and gets the warrant. Billy arrests Artie and disarms him. "*You* know *your* business—I'll make any kind of bet on that," says Billy; "but in your place, I should have been far away on a bounding bronco."

We went to be tried before Judge Elliott. Frenchy kept a jack-leg lawyer named Satterlee, and he was helping persecute.

"Have you legal advice, prisoner?" says his Honor.

"A little," says Artie softly.

"Proceed. Call the plaintiff."

Frenchy took the stand and told a terrible tale of wanton robbery and brutal, unprovoked violence. He had won an election bet from prisoner, and prisoner had taken the money by force. He showed his wounds. He shore looked like he'd been playing goat with a buzz-saw.

Brown and the lookout was good witnesses, but they let out, when the Judge questioned them, that Artie had the money in his sack before the trouble began and that Frenchy had a gun. And not a word about my presence of mind.

Artie allowed he wouldn't cross-examine them. His Honor was riled. "Will you take the stand, sir?" he says.

Artie stretches. "Oh, no—I guess it's not worth while to take up your time. Ugh—o oaoh," he says, yawning.

Judge was furious. "Prisoner, if you've got any witnesses in your defense, call 'em. As the evidence stands—up you go!"

Artie placed himself on top of his feet. "Your Honor," he says, "call Billy Edwards."

Billy gives his name, sex, color, and other essentials. Then says Artie:

"You arrested me to-night?"

"Yes."

"Was my gun loaded?"

"One of them was empty. The other one had five cartridges in it."

"Was the loaded one bloody?"

"Awful."

"That's all," says Artie with a gracious wave of his hand, dismissing the witness. "Your Honor, our friend the Gaul, alias Frenchy, is before you. I am refined by nature. One gentle pull on the trigger would have removed all doubt. He would have been dead dead. He isn't. I move that my client, Artemus G. Jones, me, I, myself, be discharged, and plaintiff reprimanded for frivolity in taking up the time of the court. Had I wished to kill this jigger I certainly would have shot him. The gun that was bloody was the gun of Artemus," and Artie paid the whole blamed court a compliment by the way he retired.

Frenchy's lawyer began to holler, but the Judge cut him quick. "Sit down, Mr. Satterlee," says he. "Unless you can prove your client is dead, the court will pursue the course indicated by the learned counsel for defense."

"Selah!" says Satterlee. "I'm down. Set 'em up in the other alley."

The Time to Act is NOW

As long as death is certain and its coming is uncertain, every man with responsibility must admit that the time to act is now. In its sixty-four years of history the Mutual Life has paid its policy holders 738 millions because they acted on the idea that the time to act is now. This vast sum would have been vastly greater had it included the patronage of men with equal means, in equal health, with equal needs, who failed to apply the truth that the time to act is now.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

has done untold good, has brought untold comfort to the needy as it has faithfully discharged its accruing obligations, but it has no way of helping the man who does not come to realize that the time to act is now. Let us show you what can be done to-day.

The Time to Act is NOW.

For the new forms of policies consult our nearest agent, or write direct to

The Mutual Life Insurance Company
of New York,
N. Y.

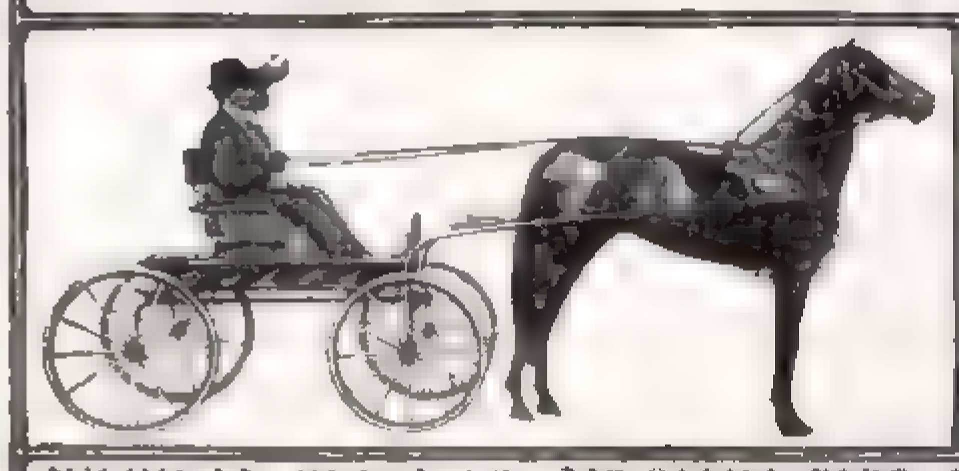
BEST & Co
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

GINGHAM DRESS. Russian style, plaited, low neck, finished with embroidered band, colors, pink and blue; sizes 2 & 3 yrs.... $2.25

RUSSIAN BLOUSE SUIT of fine twilled white pique, sailor collar trimmed with fancy white braid; sizes 2, 3 & 4 yrs. $3.50

Our Spring Catalogue
ready March 1st,
Is a useful guide for ordering by mail. It contains many illustrations and lists over 20,000 items of Misses', Youths' and
Children's Outfitting.
Copy mailed to any address on receipt of 4 cts. in stamps, to cover postage. Write today and secure for your children the
Newest Styles and Novelties.
We have no branch stores—no agents.
Address Dept. 13
60-62 W. 23d St., NEW YORK

SOMETHING NEW FROM KALAMAZOO



[illegible] seen. A thorough custom job representing the highest type of the carriage builder's skill. Such is our
No. 273 CAFFREY WAGON
[illegible] you. Write us today for full particulars
MICHIGAN BUGGY CO. 229 OFFICE BLDG. KALAMAZOO, MICH.

2c LIBRARY [illegible]
THE STENOGRAPHER (Estab. 1890), Philadelphia, Pa.

RIGHT LIVING. The 4th "R" in education
Correspondence courses — health, food, economy, children. Booklet (66 pages) "The Profession of Home-Making" free.
Am. School of Home Economics, 3306 Armour Ave., Chicago

Build Today for $2600

This House in Feb'y Issue

18 Complete Sets of Working PLANS

for Modern Cottage Homes [illegible] sent to every subscriber through the 12 monthly numbers of

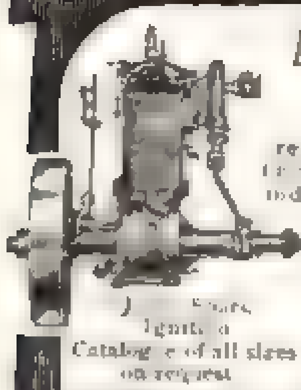
Journal of Modern Construction

Each plan is illustrated by a large photo view of house [illegible] and [illegible] are published. Any builder can take the magazine [illegible] and build from it. The magazine contains many important articles on new methods and new materials [illegible] interesting [illegible]

Subscription $2.00 a year 20c copy

OFFER [illegible] FREE [illegible]

Max L. Keith, Pub., 487 Lumber Exchange
Also Keith's Magazine Minneapolis, Minn.



Perfection

MARINE MOTORS

re designed right, built right [illegible] guarantee [illegible] liberal treatment [illegible]

[illegible] Ignition Catalogue of all sizes on request

1½ H. P. $35

Complete Engine [illegible]

THE CAILLE PERFECTION MOTOR CO
1305 Second Ave., Detroit, Mich

Do You Want to HEAR

the conversation [illegible] friends [illegible] singing? Are you "hard of hearing" and denied these pleasures? If you are not totally deaf—not stone deaf—your [illegible] They will help you. Way Ear Drums are entirely different from any other on the market. They are invisible, do not hurt, will not collapse in the ear and are so sensitive that they catch the faintest sounds. Easily applied. Write me today.

GEO. P. WAY, 335 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

1907 Edition

Practical Brief Figuring

(By John Udy Lean)

This new book contains all the accurate short cuts for Manufacturers, Mercantile and Professional Men, Contractors, Bookkeepers, Bank Clerks, Store Clerks, [illegible] Lean's famous "One Rule for Interest" and a complete treatise on the requirements to pass Civil Service Examinations. 115 pages [illegible] bound. Should be in every [illegible] home.

For a copy of this book and a year's subscription to Modern Methods [illegible] send $1.00 [illegible]

Modern Methods Pub. Co., 112-113 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1907 model. [illegible]

Finest Guaranteed 1907 Models $10 to $27

[illegible] Puncture-Proof tires.

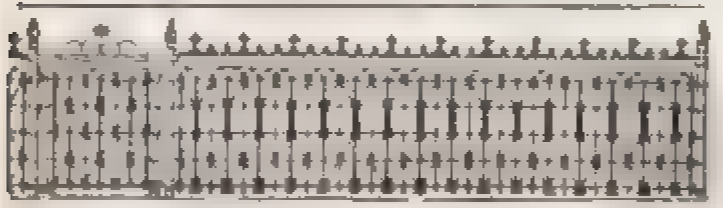
1905 & 1906 Models $7 to $12
all of best makes

500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All Makes and Models, good as new $3 to $8

Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE. We Ship on Approval [illegible] pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc., half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogs. [illegible]

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept R-55, Chicago



Ornamental Fence Cheaper than [illegible] lasts [illegible] — also heavy steel picket fence — sold direct to [illegible] Catalogue Free. WARD FENCE CO., Box 90 Marion, Ind.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES — 1c to 5c a Word. We sell [illegible] MSS [illegible] Story Writing and Journalism [illegible] Writing for Profit [illegible] The NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

SEA SHELLS! Send 4 cents for our large, interesting, illustrated catalogue.

A. L. HETTRICH COMPANY
510 Washington Street San Francisco, California

THE DIARY OF DELIA

(Continued from Page 15)

The ladies in the carriage try to stop larfing and the yunger one joomps out.

"Is Mrs. Wolley at home?" ses she.

Miss Claire laves her floury hidge and dood, and wint running forward, wid her little muddy hands hild out.

"I'm Miss Wolley," ses she; "you find us orl ingaged at our respictuf toyles. My brother James cuts the grass, John's the vigitable gardiner, and I rayse swate flours ——"

"What fun!" ses the widder, clasping her hands. "How perfeckly deliteful! It must be just like playing, isn't it?"

"Will ye walk inside?" ses I, brakeing in here. "Mrs. Wolley will be down in a moment. She's not well."

"O lets sit out here!" ses the widder "You were talking of your gardin?" ses she, turning to Mr. John wid a smile.

"Er — yes," ses he. "But I'm a mere novisa. Do you understand anything about the art?"

"Do I?" ses she, sitting in the saftest veranda chare. "Why I've a reppytashun in the Poynt for me vigitibles. Haven't I, Una?" and she appealed to her frind.

"Yes," ses Miss Una, nodding her pretty hed. "Why," ses she, "theres a sertin kind of turnip nown to fame as The Widdy Jane."

"Una!" ses the widder, larfing. "But relly," ses she, turning back to Mr. John agin, "I manage my own little farm all mesilf."

I let Mrs. Wolley out thru the fly dure and thin the auld gintleman followed, wid his face red and shining from the quick shave he's given it. They all torked and larfed and thin finally got up to go. Thin Miss Claire asks carelessly, "And hoo are our naybors on *this* side?" and she intercated the dood's place.

"Haven't they called on you yet?" asks the widder.

Mrs. Wolley frowned a bit, but Miss Claire ses swately, "Oh yes one of the suns corled."

"One of the suns!" ses the widder. "Why Harry's the only child. Una here," ses she, smiling, "can tell you all about him."

"I?" ses Miss Una, opening her brown eyes wide. "O yes," ses she, "Harry and I yused to be sweet on aich other senturies ago. Hes a deer boy," ses she, "and you'll meet his mother soon I suppose, and old S. Judd Dudley."

Mr. Wolley and Mr. James both bounced up in there seets. The auld gintleman conthrolled himsilf.

"Pardon me, my deer," ses he, "but did I oonderstand you to say our naybor's name was Dudley?—S. Judd Dudley?"

"Yes," ses she, "the famiss S. Judd. Youve herd of him, of coorse."

"I have," ses Mr. Wolley slowly, and the hole family looked at aich uther strayngely.

Next day. "The curse of true love," ses Miss Claire mornfully, "never did run smoothly. O Delia," ses she, "I wish I were ded!"

"Whats the thrubble, darlint?" ses I, stopping me wark for a moment.

"Dont you know?" she arsks.

"Why no, darlint. Do you think I'm at the kayhole *all* the time?"

She larfed a bit throo her teers. Then she set down, and put her chin on her little hand.

"Delia," ses she, "do you know I havent spoken to Mr. Dudley for a week."

"My Hivins, miss!" ses I. "Are you cutting the lad?"

She nods her hed sadly.

"The pure lad!" ses I. "And he do be wayting for you ivery day at the floury hidge."

"Papa wont let me go neer it," ses she wid a sob.

"Thin why dussent the yung spaleen cum to the house thin?" ses I indignantly.

"He did," ses she, "twice. And -and James insoolted him. O, Delia!" ses she, and hides her face in her hands.

BIG MONEY IN POULTRY

Our big Poultry book [illegible] Tells how to start small and grow big. [illegible]

F. FOY, Box 38, Des Moines, Iowa

Look for the Dog

ON THE HORN

ON THE RECORD

ON THE CABINET

Victor IV
$50
[illegible]

Look for the Dog-mark of Victor Quality and you'll get the full Victor tone and Records of the greatest operatic and popular singers, the greatest quartettes, orchestras, bands, soloists, and the greatest entertainers of every sort in the world.

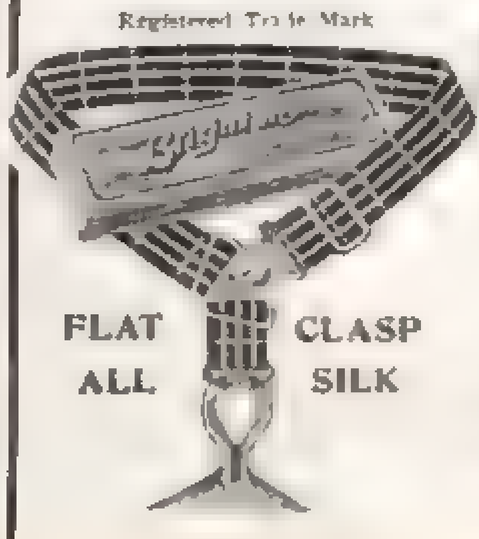
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
[illegible]

Every month, promptly on the 28th the same date everywhere throughout the United States—the new Victor records for the following month are placed on sale. The latest music; and the best.

The Present "Nufangl" Trousers

No wrinkles in the back—no folds or unsightly bagging. The vents at the side seams adjust the waistband so that it always fits snug and smooth. "NUFANGL" trousers are perfect in fit—dressy in appearance and unusually comfortable.
[illegible] trousers in all seasonable weights and weaves [illegible] NUFANGL

PRESENT & COMPANY, 592 Broadway, New York City



Registered Trade Mark

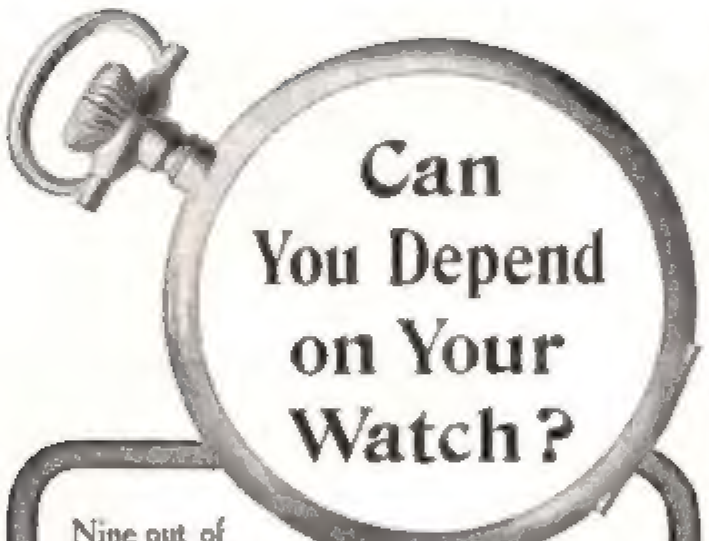
FLAT CLASP
ALL SILK

BRIGHTON

Flat Clasp Garters

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, silk web, not mercerized cotton. All metal parts nickeled, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders



Can You Depend on Your Watch?

Nine out of every ten watches are invariably wrong — always seconds, *usually* minutes fast or slow. The one right watch in ten is the

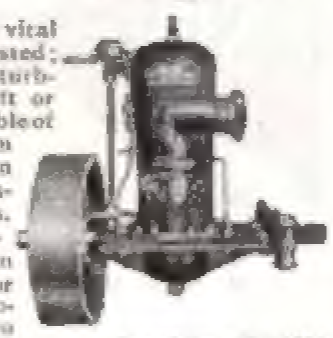
HOWARD WATCH

—it is invariably right—not only to the minute but to the *second*. That is because the HOWARD Watch receives its final adjustment *in its own case*.

HOWARD Watches are sold complete, case and movement, at fixed prices by all dealers—$35 to $150, depending upon casing, the number of jewels, and the adjustments.

Write for the book "Watch Wisdom," by Elbert Hubbard.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY,
Charles St., Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.



FERRO Auto-Marine Engine

Distinctively different. Every vital feature can be removed and adjusted; cylinders taken off without disturbing pipes, bearings, crank shaft or base. The immediately get-at-able of absolute reliability. Built from blue print to finished engine in the one factory—a striking contrast to "assembled" engines. One, two and three cylinders—1½ to 25-H.P. Costs no more than other engines. Send 10 cents for our complete Treatise on Marine Gasoline Engines or write for free Ferro catalog. Send to-day. All our engines are equipped for salt water.

The FERRO Machine & Foundry Co.
97 Wade Building, Cleveland, Ohio.
Large stock carried in Eastern Branch, 19 Cortlandt St., New York City.

RUGS

Get Our Big 50 Page Color Plate Money Saving Carpet and Rug Book. It's Free

Buy your Carpets, Rugs and Curtains by mail at a big saving. FREIGHT PAID EVERYWHERE, on easy conditions stated in catalog. Money refunded if we fail to please you. Here are a few "Telfer" bargains:

9 by 12 Brussels Rugs $11.98 up; Lace Curtains 57c. a pr. up; Linoleums sq. yd. 49c.; Heavy all wool Carpets yd. 63c.; Genuine Wilton Velvet Carpets $1 a yd.; 9 by 12 Ingrain Art Squares $3.98 up.

Don't buy a yard of carpet, a rug or a pair of curtains until you see what we have to offer.

Telfer Carpet Co., 834 Walnut St., Des Moines, Iowa

TALK No. 4 ON BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

Opening a savings account by mail with this bank insures not only absolute safety, but is an incentive to put away small sums whenever most convenient. Send us a postal asking for booklet "M."

ASSETS OVER
42 MILLION DOLLARS

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO. CLEVELAND, O.

Moving Picture Machines

STEREOPTICONS

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** fully explains special offer. **Sent Free.**
Chicago Projecting Co., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. L, Chicago

PLAYS and Entertainments PLAYS
Catalog of thousands sent
FREE! FREE! FREE!
Address SAM'L FRENCH, 33 West 22d Street, NEW YORK

I drors her into me arms, and pets her like a babby, while she poars out into me sympatetic eers her thrubbles.

"You know, Delia," ses she, "papa yused to be professor of mathymatucks at Logun Yoonyversity. Well, last winter, James began that orful muckrake riting. It seems Mr. Dudley had given a grate many chares to Logun Yoonyversity."

"Chares, darlint? For the lads to set upon?"

"No, Delia—but it dussent matter. Anyhow, he was a grate power in papa's colluge. James began exposing millynairs in the magazines and, by and by, rote a powerfill artuckle on tainted munney. He sed orful things of Mr. Dudley who wint clane crazy about it. You see he loved to pose as a bennyfactory to his cuntry, and James had shown him as he was. It wassent papa's folt, but Mr. Dudley revinged himself on papa. He got the thrustees to ask for papa's assignashun and now papa joins with James in thinking him the gratest rarscal of the time. So you can see, Delia," ses she, her lips trimbling "that nachully they hafnt much yuse for Harry, and—and they've forbidden me to speek to him again."

"You pure lamb," ses I. "But shure, if I was Mr. Harry, I'd find a way to say you if I had to sneek into the kitchen itself to do it."

"Delia!" ses she, clutching me arm excitedly, "what an idear! O, Delia!" ses she. "Why not?"

Another day. I rote a letter today to me frind Minnie Carnavan asking her advise. It were as follows:

Dear Minnie: I hope you are well as this laves me at prisint. Its a long time since I seen yer swate face, but wid the wark of a family of six to do, besides hilping Mr. James to cut the lons, Mr. John to plant the gardin, witewashing of the chicken coop for Mrs. Wolley, I'm clane doon up whin nite cums. But there anuther kind of wark I'm lately doing, and being its what might be called mind wark me nerves are beginning to thrubble me and whin annyone spakes to me at all I shstart oop like a thafe cort at a crime. Its manny a day since I wint to confesshun and me mind is dapely thrubbled wid the thort that the praste will refuse me absilooshun.

The thruth of the matter be that I'm hilping a dorter decave her luving parents. Its 2 weeks now since I begun to let Mr. Harry in at the back dure. Me foine privit dining room which Miss Claire had told me was for me to sit in alone is occupyed in the avening excloosively by Miss Claire and her bow. To add to me manny kares the child requires me to chappyrong her as shes after calling it. And so ivry nite there I sits in me kitchen drapping aslape sometimes wid me hed on the table.

Its hard on a poor sole, and on me Thirsdays and Soondays out the yung crachures do be bigging me to stay at home, she wid her coaxing words, and he wid his everlasting munney. Shure its ritch I'm getting wid the five dollars here and the tin dollars there.

Now, Minnie deer, rite me a swate letter at wunse and tell me what to do.

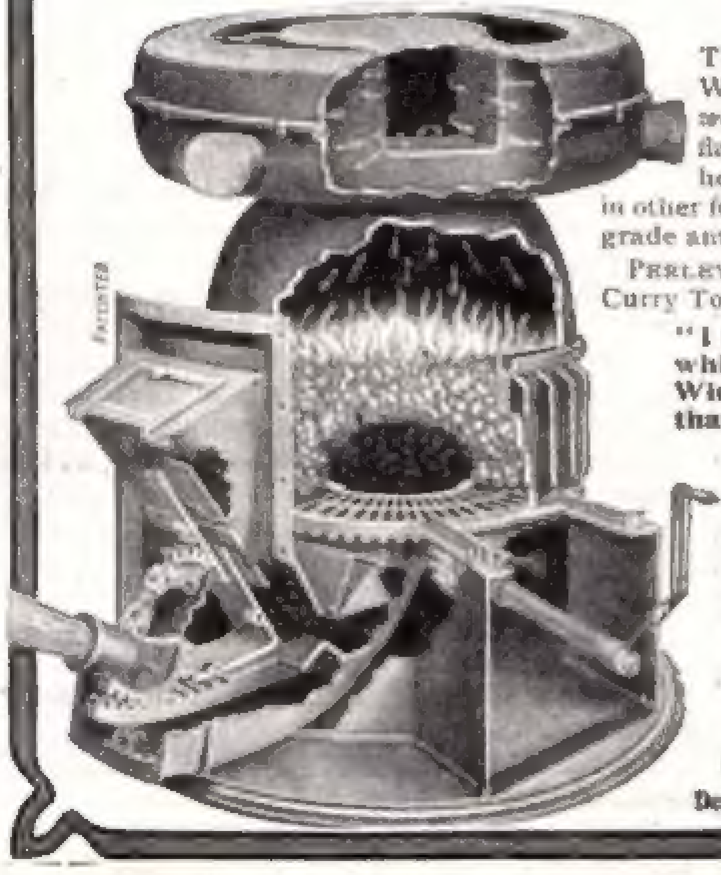
The family do be soospecting nuthing, for Mr. Wolley seems to have sum sacred thrubble of his own. After Mrs. Wolley gets to bed at ate (she being a sufferer from insomnear) ivery nite I seen Mr. Wolley sneeking out of the house, like he was going out for some meeness, and she his lorful wife innersint and unsoospecting and he an auld man wid four grown luvly children.

The widder across the rode do be rooning after Mr. John and ivery nite hes off to talk wid her about her preshus vigitibles, and wud ye belave it, Minnie darlint? she do be sinding over messes ivery day from her gardin, "samples" she calls thim "of me own raysing."

Mr. James do be crazy wid luv for Miss Una Robbins, but the pure lad do be making himsilf that oonhappy a body dare not spake to him at all at all. You see the girl do be a magnut's dorter and Mr. James is that set against orl magnuts hes beside himsilf wid rage.

Ah, Minnie, this do be a straynge bit of coontry wid ivery body in luv wid aich uther. Over at the Dudley house there be two bold lads. Wan is very fine and ijjicated. He's Frinch—a expert charfer, as he ses. Its the hite of his ambition, so he told me a few days sinse whin I be hanging out me clothes, to own a small coontry shop for ortermobiles. "Boot," ses he, "it taks money to buy aven a modust little place,"

A Furnace That Pays For Itself



WE ARE LIVING IN AN AGE OF INVESTMENTS. Gilt-edged stocks and bonds pay 6 per cent. dividends. In the basements of thousands of homes all over this country of ours **Underfeed** Furnaces are earning annual dividends for their owners **six** to **ten** times greater than many valued collaterals will yield. The golden truth—**"A dollar saved is a dollar earned"**—was never more emphatically emphasized, for the

Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace

Saves 1-2 to 2-3 on Coal Bills

The **Underfeed** Way is the MODERN FURNACE Way. *All the fire is on top.* Smoke and Gases, *wasted* in other furnaces, *must* pass through the flame, are thus consumed and converted into *clean* heat. Lowest grade slack coal, which would smoulder in other furnaces, will give as good heating results as highest grade anthracite. The difference in cost is YOURS.

PERLEY M. HAYWORTH, of Farmersburg, Ind., Trustee of Curry Township, for example, writes:

"I like your furnace; have one in my house which is all O. K. We heated 8 rooms all last Winter at an expense of $14.00. This is less than it takes to run one hot blast stove to heat two rooms."

This is only one of hundreds of testimonials of the same saving note, fac-similes of which we would like to send you, with our Illustrated Underfeed Booklet. Illustration shows furnace, without casing, cut out, to show how coal is forced up under fire—which burns on top. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—FREE. Write to-day, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO.
329 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O.
Dealers—Have you read our 1907 Proposition? Write for it.

H & R
Greatest Revolver Value for the Money

Safety and Efficiency

that cannot be found in any hammer revolver of other makes, are united in the

H & R POLICE AUTOMATIC

IT can be drawn from the pocket and fired with great rapidity because the hammer is sunk in the frame and CANNOT CATCH ON THE CLOTHING, nor be accidentally discharged, yet can be readily cocked for deliberate aim when desired. These safety features are not found in revolvers of other makes. Shells are automatically ejected—making it easy to reload. Made of the best materials, finely finished, and with proper care will last a lifetime. The price is right, too. It costs you $5.50.

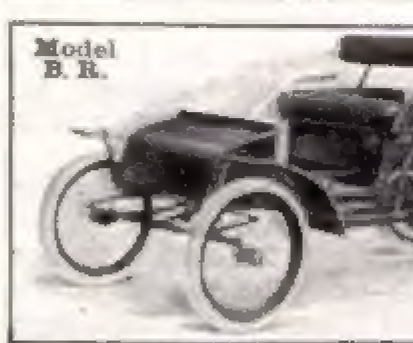
Specifications

32 caliber, 6 shot, 3¼ inch barrel, or 38 caliber, 5 shot, 3¼ inch barrel, nickel finish.

The celebrated H & R Hammerless Revolver, $6.50.

Ask for the "H & R" if you want a Revolver that will give perfect satisfaction for home or pocket use. Sold by all dealers in first-class firearms. If they haven't it, take no other; we will send it on receipt of price. Write for catalog.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO., 229 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.
Makers of the celebrated H & R Single Guns



2 PASSENGER RUNABOUT $400

The smallest in cost—smartest in appearance—simplest of operation—cheapest to maintain. Ideal for town and country service—for physicians, business men, etc. Reliable on any kind of road. 4 H. P. Air cooled. Speed 22 miles an hour. *With 2 cylinder 8 H. P. Motor $450.* Send for catalog A. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

Waltham Orient MOTOR CARS

WALTHAM SERVICE CAR $450

Makes quick, sure delivery. The cost of one team—the work of three. Built to stand the wear and tear of business in city and country. Particularly designed for grocers and kindred lines. Weight 670 lbs. Capacity 600 lbs. Speed 4 to 18 miles per hour. *With 2 cylinder 8 H. P. Motor $500. Send for catalog A.*

Waltham Manufacturing Company, Waltham, Mass.

Who's Your Tailor?
Trade Mark Registered 1906

Something wrong when the shape wears out of a suit before the cloth wears out—when it sags, bags and gets a disreputable look before its wearing qualities are impaired.

Tailors say that won't happen when they have a chance to make and shape the garments for the man who is going to wear them.

Wear clothes made expressly for you. They cost about the same as the other kind and if the coats wear out of shape before the cloth wears out we will make you new coats.

$25 to $35

for suit or overcoat made expressly for *you*.

Ed. V. Price & Co.

Merchant Tailors

Price Building Chicago

KLEINERT-CROWN
GARTERS MEN
25 & 50¢
CROWN MAKE CAST-OFF
KLEINERT'S RUBBER GRIP

Made with "**Kleinert's**" Flexible Rubber Grip and "**Crown Make**" patent stud (cast off) fastener.

Novel and practical in construction.

No slipping on leg - - - Lies flat and firm.

Sample pair sent prepaid on receipt of 25 cents.

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO.
721, 723, 725, 727 Broadway NEW YORK

Pears'

A soft, white skin gives charm to the plainest features.

Pears' Soap has a message of beauty for every woman who values a clear complexion.

Sold wherever stores are found.

Raise SQUABS It Pays

THE SEAL OF SUCCESS

But you must start RIGHT with properly mated Homers.

We Positively Guarantee Actual Mating of Every Pair We Sell.

Squabs from our stock finest and plumpest, bring high prices at one month of age. Profitable, pleasant, not overcrowded occupation. Requires small capital; small space. **Others have succeeded — you can.** We'll show you how. Write for testimonials and free booklet.

ATLANTIC SQUAB CO., Box 0, Da Costa, N. J.

and asks me keerlessly whether I be of the saving kind of girl. "Why, musser," ses I, "its $700 I've poot away in the bank for me auld age." "Mon joor!" ses he, gaping at me, and it was just thin I made the acquintunce of the other lad. He's a grat rude spaleen, and hes after being in charge of the Dudley stables, so he tells me, ilbowing the perlite Frinchman aside.

"Good marning!" ses he. "I see yure new round these parts, or you wouldnt be after spaking wid the Frinchy."

I confiss, Minnie, I was thruly ashamed of the manner of the auld cuntry when I seen the diffrunce betwane the axshuns of museer and the other wan. I toorned a face of scorn upon the latter, picked up me baskit and marched aff in dudgin.

I'll be closing me letter now, hoping your hilth is good as this laves me at prisint.

Two days later. Larst nite whin the intoyre family had retired for there hard airned slape there cum a wild ringing at the dure bell. I herd it first in me slape, and yells in frite, thinking of bounding Nites and burglars. I opened me dure, and stuck me hed out. The hole family were assimbled in the lower hall in their nite gowns. Mr. John called up.

"Delia!" ses he, "wud ye plase ansser the bell."

"I will not," ses I. "Do you tak me for a gump!"

"Thers somewan at the dure," ses Miss Clare swately. "The boys arent drissed and nayther am I. Run along, Delia."

"I'm dummed if I do," ses I wid indigation.

"Oh shaw!" ses Mr. James, "What fools we mortals be. Whare's me revolver?" ses he. "I'll go," and, wisseling, down he desinds. We heer his voyce shouting at the closed door:

"Who's there?"

"Whats that?"

"Who?"

"A tillygram!"

"One minute." And he opened the dure.

"Who's it for?" asks the intire family at wanse.

"Delia!" ses he, and the family, larfing, went to there rooms.

"Put it on the bottom stip, darlint," ses I. "And get out of site if you plaze."

I wint down and got the paper. It was as follows:

> Coming at wanse. The saints protick you, darlint, in the manewhile.
> MINNIE CARNAVAN.

This marning, whin I clared off the brekfust dishes, I fownd a letter oonder Mr. Wolley's chare, which dishthressed me badly. It were as follows:

> *Deer Sir:*
> Do not fale to cum tonite airly as Miss Flyte needs attinshun. J. B.

I intinded to hand the dummed thing back to Mr. Wolley, spaking, at the same time, me humble but contemshus opinyon of an auld sinner like himself wid a luvly, lorful wife and 4 preshus children of his own. But, after brekfust, Mr. Wolley wint out, and I sor him not agin till nite. At tin Minnie arrived. She was all exsitement.

"Now tell me widout words," ses she, "what divilmint the family has been oop to."

"Divilment?" ses I, brideling. "Shure its a swate family they be. Its ashamed I am to heer you spaking langwidge aginst an innersint and luvly family like the Wolleys."

"Ah go wan!" ses Minnie. "What's the auld spaleen been up to larst?"

"If ye mane Mr. Wolley," ses I coldly, "then its a soar subjeck yeve toochd. O, Minnie," ses *I*, "the auld gintleman is a baste."

Minnie like to ate me oop wid hunger for some more words upon the subject.

I tuk out the letter and handed it to her widout further words. She red it throo widout spaking, but I seen her mouth and eyes popping wid exsitemint.

Joost thin Mrs. Wolley walks innersintly into me kitchin. She has sum fine lace in her hand. "Lind me your ironing bord, Delia. I'm doing these oop mesilf," ses she. Joost thin she seen Minnie, and smiles swately—"Ah, is this a frind of yours, Delia?" ses she.

Minnie got oop. I seen her studying the pure crachure for a moment, and then suddintly she walked oop to her and hild out the letter.

"I belave, mam" ses she, "that this will intrust you."

I seen Mrs. Wolley reed it, and aven thin she had not grasped the maning of the avil minded crachure's words, till Minnie spoke oop agin:

"Are you a dummy?" asks Minnie. "Dont you see what yere auld man is after being oop to? Delia here," ses she, "innersintly remarked about his sneeking out to mate anuther female. The paper there revales the auld man's inamoreeta."

I thort the auld lady wud surely faynt. But widout condisinding a ward to eyther Minnie or mesilf she wint out the kitchen.

"Miss Carnavan," ses I, biling over wid rage, "there's a trane laving widin tin minits. Yell have plinty of time to catch it."

"Delia, darlint," ses she, "did you think I'd be after thravelling sixty miles to visit you for harf an our? No, darlint," ses she, "I've brot me bag along, and I'll be wid you for a fortnite yet."

"That you wont," ses I, "for its your bag will be oot in the cinter of the strate and yersilf will follow in a sicond."

Minnie fixed me wid a look.

"Delia Omally," ses she, "the day you toorn your bist frind out into the strate," ses she, "will be your last. Trate me," ses she, "in anny way save as a perfeck lady and I'll publish yere letter on the housetops."

It cum upon me then that, like the foolish loonytick I be, I'd poot mesilf in Minnie's power.

"O, wirrah, wirrah, wirrah!" I cryed.

"Dont be after making a fool of yersilf," ses Minnie. "Have sinse, Delia mavourneen. Here I am, and here I stay."

At loonch Mr. James and John et there meel alone. Mrs. Wolley and Miss Claire were locked up in the bed room. During the meel the gintlemen spake not at all, save wanse; thin Mr. John sed:

"Tak sum loonch oopstares to mother and Claire, Delia," ses he, and thin, after a moment: "Get that woman out of the house," ses he, "as quickly as possible."

"And, Delia," puts in Mr. James, conthrolling his nacheily loud voyse, "kape your mouth shut."

Mr. Wolley did not turn up again aven for dinner. Miss Claire she cum downstairs after the meel, and wispers in me eer: "Here's a note for Mr. Dudley when he cums. I—I wont be home tonite, Delia," ses she. "I'm going to look for father. Delia," ses she, "I'm afrade sumething dredful is about to happen."

"Let me go wid you, darlint," ses I.

"But—the letter?" ses she. "Somewan must give it to Mr. Dudley."

"I'll be plazed to do it," spoke up Minnie at wanse. She looked at Minnie misdoutfully. Thin she wint up to her and quitely guv her the note.

About sivin in the avening the hole family, including mesilf, set out from the house for 17 Arch Strate, which is the number on the letter paper.

At last we cum to the place. The family walked boldly in widout nocking. A little greesy fellow in overalls cum sontering up to Mr. John.

"What can I do for you?" ses he.

"Is Mr. Wolley here?" ses Mr. James.

"Shure," ses the man, "he's over there wid Miss Flyte," ses he.

Mrs. Wolley stipped forward, her eyes popping out wid anger.

We wint across the barn, but seen nothing but wan of thim red tooring cars. We've cum close to the ortermobile whin Mr. James makes a discuvery. There's sumwan lying undernathe the masheen. Mrs. Wolley nelt down and looked under the masheen. Then she guv a scrame.

"Charles!" ses she and almost faints. Mr. Wolley cum crorling frum undernathe.

He guv a look about him, seen us all, and drapped his mouth open wid astonishment. Then Mr. James burst out larfing.

"Whares Miss Flyte?" asks Mr. John.

The auld fellow looked sheepish, and he guv a look back at the ortermobile.

"Will, ye may as well no the thruth," ses he, "I've made a good invistmint. I've bort Miss Flyte. She's a ginooine bargin, better than anny Frinch imported car, and at quarter the price. Ive been coming avenings to lern how to run and understand her. Isn't she a booty?"

Mrs. Wolley guv a little sob, then she run tord him jest like a child, and he guv her a kiss, and then helped her clime into the masheen.

"There's room for six," ses he. "All aboord. We'll tak Miss Flyte home."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The SCRIVEN IMPROVED ELASTIC-SEAM DRAWERS.

If you want to know what **Real Underwear Comfort** is, try a pair of The Scriven Improved Elastic Seam Drawers.

They have an insertion that *stretches* when you want it to, that *moves* every time that *you* move.

They are the ideal garments for athletes and business men alike. They come in *knee* and *full lengths*, in light or heavy weight winter fabrics with *Shirts to match*.

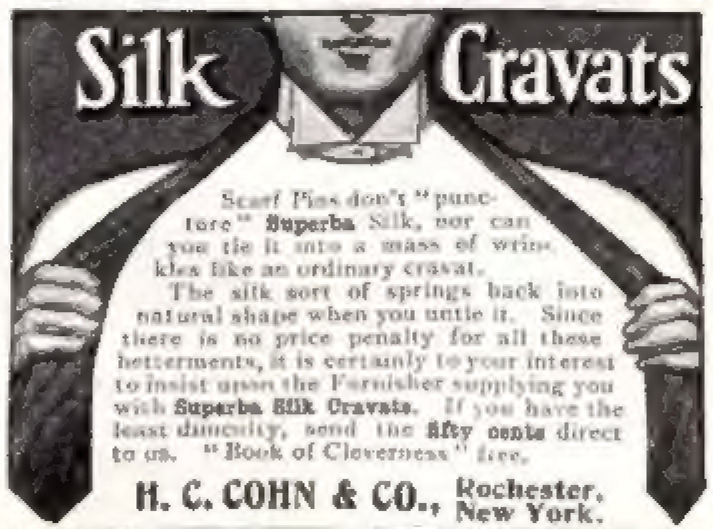
If your Haberdasher cannot supply you in your favorite fabric and exact size, write us.

Physical Culture Book Free

On request we will send you a valuable treatise on "Physical Culture for the Busy Business Man," which also illustrates the various styles and gives you the prices of all our garments.

J. A. SCRIVEN COMPANY
16-18 E. 15th St. New York

SUPERBA



Scarf Pins don't "puncture" **Superba** Silk, nor can you tie it into a mass of wrinkles like an ordinary cravat.

The silk sort of springs back into natural shape when you untie it. Since there is no price penalty for all these betterments, it is certainly to your interest to insist upon the Furnisher supplying you with **Superba Silk Cravats**. If you have the least difficulty, send the **fifty cents** direct to us. "Book of Cleverness" free.

H. C. COHN & CO., Rochester, New York.

Keep Perfectly Dry

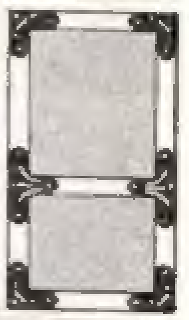
The Storm Proof Buggy

30 Days' Free Trial

that affords absolute protection from rain, snow, wind, cold and dust, instantly changed into the most pleasant summer vehicle. Cooler in summer than the old style, and as effective in winter as a closed cab. Costs no more than other well made buggies that do not protect. We guarantee the construction and your satisfaction to be perfect; if not, return to us at our expense, and your money will be refunded. **Write to-day for catalogue R.**

FOUTS & HUNTER CARRIAGE MFG. CO.
141 South Third St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Make your own screens



Easy to make them square, strong and light with

Victor Pressed STEEL Corners

Sample Window set 25c
Sample Door set . . 75c

If your dealer hasn't them write us. **The Diamond Hardware Manufacturing Co., 217 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.**

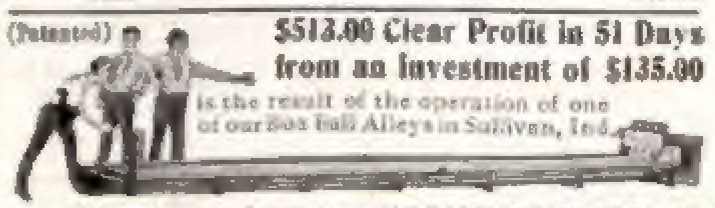
Agents Wanted.

Water Supply for Country Houses *The Problem Solved.*

No elevated tank to freeze or leak. Tank located in cellar. Any pressure up to 60 lbs. **The Ideal Fire Protection.** Send for illustrated Catalogue "L." *Let our Engineers figure out your needs.*

LUNT MOSS COMPANY
43 South Market Street Boston

(Patented)



$513.00 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $135.00

is the result of the operation of one of our Box Ball Alleys in Sullivan, Ind.

Here is your opportunity to start a BIG PAYING BUSINESS with small capital. BOX BALL is the NEW Bowling Game. Not a gambling device. It is for amusement and physical exercise, and liberally patronized by lawyers, bankers, merchants, clerks, mechanics, teachers, in fact all classes of both sexes play Box Ball. Nearly 3000 Alleys sold. 30 to 48 feet long. Portable. No pin boy needed. Can be installed in 2 hours. Be first to start it in your town. Booklet free.

AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY, 1300 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

IN 1 MONTH

SHORTHAND

Taught by mail; guaranty contract; system simple, speedy, accurate. Men and women shorthand writers in demand. Send for free booklet; tells how; gives proof.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Indiana.

THE OLDEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL MAKERS
OF PIANO-PLAYING DEVICES ANNOUNCE THE

MELODANT

A NEW AND EXCLUSIVE FEATURE OF THE

ANGELUS

In every composition there runs a vein of melody commonly called the "air," frequently lying wholly in the treble, sometimes interwoven with the accompaniment or wholly covered by ornamentation.

The function of the MELODANT is to automatically pick out and accent the melody notes, even when such note or notes appear in the midst of a full chord, giving to each its proper value as previously determined in an authentic interpretation.

This most desirable and long-sought-for effect is obtained in the MELODANT ANGELUS by the performer simply using the pedals in the ordinary manner. Thus with an ANGELUS equipped with the MELODANT the performer has at his command two methods of accentuation.

He can accent either, automatically by means of the MELODANT or, by his own manipulation of the Melody Buttons, which have been and which still are one of the most valuable features of the ANGELUS.

NO OTHER PIANO-PLAYER CAN OFFER SO MUCH

The addition of the MELODANT does not impair the efficiency nor detract from the value of the simple yet complete expression devices also found upon the ANGELUS. These will still be the means for individual interpretation, which to many persons constitutes the chief and unrivaled charm of our instrument. The ANGELUS is absolutely the only piano-player with whose aid the best artistic results can be obtained.

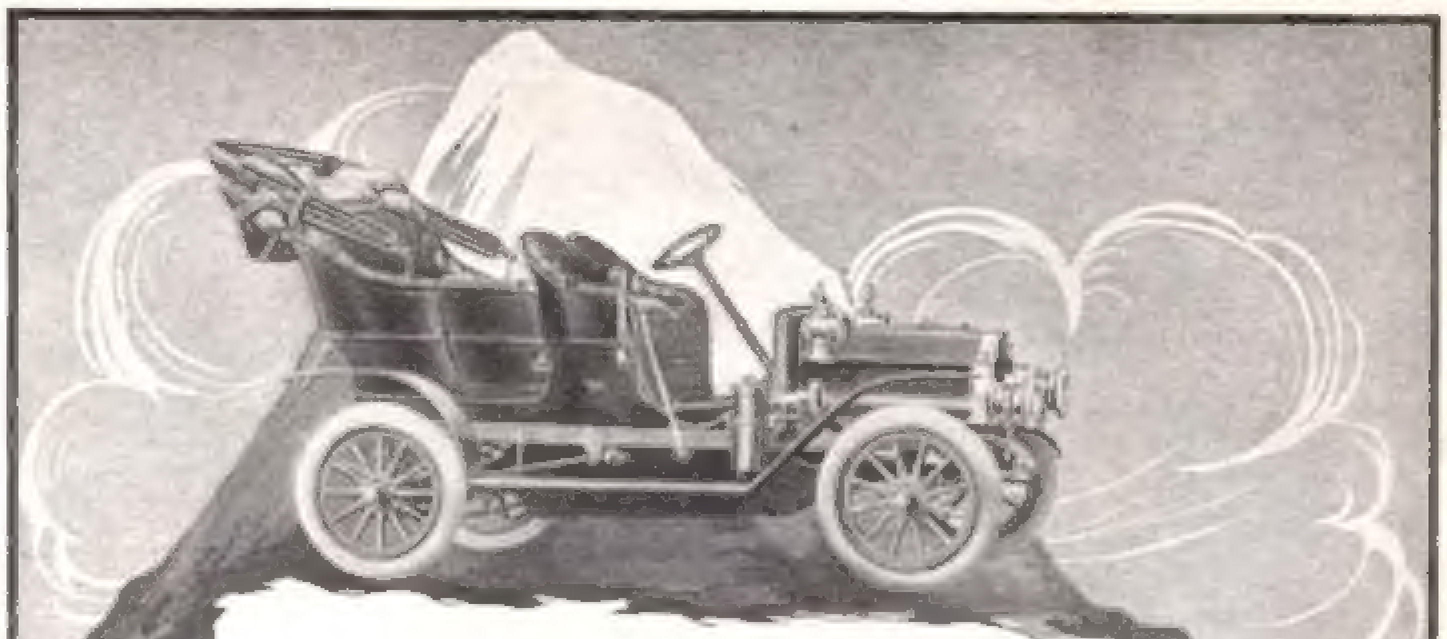
The ANGELUS in cabinet form, the KNABE-ANGELUS PIANO, the EMERSON-ANGELUS PIANO — are all equipped with the MELODANT.

The introduction of the MELODANT is another step forward in the steady progress of the ANGELUS, which has been continuously developed from the pioneer piano-player—brought out in 1895—to the truly wonderful instrument of today.

For sale in all the principal cities. **Descriptive literature upon request.**

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.

Established 1876 **MERIDEN, CONN.**



A Mountain of Evidence

The clean-cut greatness of REO performance looms up like a giant mountain.

Look at the endless string of real cups and trophies won by REO cars at every kind of work that a motor car can do:—climbing, endurance, speed, efficiency and economy.

Look at the many cars of immensely higher rating and pretension from which these trophies were wrested.

Above all, look at how these REO performances are duplicated in daily use in owner's hands for half the price and half the operating cost that other motor-cars demand.

Then if you want the most and best motoring for your money, send for the REO catalogue, which shows why these things are so.

REO 16-20 horse-power. 94-inch wheel-base. Detachable tonneau. Two speeds and reverse. REO disc clutch. 40 miles an hour. Full lamp equipment. Top extra. **$1250**

2-passenger Runabout $650 **4-passenger Runabout $675**

All prices f. o. b. Lansing.

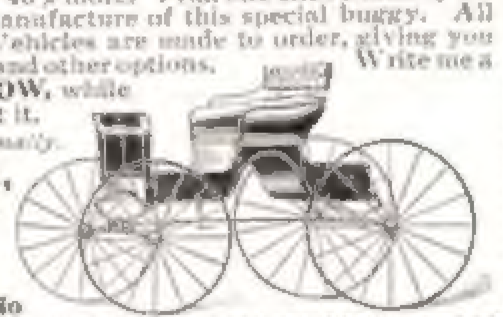
R. M. Owen & Co., General Sales Agents Lansing, Mich.

Write Me A Postal for a Price

Say—Quote me prices on your Split Hickory Vehicles. That's all you need to do. I will send you free my big 1907 Split Hickory Vehicle Book. It is bigger and better this year than ever before, and contains photographs of over 125 Split Hickory Vehicles—also photographs of a full line high-grade Harness. I will quote you direct prices from my factory which will save you from 30% to 50% on High-Grade Split Hickory Buggies.

I Sell Direct to You On 30 Days' Free Trial

Split Hickory Vehicles are guaranteed for two years. This is my 1907 Split Hickory Rubber Tired Runabout. Has more exclusive features than any other Runabout on the market—40% more. I run one entire factory for the exclusive manufacture of this special buggy. All Split Hickory Vehicles are made to order, giving you choice of finish and other options. Write me a postal today. **NOW**, while you think about it.



Address me personally.

H. C. Phelps,
Pres. The Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co.,
Station 108,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid.

Sizes and	Prices
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
9 x 10½ ft.	5.00
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 15 ft.	6.50

Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. **Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.**

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 6 Bourse Building, Philadelphia

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

Sample card containing 12 pens, different patterns, sent to any address upon receipt of six cents in postage.

Spencerian Pen Co., 349 Broadway, New York

Fireside Hospitality

When the chill North winds drive us to our fireside, it is then that we seek our friends and strengthen the ties of good fellowship.

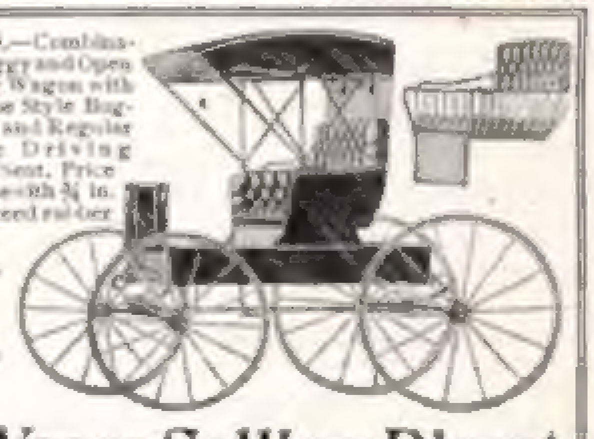
Bright converse, merry laughter, dainty collations with

NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

as the alluring tidbit to linger on the palate, deepen the impress upon the memory of charming hospitality.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



No. 669.—Combination Buggy and Open Driving Wagon with Stanhope Style Buggy Seat and Regular Spindle Driving Wagon Seat. Price complete with ¾ in. guaranteed rubber tires,

$73.50. As good as sells for $35.00 more.

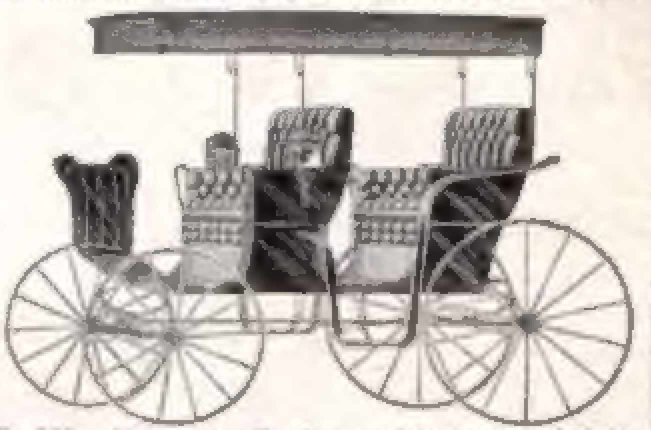
34 Years Selling Direct

Our vehicles and harness have been sold direct from our factory to user for a third of a century. We ship for examination and approval and guarantee safe delivery. You are out nothing if not satisfied as to style, quality and price.

We Are The Largest Manufacturers In The World

selling to the consumer exclusively. We make 200 styles of Vehicles, 65 styles of Harness. Send for large, free catalogue.

ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., Elkhart, Ind.



No. 309.—Fine Canopy Top Surrey. Price complete $63.00. As good as sells for $25.00 to $30.00 more.

ANY NAIL

Any shape—any length—clipped, trimmed, cleaned and filed, quickly, easily and evenly.

GEM

NAIL CLIPPER

The nicest, slickest little pocket convenience ever invented. Made of the finest tool steel—nickel-plated—always sharp—will last for years. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cts.

THE H. C. COOK CO.
25 Main St., Ansonia, Conn.

Your Dog Sick?

Give him "Sergeant's Condition Pills," the great tonic and alterative for dogs. Tones up the system, improves the appetite—imparts life and vigor. **50c and $1.00 per box by mail.** Polk Miller's 80 page dog book mailed for **10c stamps.** No dog owner should be without it. Polk Miller Drug Co., 836 E. Main, Richmond, Va.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 for one invention; another $8,500. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys,
940 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

OLDSMOBILE ROADABILITY

Press Dispatches.

"December 23, 1906.

"An Oldsmobile 35-40 H. P. Touring Car of stock design, carrying four passengers and 600 lbs. of baggage, started from New York to blaze a way through entirely unknown roads to the Ormond-Daytona Beach, Florida."

"January 12, 1907.

"Oldsmobile 'Mudlark' reached Ormond to-day after a run of over 1,400 miles through some of the worst roads ever negotiated by a motor car. Trip was made in 18 days excluding two days taken out for Christmas. [illegible] beyond question the roadability of this machine."

Press Dispatches.

"January 12, 1907.

"Notwithstanding the fact that the Oldsmobile 'Mudlark' has just finished its strenuous trip of 1,400 miles from New York to Ormond, yet it is still in the running. Absolutely no adjustments have been made since the finish."

"Olds Motor Works,
"Lansing, Mich.

"Won [illegible] gentleman's touring class one mile race, standing start.

"Signed R. R. OWEN."

"January 14, 1907.

"Olds Motor Works,
"Lansing, Mich.

"The Oldsmobile [illegible] on the beach after its long [illegible] New York to Florida through mud, sand and swamps. Made a hundred mile record [illegible] with four people. The [illegible] ran like a clock. [illegible]

"Signed W. J. MORGAN,
"Mgr. Florida East Coast Automobile Ass'n."

Practical Tests—the most exacting and practical that can be devised—all prove the Perfect Roadability of the Oldsmobile—the car that does things. The Glidden Tour, the 505 Mile Non-Stop run, the New York-Poughkeepsie High-Speed-Lever-Sealed-in run, and a score of other similar exploits, have all served to link evidence with evidence, making the chain complete and but one verdict possible—the Best Thing on wheels.

AND NOW the recent New York-Daytona Beach trip has added more strength to every link—**Motor Endurance,** for speed or for continued strain over trying roads—**Perfect Control,** dependable on strange, difficult roads or crowded city streets—**Brake Reliability,** to meet any emergency—**Hill Climbing Ability,** equal to any demand—**All parts perfectly balanced—Easy riding—Every quality essential in touring**—In short, Perfect Roadability.

On December 23rd R. R. Owen, and party of three, left New York City on a "pathfinding" trip to Ormond-Daytona Beach, Florida. Their machine was an Oldsmobile "A" 35-40 H. P. Touring Car of stock design, and in addition to four passengers it carried over 600 pounds of baggage.

Roads of every description were encountered and by the time the run of over 1400 miles was completed at Daytona, on January 12th, the party agreed that not half the story of bad roads had ever been told. The illustration above is typical of the difficulties encountered and surmounted en route. The story in detail can be obtained on request—it's too long to be told here—the story of how the "Mudlark" made good.

The Oldsmobile Model "A" Touring Car for 1907 has 35-40 H. P., four cylinder motor. Cylinders 4⅞ x 4¾ ground and polished by special machinery; Pistons ground into cylinder with powdered glass. Note that the cylinder is ⅛ inch larger than last year. There is a check valve in tank holding two gallons in reserve—you can't get out of gasoline without warning. The steering gear is theoretically and practically perfect. Wheels, with special spoke design, are 34 x 4 inches rear and 34 x 3½ inches front. Springs 2¼ x 36 inches front, 2¼ x 52 inches rear, making the car wonderfully well balanced and easy riding. Aluminum foot and running boards give the car a rich, finished appearance and are very serviceable. Wheel base, 106½ inches. Complete specifications on request. Price $2,750. We can make immediate delivery on 1907 cars. On exhibition at all agencies.

By special arrangement we can make the following offer:—"The How and Why of the Automobile," a cloth bound volume of nearly 200 pages and over 250 illustrations, by F. L. Faurote; and a year's subscription to "Motor Talk," a monthly magazine devoted to automobiles, both postpaid for $1.00, regular price $1.50. With all orders received before April 1st we will include a copy of the revised edition for 1907 of "A Busy Man's Text Book on Automobiles." Order today. Address Dept. S.

Member Association Licensed
Automobile Manufacturers

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Lansing, Mich., U.S.A.

Canadian trade supplied from Canadian Factory,
Packard Electric Co., Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.